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Willa Cather



Rafael Sabatini



Sir Gilbert Parker



Queen Marie of Roumania



Rudyard Kipling



Zane Grey



Gene Stratton-Porter



Mary Austin



Margaret Pedler



Temple Bailey



Vingie E. Roe



MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THE good, old-fashioned greeting remains the best; neither age nor custom can lessen its wonder-working power in our hearts; its accents ring with joy and gladness and good will. So, today, at this holiday season, we would have it carry to every home on McCall Street our wishes for your happiness—*Merry Christmas to You—One and All, and a Happy New Year!*



Louis Joseph Vance

AND it will be a happy New Year for every home in which *McCall's* becomes a regular visitor, for the 1926 *McCall's* will bring to you such an array of good things, both of fiction and articles, as no magazine, we feel, has yet been able to present to its readers.

FIRST among these will be eight complete, full-length novels by the world's most popular authors—serials that will enchant you with their novelty, their power, and their spirit of high romance; and in which you will find the supreme expression of our modern life. These will be:

Desert Bound by Zane Grey
Bellavion by Rafael Sabatini
The Magic Garden by Gene Stratton-Porter
Tomorrow's Tangle by Margaret Pedler

Monsieur of the Rainbow by Vingie E. Roe
Silver Snakes by Rayner Seelig
The Beloved Lady by Ethel M. Dell
Marboe—A True Story by Sir Gilbert Parker

IN addition to these great serials there will be novelettes and short stories by the greatest authors of the day, and foremost among these stands

RUDYARD KIPLING

the greatest modern master of the short story, the creator of *Kim* and *Stalky*, of the *Brushwood Boy* and *Soldiers Three*, the man who has caught the mystery and allure of the East and enshrined them forever in peerless English prose. Mr. Kipling has written twelve superb new short stories, especially for *McCall's*, and these will be published during 1926.

AMONG the other writers who will help to make *McCall's* for 1926 the greatest fiction treat of the year are: Temple Bailey, James Boyd, Joseph Hergesheimer, Willa Cather, Achmed Abdullah, Donn Byrne, Cyril Hume, Louis Joseph Vance, Fanny Heaslip Lea, Rupert Hughes, Helen Topping Miller, Arthur Somer's Roche, Vivien Bretherton, Ruby M. Ayres, Coningsby Dawson, Leroy Scott, Mary Synon, Lucy Stone Terrill—a galaxy of popular stars unparalleled heretofore in the history of American magazines. They surely are destined to make of this a gala year on *McCall Street*, presenting, as they will, the best fiction that it is possible to garner today.

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2026 THE BEST OF ALL GIFTS



Joseph Hergesheimer



Rupert Hughes



James Boyd



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Is not the best of all gifts the gift that brings the most delight, the pleasantest of oft-recurring memories? Such a gift is *McCall's*. Every month of the year it will bring happiness, help, memories of the giver. And *McCall's* Gift Subscriptions cost so little! For *McCall's* makes its readers a Special Christmas Offer that is truly remarkable. If you would like to know how easy it is to give *McCall's*

TURN TO SPECIAL OFFER
ON PAGE 91



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BE SURE TO SEE SPECIAL
PAGE 91



Coningsby Dawson



Achmed Abdullah



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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



In a recent letter from a man, a stranger to me, I was asked two direct questions, and I thought my answer to him might be of interest to you. He wrote me: "Is religion a stimulus to achievement?" and "Is there any connection that may have come to you?"

I can make only one reply, which is most distinctly and emphatically, "Yes."

I believe that there are born in the heart of man a few great primal instincts, and no people has been discovered, not even in the wilds of darkest Africa, who is not following these impulses. Let me list them. With every people there has been the desire to make music. With reed, drum or pipe, no matter how crude and primitive, man always tries to make music; no matter whether it be a sing-song chant, or weird wail, utterly devoid of any real harmony, it is music to his savage soul. More often than otherwise his voice is raised in praise or prayers to his God, who ever or whatever that God may be.

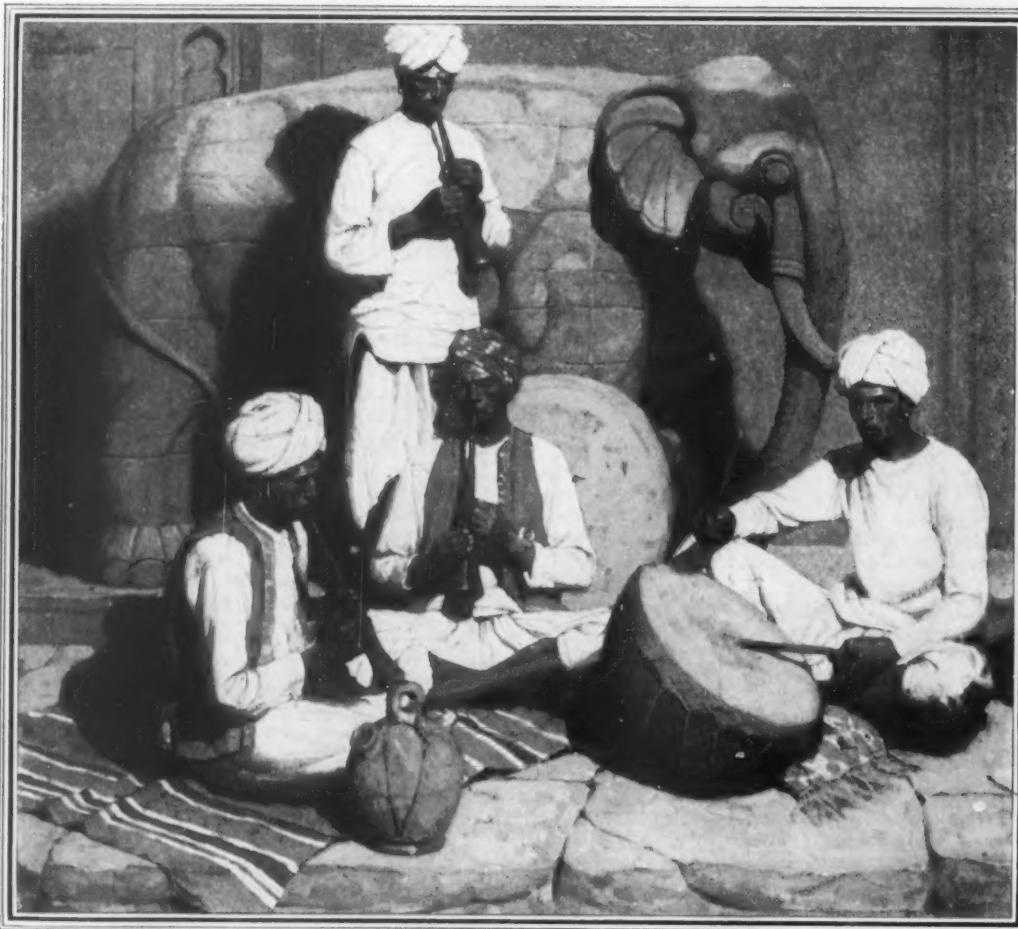
As the second instinct, man always dances. No matter how crude or repulsive the emanations of this instinct, among any people ever discovered anywhere on the face of the globe, there exists the effort to express inward feeling through the dance. It may be with naked bodies, painted faces, and grotesque costumes and head-dresses, but still they dance.

Directly in connection with both of these, exercised possibly above either, man always has evinced the inclination to worship. No matter whether he worships a Great Spirit, the sun, a living animal, or an idol of his own making, he has the religious impulse, and he worships something. He has built altars in caves, fires in the open, and offered dead and living sacrifices, all with fantastic gestures and chanting incantations, but all for the same purpose of worshipping and showing his gratitude for his life and privileges to some higher spirit, somewhere.

Connected with these three, and perhaps of primal urge above any, there is always the impulse to mate and reproduce, and these four great primal instincts all have their fulfillment. I believe that the thing which is universal, which is born in the heart of the Eskimo and the South Sea Islander and the Congo boatman, is universal because it is right. I believe that each of these four impulses is as much a part of man as his head or his feet, and as essential and as right.

Since you are centering upon religion in your questions, and are asking of me this very personal thing, my only answer is that undoubtedly I am the distinct product, of religion. My father was an ordained minister of the gospel. All his life he preached Christ according to the rules and regulations of the Methodist Episcopal Church. But he was big enough and broad enough to believe in a universal religion above any creed or church a man espoused if he believed in God, if he loved his neighbors as himself, if he did unto others as he would be done by, and if he was a moral, honest, kind man.

My mother was a member of this same church, and a devout Christian. In the home life of my childhood there was



WITH EVERY PEOPLE THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE DESIRE TO MAKE MUSIC.

RELIGION AS A STIMULUS TO SUCCESS

BY

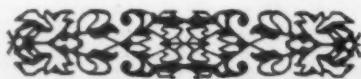
GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "FRECKLES," "THE WHITE FLAG,"
"THE GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY
MEAD SCHAEFFER

"Anything I am, anything that I have done, or anything that I hope to do, is the direct result of my birthright and my training in which religion played a very large part."

(EXCERPT FROM GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S
ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE)



family worship twice each day. No beggar was ever turned from our door without a meal, no tramp refused work if he asked for it, and no peddler went away without a glass of milk or cookie. I was the youngest of a dozen children, born at a time when my mother was forty-six years of age, and my father fifty-four. At that period the greatest brain power possible in them had been developed; they had had a lifetime of education along many lines. My father was the best read man, covering the widest historical field, of any man with whom I ever have been acquainted personally. He had bigness of heart; he had vision; he had a powerful brain. My mother was a lover of the outdoors, and she had a great gift for growing flowers in which she had specialized for a lifetime.

When these two people, at top notch mentally, deeply imbued with a religion which they were proud to follow and to practise in business, their minds having been recently stirred to the depths by the Civil War, gave birth to me, they endowed me with their breadth of heart, their physical strength, their mental training, and their inspirational and religious emanations. Tak-

ing this sort of birthright as a basis, and the education that followed it through my youth, you can readily see that anything that I have done, or anything that I hope to do, is the direct result of my birthright and my training in which religion played a very large part.

Everything is changing. Old forms of self-expression are bound to change with the new environment, broader culture, and under the impetus of world-sweeping waves of almost hysterical emotion caused by the war. There is a quotation from the Bible which is a firm anchor amidst the turmoil, "Cleave to that which is good." That is simple enough for anyone to understand; simple enough for anyone to obey. All my life, through the medium of my pen, I have done the best I could for my fellow men; to uphold the principles of Godliness, morality, interest in Nature, and to be just

and fair in the treatment of my fellow men.

I never had made it my business to preach either Nature or God in any book I ever have written, but because I have myself been literally steeped both in Nature and God, it has not been necessary. I put much Nature into my work because Nature interests one in God; studying Nature, and the miracles among the birds, flowers, trees, and insects, makes one study God. There is no line I could write naturally which would not be steeped in a spirit of reverence. There is no line I could write spontaneously that would not glorify God through Nature. I am not perfectly sure in my own mind exactly what I mean when I say 'God'; that is, I do not know whether I mean a particular person, or a particular power; but I do know that the further I advance in the study of the evolution of Nature, the more I see a guiding hand, a controlling power, and a marvelous brain behind everything.

One could take the Bible and outline the duties of women as they are set forth. I take women [Turn to page 46]



LES PARFUMS COTY

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they define the elusive yet in-
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VISITS
TO P & G
HOMES
No. 1



14 little blouses blowing on the line



WHEN we saw those blouses, and counted them, and surveyed the rest of the beautiful, fresh-looking clothes snapping in the crisp breeze, we simply had to stop in for a talk with their owner.

Mrs. Marshall* proved to be one of those cordial, friendly people you just can't help liking. Her house was friendly, too—with bright chintzes, glistening white woodwork, and welcoming, comfortable chairs.

"How do you do it?" we asked her when we found she'd done that whole wash herself. "There are *fourteen* blouses on that line!"

"There aren't always so many," she laughed. "Somehow Dick and Bobby each needed a clean blouse every day last week. But even fourteen blouses aren't so much work as they once were, since I've used P and G Naphtha Soap. I suppose that pleases you!" she added.

Hints from Mrs. Marshall

"Before putting the clothes to soak, I always have lukewarm water in the tub. I never put the clothes in first and then run in hot and cold water. Hot water, striking the clothes, sets the dirt. Also, the first few drops are often rusty and make stubborn stains. With P and G I soak my clothes only during breakfast, not over night. This loosens even the most ground-in dirt without rubbing."

"Indeed it does," we replied. "How do you notice the difference?"

"By comparison. Like most women, I've tried a good many soaps, but P and G simply outdoes them all. It gets the clothes clean so quickly, without ever fading their colors. I never have to rub hard any more, or boil every week. And I not only use it in the laundry but everywhere else in the house from kitchen to bathroom."

Of course, Mrs. Marshall is only one of the millions of women who think this way about P and G, and that is why P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in America. You see, it does everything better! And it makes no difference whether the water is hard or soft, cold or hot, P and G always gives beautiful, quick, safe results. Don't you think it ought to be doing *your* work, too?

*Of course, this isn't her real name.

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THERE is no mystery about the supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

McCALL'S

DECEMBER

M C M X X V

KATHARINE at last resented another disruption of her thrilling joy in the color and beauty and loneliness of the Arizona desert. Again she was dragged back to the irritating evidence of her friend's husband.

Wilbur Newton kicked a swirl of sand toward the offending automobile and glowered from the disconsolate driver to the ladies in the party: "Broken carburetor!...Now we'll miss the Snake Dance. Exactly what I expected."

Manifestly it was unspeakable impudence for any circumstance to interrupt the even tenor of Wilbur's lordly life. His face, his tone, his important gait, now viciously grinding as he swung away from the unpleasant scene, made this claim eloquent.

Mary Newton sighed audibly. Sighs could always be stifled, thought Katharine, pressing her friend's hand. "Personally," she said aloud, "I think it's a lark to break down on the desert. It's the unexpected that's fun. Surely other motorists will make the Snake Dance by this trail. They'll help us."

There was no response from Mary. Katharine's gaze followed hers to the boulder some two hundred feet away where the object of the sigh had halted. The balancing rock against which he stood shaded the tall, lean figure, but the sun, splitting its ray over and under the rock, threw pools of light on his sombrero and spurs making them exceptionally evident.

"A big hat and a pair of spurs," pronounced Katharine with startling audacity.

"Yes, a big hat and a pair of spurs—and nothing between. That's what I married," Mary murmured. Her voice was as light and dry as the desert breeze.

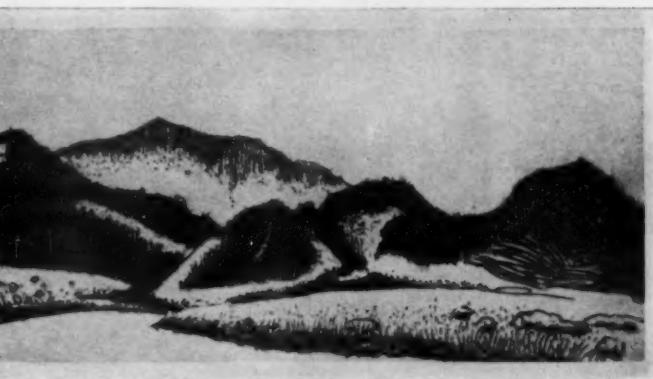
"It ain't so bad, Miss," the driver explained. "It's expert help I need. Now if we could make that Indian school at Leupp. But it's fifteen miles off."

"Is it likely that a car will pass this way before night?" Katharine interrogated.

"Might be days before a car'd come by." That reply was thrilling. Katharine wanted to learn more.

"Then we might be left here to starve or die of thirst?" she went on animatedly. "And our bones to be bleached by the desert sun?"

"No, marm. Leupp's too near. Walkin's good at night if it comes to that." But the driver could not destroy the romance of their situation. "Why, we'd enjoy being martyrs," laughed Katharine. "Mrs. Newton and I will be just as tragic as we please. We'll find some high place on these bowlders where we can watch and pray for help. See, Mary, won't that be a jolly lookout?"



SANGRE DE CRISTO, THE OLD CONQUISTADORES CALLED THIS MOUNTAIN RANGE OF THE DESERT

THE GREATEST NOVEL THAT HAS EVER COME FROM THE PEN OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST AUTHOR OF WESTERN TALES

DESERT BOUND

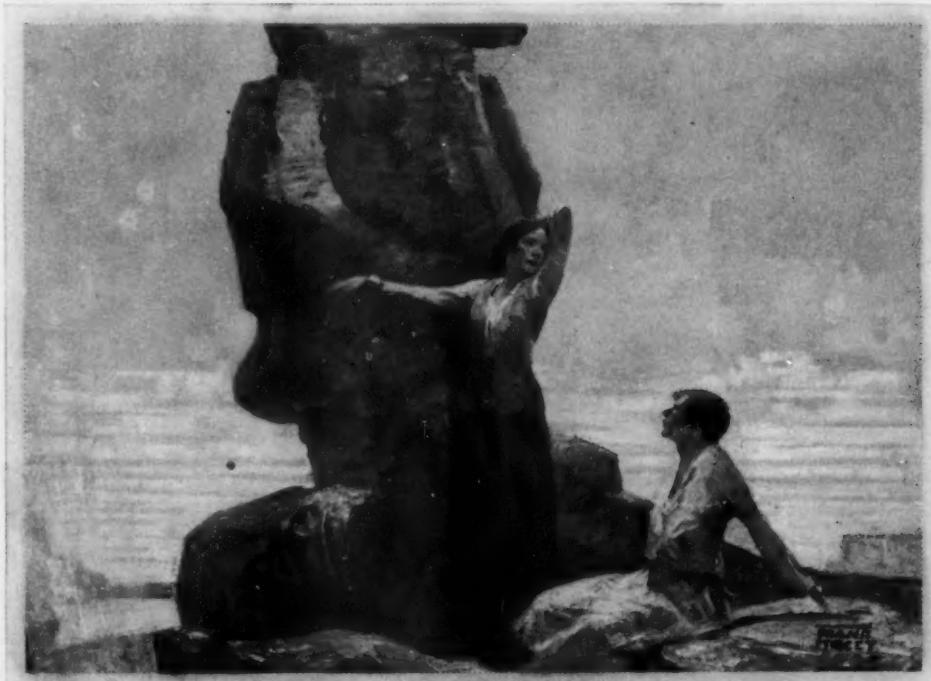
BY ZANE GREY

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS," "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE," "THE CALL OF THE CANYON."

LINE DRAWING BY
OTTO HOWARD

PAINTING BY
FRANK STREET

ETCHINGS BY
RALPH PEARSON



THE WORLD WAS A HUGE, IRREGULAR BOWL, SAND-LINED... AN UNEVEN PURPLE FRESCO PAINTED ON ITS BROKEN RIM. AND THEY... WERE SET HIGH TO LOOK DOWN UPON IT.

The girls climbed the trailless slope, zigzagging between bowlders toward the red rimmed rock of the domineering mound that swelled above them. The higher they climbed the shorter grew their breath, and they were forced to pause sooner than they anticipated. Katharine slipped to a seat on a flat rock. "I'm actually puffing!" she ejaculated.

Then, lost in a transport of joy, her labored breathing seemed suddenly to cease. The desert caught and held her eye—leagues and leagues of sand, pink-toned, shimmering, like an opal ocean in dead calm, the dim distant purple cloud banks resting on the rim of the horizon. It seemed that any moment they might lift and disappear.

"Oh Mary, you were such a dear to include me in this trip," Katharine declared ecstatically.

"I must inspire you with a love for Arizona. It may happen that you will have to live here always—for Alice's sake."

Katharine had never pretended that it was anything but terrifying for her to force the decision to go with her frail sister to live in Arizona where the family doctor declared she might combat the dread tubercular malady which had followed her siege of pneumonia, or that she would ever have capitulated if Mary's letters had not been so full of optimism and her own example of courage so radiant. She looked with admiration at the straight slim figure by her side. There was something of Spartan strength in Mary's fine features, in her line of carriage, in the simple severe way she wore her hair. And five years of a new life had developed Spartan qualities of soul. Neither disappointment nor defeat would ever make this brave woman bitter! Forthwith Katharine tried to force the image of Wilbur from her.

"Wilbur isn't so sociable that he really wanted our company," said Mary, unconscious of Katharine's design. "The trip materialized solely because Hanley wanted Wilbur to meet him there. Hanley pulls a string and Wilbur dances. What this dance is I don't know. I reminded Wilbur that four years ago he promised we would make this trip, and therefore should take me. You were dragged in by the heels."

"So I!" scoffed Katharine mockingly.

"Oh, I wanted you, dear. But I had to scheme. It would be so nice for me to have company when you know—that sort of thing. All the while I wanted you just for your precious self, even more than I wanted the trip."

"For what you could give my 'precious self,'" Katharine

corrected indulgently.

Mary turned away with a lithe stride. "Come on, we've dawdled long enough. The higher we get the more beautiful the prospect."

Katharine labored bravely, half-envious of Mary's ease in action. Manifestly her friend was desert-tried. After each outward glance Katharine's oh's and ah's came in strange little puffs of breath. "Take it easy. Rest a lot. Don't mind me," Mary called over her shoulder.

It was fully twenty minutes before the girls met on the summit of the red rimmed rock. It had developed greater proportions as they climbed, as had the desert increased in staggering magnitude. Now the world was a huge, irregular bowl, sand-lined and of translucent pink, an uneven purple fresco painted on its broken rim. And they, in some queer way, were set high to look down upon it.

During the three weeks in which the girls had renewed their friendship, a time when most girls would have enjoyed the delightful intimacy of talking about themselves, Mary conscientiously avoided personal references. It was of other people she spoke with an all-consuming interest in detail. It might have been she was aware that what she was living spoke for itself. Today was the first time—and for an instant only—that she had opened the door of her heart and let Katharine look in.

When a half score of years ago Mary left New York to live with relatives in the south because her father feared conflict between his eighteen-year-old daughter and her tempestuous step-mother, a girl scarcely five years his daughter's senior, Katharine feared that nothing good would come from so cruel a situation—proud, aloof Mary thrust upon relatives she hardly knew because there was no place for her in her father's home! Had Mary been trained to economic independence there would have been a chance of escape, but, no, true to a life-long habit of selfishness, her father had chained her to him to meet his creature comforts when her mother's usefulness ceased in death. Small wonder that Mary met romance too quickly—that she became Mrs. Wilbur Newton before a year had passed.

"I'm marrying a Texan," she had written, "of a branch of one of the oldest southern families, a man of sterling qualities, not above becoming rancher to help retrieve the family fortune. It will be such a wonderful opportunity for service, to help him in the upward climb. I'm so wonderfully in love. I'll never forget how I thrilled when I met him for the first time. I heard a clink of spurs, and then I turned and a great big sombrero caught my eye, and underneath a face—really, I haven't the power to describe him—such kindness, such reserve, you know, the kind of reserve that suggests silent power. No dash, but infinitely daring."

Six months after there came word that Mr. Wilbur Newton had failed in the ranch enterprise, though Mary had struggled to keep up her end. Of course, so proud a man as he had to flee from his disgrace, so they migrated to southern Arizona. Two years later his farming project in some remote Arizona valley was abandoned—for what reason Katharine never knew—and they transferred their meager possessions to Taho, on the Navajo Indian Reservation, where the man of infinite daring prospered on a salary as assistant to a trader. He was the kind of person who would prosper under any condition, whose wife could scrape and sweat. Katharine had seen. Indignation burned within

her. Once Katharine had written from the east admonishing Mary not to wait too long with news of a little Wilbur Junior. Such news never came, nor any comment on Katharine's suggestion. The time had come when Katharine was profoundly grateful; neither dogs nor children liked Wilbur.

hearted if we aren't rescued soon!"

"It's a strange thing to consider," Mary explained, "that Indians at Leupp doubtless know this very minute that a party of four people, two men and two women, are stalled on the desert near—well, whatever they call this particular landmark.... More of what I call desert magic. I never yet travelled anywhere on the desert that news of my coming did not precede me."

"Can we stay here till the sun goes down?" Katharine asked.

"Heavens, no!" returned Mary, swinging to her feet with a jerk. "There are things to do—campfire to make—supper to get. The driver will rustle some wood. I'll handle the rest."

"And Wilbur, poor dear, what will he do?... Ah, think, no, doubt!" Katharine mimicked the slow even drawl of the man she ridiculed, then added tartly, "Some day he'll die from what the observer might call overthoughtfulness, but at the post-mortem it will be discovered that his brains are cotton wool and rotted gray!"

"Katharine!" begged Mary, with just the least sign of reproach in her searching gray eyes. "I understand Wilbur's a good camper when he's alone on the trail, or with men. But when I'm along...."

"Oh yes, dear. I understand, and I'm sorry. But I feel like the bubble in that fairy story my mother used to tell us—the bubble who wanted to burst and couldn't. You remember—'One day the poor bubble got giddy and gay'—Well, look out!"

"But the consequences were dire," remarked Mary thoughtfully. "The bubble found that things could never be the same again."

The full weight of the remark escaped Katharine. Far off in the direction from which they had ridden, she espied a slow-moving object. Could it be a car? "Look!" she cried.

"That's a car," Mary declared. "It's moving faster than it appears to be. Still pretty far away; but I think it will get to us before dark. Come along now."

The descent was easy and swift, and they covered the ground between the slope and the car with buoyant steps.

The driver was asleep curled over his wheel. Wilbur was nowhere in sight. "Fine!" thought Katharine. Aloud she said, "Don't wake the driver, I'll find wood. These clumps of dead greasewood will do, won't they?"

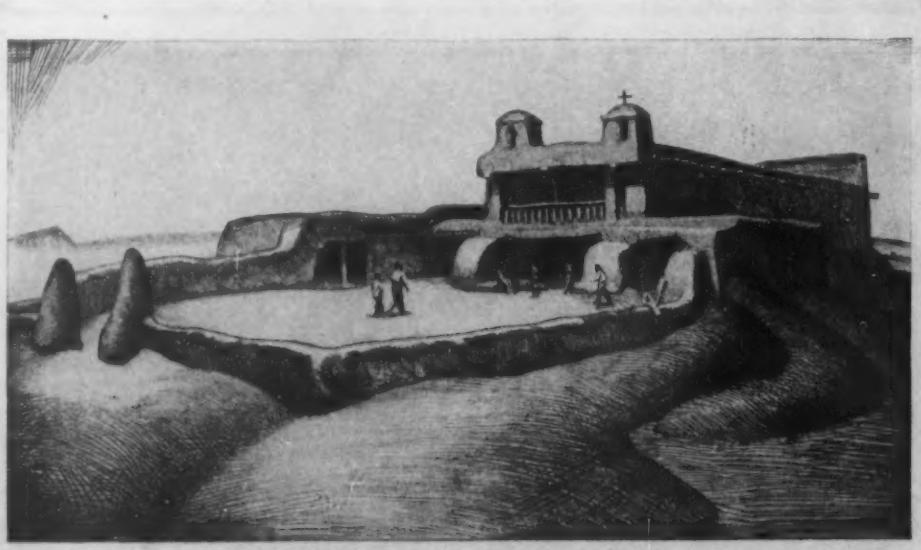
Katharine's fire was not much of a success at first, but was saved under Mary's instruction. "Anyone as stubbornly persistent as you will learn," laughed Mary.

She had laid a small rug at a comfortable distance from the fire and spread camp table-ware and a tempting picnic lunch. Katharine sauntered over feeling very important now that her fire would burn. "What's that black iron-pot affair?" she asked curiously.

"Dutch oven," came the response. "The joy of a cowboy's existence."

She was busy with flour and water and baking-powder, and Katharine watched her quick able fingers prepare a biscuit dough. "One uses different proportions of ingredients in this altitude," Mary explained. "I could have bombarded a town with the first biscuits I made here by the rule I used back east.... Now you can help by poking out some hot cinders from the bed of your fire. Make a

nice little nest of them alongside. That's for the Dutch oven." She swung the oven toward Katharine. Neat little mounds of dough lay compact on the bottom of the pot. Mary set the pot on the bed of cinders, then, laying the lid on a stone conveniently near the fire, she raked out more coals and



THE MISSIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST ARE REMINDERS OF THE DAYS OF STOUT CORTEZ AND DE SOTO



AGAINST THE COBALT SKY THE HILLS RISE STEEP AND MENACING, A MASS OF TUMBLING SHADOWS



with a swiftness that excited Katharine's admiration transferred them to the iron lid. A protecting edge an inch high held the coals safe. Refusing the driver's protest to let him do that, she thrust a stout stick through the handle of the lid, and, balancing it carefully, lifted and fastened it over the pot. Not a coal moved.

"That supplies heat from above!" declared Katharine with as much pride as if she had invented the ingenious oven herself.

"When the biscuits are done, I'll put some bacon in," Mary returned. "It cooks in no time. I really prefer to sizzle mine on a stick. But Wilbur likes everything ready when he sits down."

The mention of Wilbur jarred on Katharine. She glanced about furtively, wondering what had become of the man. There he was, not far away, a blot against a patch of greasewood. He had a stick in his hand and was moving slowly toward the fire, jogging little jets of dust before him. Vivid light on the rock behind him made Katharine look toward the direction from which it came. The sun was setting between fleecy clouds low over the horizon, chiffon clouds of pink and gold; and the sad still desert was bathed in rosy light showered from purple mesa to purple mesa, through the silent legions of miles.

"And we were getting supper while all this was happening!" thought Katharine flinging a resentful glance toward the man who walked with eyes to the ground. She knew he would not speak unless he was addressed, so she called to him as gayly as she could, "Wilbur, isn't that sunset exquisite?"

He looked up slowly. Ah, that studied grandiose expression of dignity! She hated it. Did it never irritate Mary? "Hadn't noticed... Yeah, it's pretty fine I guess. You'll get used to them," he drawled.

"Did you sight that car?" Mary greeted Wilbur with the quickness of speech she customarily used when addressing him, perhaps to lay subtle suggestion or to strike a balance, or—and this had not occurred to Katharine before—perhaps from sheer nervousness.

"Mmm. About twenty minutes ago."

The car was not in sight now. There was a perceptible rise in the desert floor approaching their location, though, as Katharine had noted from above, the whole valley seemed level. "Better hustle through supper," suggested Wilbur languidly.

"I was trying to delay it until that car came," Mary explained. "It may carry some hungry people. I've made lots of biscuits and lots of coffee. We can be spare with the other things."

Wilbur's eyes narrowed and flashed steely blue. "We're not setting up a desert barbecue. There may be seven or eight people in that car."

How evenly he talked! His irritation showed only in his eyes. Mary glanced apprehensively at the driver. Katharine, feeling her discomfort, wanted to assure her that the stranger had missed Wilbur's words. No sooner had they gathered round the campfire in response to Mary's call than the chug-chug of a motor sounded.

"They've been steppin' on it, thet outfit, like they wanted to get somewhere," Wilbur commented. "I suppose they'll be a bunch of cranks who won't want to tow us. Anyway, they can get word to Leupp and send back a government truck. ... Don't you mention supper, Mary. The quicker they get to Leupp, the quicker we'll get help."

The car was in sight now, approaching fast. Two points of light flashed across the sand. Another minute, with a

grind of brakes, it came to a stop along the trail. "Haloo!" called a cheery voice. "That you, Newton? Trouble, eh? Heard you passed through Tolchoco this morning."

The people in the car were gray figures in gray light. Katharine discerned three passengers in the back. The man who

"Meet the ladies," Wilbur drawled. "My wife... oh, beg pardon, you know her, don't you?... This is Miss Winfield, Miss Katharine Winfield from New York."

Katharine's fingers were paralyzed by the vice-like grip of Curry's hand. "I'm right glad to meet you, Miss Winfield.

You're a long way from home, but you're in good company."

Katharine glanced at Mary. Her face was flushed. Greeting people never excited her. Was she afraid of what her husband might say? That likely was the trouble. "We do want to make the Snake Dance, if possible," Mary offered. "More for Miss Winfield's sake than our own."

"You're making it right now!" Curry declared. "I'll see you through. You bet! Wish I had my own car. I'd tow you. This car I'm driving is borrowed. The folks from the post have mine. I had to come around by way of Flagstaff and pick up my party there this morning—nice middle-aged people. Couldn't waste my seven passenger on a party of three. Now I can't risk another fellow's car by towing your load." He ran his fingers through his hair with a jerking pull at the unruly locks, as if by so doing he could assemble ideas quickly.

"Here's how! I'll take you ladies and send back a truck for the car and men. We're planning on a bed at Leupp for tonight. I can tinker with your car when it gets there. In the morning all hands will be ready to ford the little Colorado. We'll make Oraibi early in the afternoon. Nice to have the Snake Dance at Oraibi for a change."

Wilbur cleared his throat. "Couldn't get me in somehow on this load?" A frown accompanied his question.

"Not very well. Running-board packed with bedding, and valises stacked in back. We'll be riding three to the front seat as it is, and that narrow back seat is none too comfortable now. Got to consider my party some. They're paying for this. And crossing Canyon Diablo with an overloaded car is pretty bad business."

"You're shore to send someone back?" drawled Wilbur.

"Sure as a decent man's word," Curry retorted.

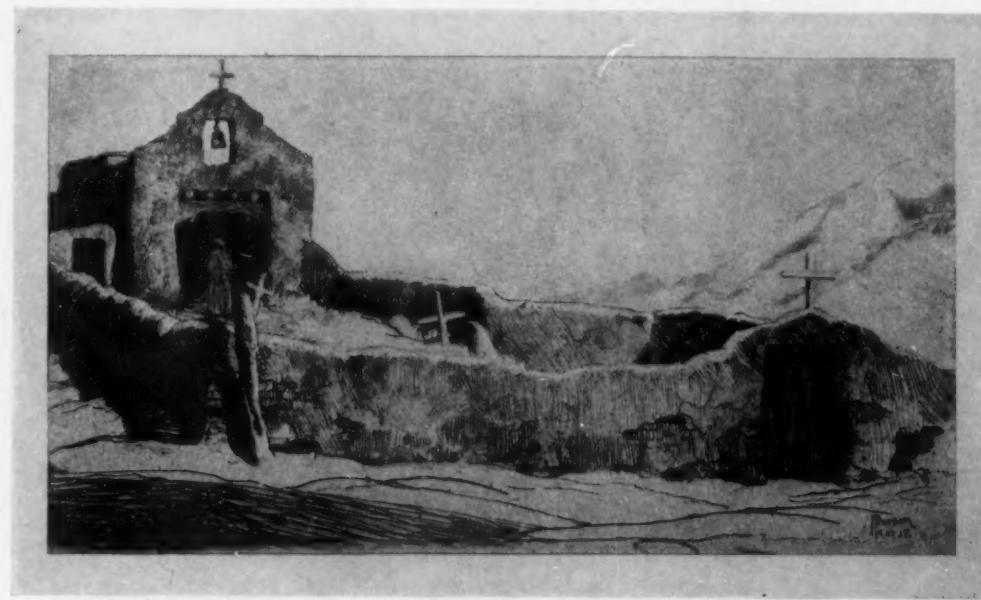
Katharine was aware that a man like Curry could not take Wilbur's insolence easily. Suddenly a daring idea stimulated her. "Oh, Mr. Curry," she said in her most affable manner. "Mr. Newton was suggesting before that we had plenty of supper for an additional *small* party. I'm sure you folks are hungry."

"Now, that's sure fine of you, Newton. Like to sit down with you, but my party's counting on a big layout at Leupp. They ate lunch late—not powerful hungry yet. You ladies go and get it. My engine needs a little cooling off. Meanwhile I'll look at that carburetor."

Wilbur was silent through the hurried meal. He had specific silences for specific occasions. This one bore like a heavy hand. Later, Wilbur's too emphatic words, supposed to be for Mary's ears alone, carried to Katharine where she stood brushing crumbs from her skirt. "Mind me! You let Katharine sit next to the man. I won't have you squeezin' close to him. Better leave the conversation to her, too. She's got enough tongue to do for two women."

The people in Curry's party, a professor from the University of Chicago and his maiden sisters, made the girls welcome.

"A horse is the thing for this country," spoke up Curry. "When a fellow's car's broken down on the road and Indians ride up and look on from their saddles, [Turn to page 69]



SOMETIMES, STILL, THE CRACKED BELL OF THE QUEEN CHAPEL SOUNDS THE CALL TO PRAYER

spoke rode alone in front. Taking a sudden leap he cleared the door of the car without opening it, and the violent movement sent him half running toward them. As he stepped into the circle of light Katharine experienced a pleasant thrill. She seemed to know this man, as one recognizes a composite of pleasing personalities. He was tall and broad-shouldered yet had an athletic slimness, and the fine swing of his gait was the tread of perfect control and muscular harmony. What rugged strength of features! He wore no hat. Katharine looked quickly from dark eyes under bushy brows to a stubborn crown of brown hair, then for a second time the flashing white smile and familiar presence captivated her attention. Wilbur addressed him as "Curry" and explained they had trouble with their carburetor and could not go on.

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SHE AND KATHERINE TOILED UP THE TRAIL FOLLOWING THE GLEAM OF CURRY'S FLASHLIGHT





THE Grey Little Grandmother stood at the kitchen window and watched the snow come down. "It is very deep," she said to the Hired Girl, "they'll have a hard time getting through."

The Hired Girl, whose name was Helga, lifted the lid of the pot and looked in. "I hope they won't keep supper waiting."

The words sounded hard, but they were not hard. Helga always talked like that, but the things she did were beautiful. That very afternoon, she had made tarts so that the children might have them when they came home, and nobody had told her to do it.

The supper waited a long time; then a big man arrived alone. He was as fair as a Norse god, and was the son of the Grey Little Grandmother.

"It's a dreadful night," he said, as he stood shining under the lamp, with the snow melting on his leather jacket. "I didn't dare bring the rest of them. Little Nan has a sore throat. I'm afraid we shall have to spend tomorrow with Emily's mother."

"Do you mean that you won't be home for Christmas dinner?"

"Yes, I'll stay with you until morning, then drive over and eat with them. If little Nan is better we can come back here in the late afternoon, and have the tree and the presents."

He took off his leather jacket, and his strong body in its silver-colored sweater made him seem more than ever like a young Norse god. "Will you be lonesome?" he asked. "If you think you will, I won't go. I don't quite like the idea of leaving you—and it's a long ride for you to take in such weather."

The Grey Little Grandmother gazed up at him. Standing there in the shadowy kitchen, he lighted it like a torch. He was her son, and he was willing to stay. That was heart-warming enough without accepting the sacrifice. So she said: "I shan't mind in the least, and it wouldn't be Christmas for Emily and the children unless you were with them."

"Well, of course you'll have Helga."

Helga, frying eggs in a huge skillet, turned on him a glowering glance, but said nothing. And presently she lifted the eggs, like gold and ivory discs, and laid them around the slices of ham on a big blue platter, and said, tersely, "Supper's ready."

The dining-room was as shadowy as the kitchen, with a great fire on the hearth and a red-shaded lamp and a shimmering, old, hard wood table with a dish of red apples in the center. And in the arch which led to the living-room was the tree, which Jan had set up while the children were away. Its top plumes touched the ceiling, and the sweep of its lower branches was like the spread of a lady's skirt.

After the Norse Giant had said grace, he remarked over his ham and eggs:

"The Black Sheep is back again."

"Edith?"

He nodded.

"How do you know?"



THEY SPOKE AGAIN—GENTLY—OF EDITH AND MARK READ THE NOTE ALOUD

THE CRYSTAL BOWL

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. H. TAFFS

Are there transgressions that life never forgives? Can one break faith with home and life and honor, and slip out of paying the penalty? Or is family loyalty like the Kirkland's Crystal Bowl, just a beautiful and fragile household ornament—broken and quickly forgotten? In this exquisite and touching story of the return of a family Black Sheep, by one of the best beloved of American story tellers, you will find the greatest Christmas story of the year.



"There was a light in the parlor window of the old house as I drove by, and I looked in and saw her."
"All alone?"
"Yes. She had two candles lighted and was on her knees packing a trunk. Mother, I think she was packing the crystal

bowl." His voice was husky.

"Do you mean she is taking it away?"

"That and a lot of other things. They were all on the floor about her. It made me furious to see them. They don't belong to her—simply because her father was the eldest son. The rest of us have a right to some—"

It was an old argument. The Grey Little Grandmother had heard it a thousand times. The Black Sheep had all of the old things—the Dutch candlesticks, and great-grandmother's china, and the Sheffield orange cups, and most of all, the crystal bowl. They were hers because they were in the house which she had inherited. And the rest of the family had raged. They had no case in law, but they felt they had a case in equity. They had written to Edith, and she had replied crisply on thin foreign notepaper that what she had she would keep. Reading between the lines they had read the truth, that she was glad to withhold that which they wanted. They had cast her off. If they would have none of her, they should have none of her possessions.

And now she was back from those elusive lands to which she had

fled, and was packing a trunk.... the Grey Little Grandmother had a sense of keen distress. "They belong in the old house."

"Do you think she cares for that? She'll probably sell them. Why, the bowl alone is worth a fortune!"

"A fortune—?"

"Yes—a small one. I dropped into a shop on Fifth Avenue last year and asked a dealer. He's written to me several times since. He's crazy to get hold of it."

The price Mark mentioned was astounding. "Of course if it was mine I wouldn't sell it. But Edith—! She'll be glad of the chance!"

"She may need the money."

"I need it. But do you think I'd let a thing like that go out of the family? It belongs to my children—to my grandchildren."

She had nothing to say in answer, but after a little she ventured, "Is she changed?"

"I couldn't see her face."

"Poor Edith."

"Mother!" a sharp note.

"I know you can't forgive her, Mark."

"Disgrace isn't an easy thing to bear."

"She was young and foolish."

"She was young and—wicked."

She sighed, "I know. But I always think of her as a little girl—with her curls, and her hand in mine."

"But she ran away with another woman's husband."

The words seemed to ring clamorously through the serene old room. So, too, had the Black Sheep, long ago, jangled all the bells of family pride when she broke the rules which had bound them honorably for generations.

But the Grey Little Grandmother who was old and wise, and whose ear was tuned to finer harmonies than pride, sighed again and said, "Do you know, I should like to have her here with me for Christmas dinner."

"Here!"

"Yes. It couldn't hurt me, could it? . . . And it might help her. It isn't as if Emily were here and the children." "Not in this house, ever. I mean that, Mother. She shall never cross my threshold. Never, never again."

It was not his house, but she did not remind him that it was her own. She waited for a moment before she said, "Do you remember, Mark, how she came here one Christmas eve? You had made her a little ship and it was on the tree?"

Never had she seen his face look as it looked now, except on the night when the news had come of Edith's flight. And he was saying, "It is because I remember the boy who worshipped her that I am—hard—"

He rose abruptly from the table and went out to the barn. The Little Grey Grandmother rose, too, and went into the dairy to skim the cream from the round pans. The cream was thick and yellow, and the floor was painted yellow, so that even at night there was the effect of sunshine. And while she skimmed the cream, she thought a great deal about what her son had said. And when Helga came in to get the sour milk to set on the back of the stove for cheese, the Grey Little Grandmother had made up her mind. "You can have the whole day tomorrow, Helga, instead of the afternoon. I shan't need you."

"Do you think I'll leave you alone," Helga said violently.

"I shan't be alone. I am going out. I am going out for dinner."

It would have been useless to tell Mark what she had planned. He would have opposed it, and that would have spoiled it all. The simplest thing was to do as she pleased, and to decide afterwards whether she would let him know. She did not, of course, know whether Edith would see her. She might, indeed, find the door shut in her face. But she would take the chance. She had, indeed, a secret sense of elation in the thought of her adventure.

Lying awake that night, with the snow sweeping against her windows, she told herself that she would take the dinner with her. Edith, in that lonely house, would probably have a makeshift menu. The child had never had domestic qualities. Only her beauty, and a soft, affectionate charm of manner. It was hard to think of her alone. The sequel to her mad romance had been tragic. The man had died, a month after his marriage with Edith. His wife had divorced him to make it possible.

Well . . . anyhow she would have Helga roast a chicken—Mark could take the turkey . . . Emily's mother would not, naturally, be prepared for such a crowd. It would be easy enough to reheat the chicken and vegetables in the oven at the old house. And to share some of the good things that she and Helga had made for the feast. And the tarts. She remembered the little Edith of long ago had loved tarts!

How the snow fluttered against the window. Like the wings of some soft bird. She loved nights like this. It was in the winter that she had come to this house, a bride . . .

She was up very early the next morning. Jan killed the chicken, and Helga got it ready. They did these things furtively, although she had not pledged either of them to secrecy. They seemed, intuitively, to understand the situation. They were always, indeed, her allies, in a house of rather dominant personalities. They often helped her to have her way, unobtrusively, but none the less effectively.

It was still snowing when, after breakfast, Mark rode away with two great hampers in the back of his car. He kissed his mother before he went, and said with a touch of compunction, "I hope you don't think I am selfish—going off like this."

"I shall be perfectly happy."

"Take care of her, Helga."

Helga surveyed him with brooding eyes. "She takes care of herself. I never see such a woman. Always happy."

He seemed a little startled at that. Asked his mother: "Are you?" "I think I am. Yes." And she was happy. And the reason she was happy was because she was never sorry for herself. She was always sorry

rock on the stove; the coals glowed like hot red eyes through the slits of the dampers, and the dead kitchen was alive again!

When Jan was gone, and she was at last alone, the Grey Little Grandmother opened the kitchen door and looked out into the hall. The hall was as dead as the kitchen had been.

Years ago when life had flowed warm through the house, there had always been the sound of heartbeats—*tick-tock, tick-tock*, a steady comfortable sound which kept one company.

The clock was at the other end near the parlor door. The Grey Little Grandmother

went swiftly and soundlessly along the strip of faded carpet. She was old, but her straight, small figure was young. She wore a black dress with crisp white bands at her neck and wrists, and she seemed to belong in that wainscoted hall with its old clock, as a bit of old ivory belongs in an inlaid cabinet. She was a part of it—merged into it by a sort of spiritual inheritance.

She stopped in front of the clock and began to wind it, and immediately the slow sound woke the echoes in that still, cold house—*tick-tock—tick-tock*.

Then all at once, the door of the parlor flew open, and a voice said, "WHO IS WINDING THE CLOCK?"

The Grey Little Grandmother turned and faced the slender woman in the straight green gown:

"I am."

"Aunt Edith!"

"Yes."

"How did you know I was here?"

"Mark told me."

"Mark?" A white hand caught at the silver beads which set off the green gown.

"Yes. He saw you through the window."

"When?"

"Last night."

The woman shivered. "So it was he who was there? I thought I heard footsteps on the porch . . . but when I looked there were only the tracks in the snow."

"My dear, did he frighten you?"

"No. Nothing frightens me now but—memories."

She stopped and turned back into the parlor. "It's warmer in here," she said. "I haven't tried to keep the rest of the house comfortable—I am not used to making fires."

The Grey Little Grandmother had vague ideas of how one kept warm in France. Charcoal, perhaps. And, then, too, there were those elusive lands where no fires were needed.

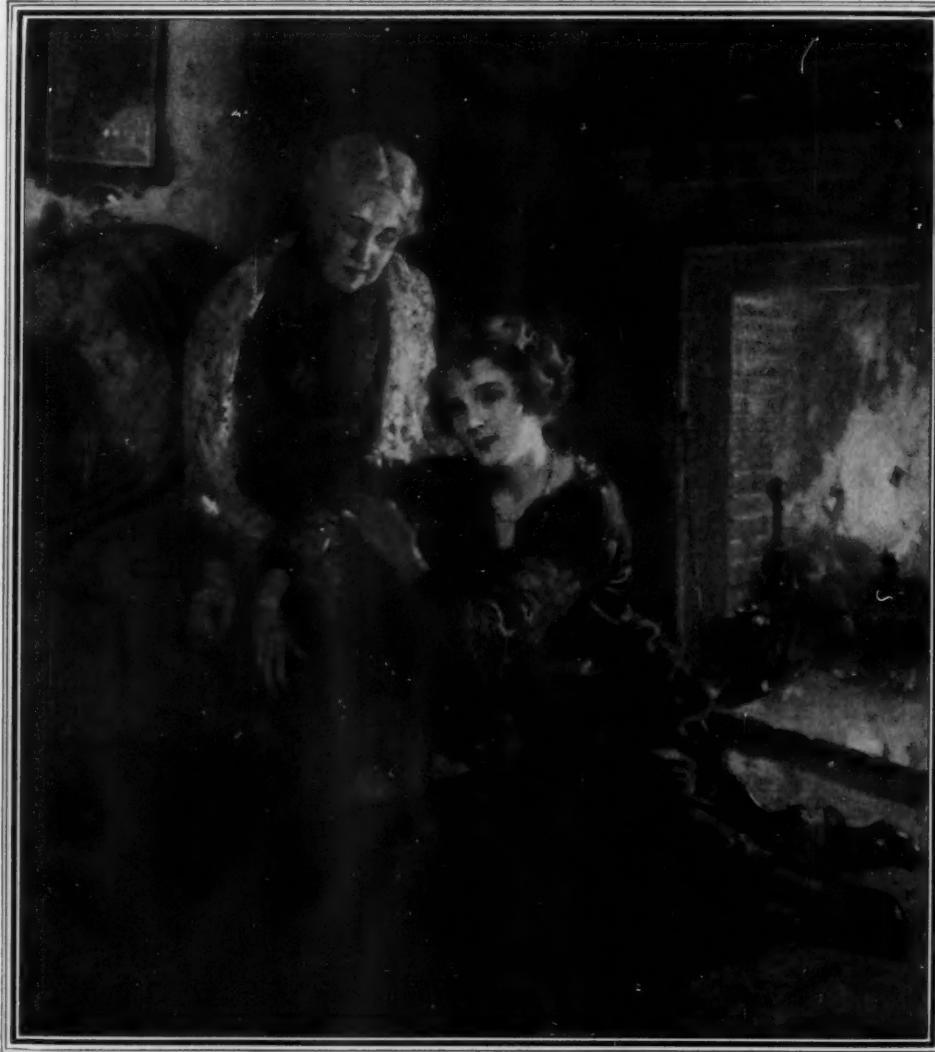
The chairs in the parlor were heaped with garments. Young Edith cleared one of them, going on into the adjoining bedroom with her arms loaded. "I'll be back in a moment," she said.

The Grey Little Grandmother sat down and looked about her. It had been a long time since she had been in this staid, dark room with its stiff furniture and staring family portraits. But now it was not staid and stiff—it glowed and sparkled, like some somber casket with the lid lifted to show a shining treasure. The great trunk in the center of the room was

open and half-packed. Things which might have come out of the trunk were thrown about everywhere—shimmering gowns in flame and silver and orange—a Spanish shawl flaunting its red roses—a scarf heavy with sequins, a fur wrap with turquoise lining dragging its length across the corner of the rosewood piano. The Little Grey Grandmother noted that the things which had once been on the piano were not there—the Dutch candlesticks which had lit it when years ago young Edith had played.

The older Edith had played that piano too, in her girlhood. It was inlaid with mother-of-pearl. She had always thought it a lovely thing. And it was lovelier now than ever, with that sumptuous wrap across its corner.

There was something else on the piano—back at the end, so that it caught only now and then a golden flick of the fire-light. It was the crystal bowl! Brought [Turn to page 59]



NOW THE VOICE WAS SAYING, "AUNT EDITH, TELL ME—WHAT DOES MARK THINK OF ME?"



The kitchen, with its closed shutters was still and cold and dead—a perfect corpse of a kitchen, with no fire in the stove. But presently Jan had one blazing. And after a few moments the little grandmother emerged from her fur coat and began to unpack the hamper she had brought, the kettle began to



AN ELDERLY MAN WITH BENT SHOULDERS WAS STANDING WITH A LANTERN IN HIS HAND. ITS FEEBLE LIGHT SHONE ON A LITTLE CART.

FEATHERBEDS

BY

F. TENNYSON JESSE

ILLUSTRATED BY
MAURICE BOWER

YOUNG Mrs. Eva walked quickly down the steep hill to the bridge. She was hoping that she would find the jingle nearly full and ready to start. She was so impatient to get into the delights of the town that she felt she could not bear to sit twiddling her thumbs while the necessary half-dozen passengers slowly collected. She could not have afforded the shilling that it would have cost her to charter the jingle for herself. Luckily it was market day, and jingle after jingle was rattling over the humped stone bridge and along the straight road bordered by ugly villas that went into Penzance. She secured the last place in one that was just about to start, and as she squeezed into its canvas-shielded interior and met the warm breath of humanity, and heard the jovial pleasantries about "sitting familiar," she began to feel alive again for the first time for weeks. She often thought that she was nearly dead, out at the farm. "Featherbeds by name and featherbeds by nature!" she would declare viciously. A dead-alive, sleepy existence that nearly choked you . . . Out at Featherbeds she never saw a soul except the cowman and the one servant and the woman who came to help with the weekly wash—except, of course, Johnnie—but there was no excitement in seeing Johnnie once you were married to him.

Now, seated in the warm, stuffy jingle, jolting along the bumpy road, she felt as though the past year had fallen away from her, as though she were back again in the exciting days of her girlhood. True, she had lived at a farm then, but a bigger farm, where she was not treated as a servant but as what she was, the niece of the farmer's wife, who had always encouraged the young men to come in and see her niece and herself when the farmer was out of the way. Her mother had never quite liked Auntie Bell, but then, after all, her mother was old-fashioned.

"Well, Tamsin Eva, it do be rare and seldom we see you down along," said jolly old Sam Glasson, his broad red face shining in the comparative dimness of the enclosed jingle. "You be kept main and busy at Featherbeds, simmily."

"She'm a keeper at home like all good wives should be," said the younger Sam a little jeeringly, from his corner.

"And that's as it should be, my dear. Don't 'ee pay no heed to the men-folk!" cried old Mrs. Cotton. "You've got a fine young man to home and I'll lay you aren't wanting anything more!"

Tamsin dimpled and glowed. It was so delightful to be the centre of attention once again. Her feeling of happiness grew; the drizzle of rain outside, the friendly chaffing voices, after the loneliness of Featherbeds, intoxicated her with a strange sense of joy.

Young Mr. Blaizey, whom she hardly knew, the manager of the new grocery stores in Newlyn Harbour, was sitting by the door and now he drew a bag of mixed sweets from the pocket of his raincoat, and handed them round, beginning with her. She felt that he admired her—that her quick, breathless entry had stirred him to notice her—and her happiness grew. The sweets somewhat impeded conversation and she was able to think of the afternoon that lay before her—the shopping, the tea and gossip with her mother, the visit to the pictures, the delightful last cup of strong black tea before she caught the homeward jingle or, if she were lucky, a lift in the cart of some friendly farmer who might be going near Featherbeds on his homeward way. Even if this didn't happen she didn't mind very much. What did a long walk up the hill matter when her brain

What is it, that, in the final analysis, takes the measure of every man of us? • Is it brute strength that rides rough-shod over all obstacles to the capture of the heart's desire? • Or, is it rather gentleness—the simple, unselfish gentleness of a little child? • In this revealing story of a wife's discovery of her own husband's character, and of the indissoluble bonds which made them forever one, you will find one of the most exquisite Christmas stories of any year, and one which tells you the real measure of a man.



would still be busy with the delights that had been hers? Johnnie could get his own supper. She would not hurry back for that. She might even drop in at Auntie Bell's and perhaps Uncle, or one of the young men, would take her home in the high-wheeled cart. Auntie Bell might tell her fortune with the cards as she had been wont to do in days

gone by when she had lived there. Her mother was waiting for her in the parlour of the little bow-fronted house down by the harbour, and, as she was folded to that stout black-cloth bosom, she thought that you never knew how fond you were of your mother until you had gone to live away from her for good. Going to Auntie Bell's hadn't been definite and final like going to live at Featherbeds as Mrs. Johnnie

Eva had been. How nice it was to be home again!

Tea was already laid on the parlour table; such a tea—with potted meats, and a nice pink ham, and plenty of saffron cake.

There were four cups, Tamsin noticed. They were for Primrose Pengelly and for the new lodger, Mr. Snaith, her mother informed her.

That was splendid. She had hoped to see Primrose and have a good old talk. What was Mr. Snaith like?

"Quite the gentleman," said Mrs. Kelynack. A traveller in soft goods and a nice civil-spoken young fellow. He had taken her twice to the pictures, and it was not every young man that bothered to do that with an old woman.

He was staying some time, it appeared. He was interested in several businesses in that part of the world, and that was why he was in her nice comfortable lodgings. "A home life, that's what he likes," said Mrs. Kelynack.

Tamsin felt a slight surprise at the recollection of this description when she made the acquaintance of Mr. Snaith. If it was home life he liked, it was the homes of other people and not one of his own, she thought to herself on a flash of shrewdness, as she met the bright, dark eyes of Mr. Snaith. There was something bright and dark about his whole personality—something quick and lively—very different from Johnnie Eva's gentle fairness. Mr. Snaith's little dark moustache was so neat, so small, so pointed, it looked as though it had just alighted on his upper lip and might fly away at any moment. His beautifully brushed hair, his quick slender hands and the smartness of his clothes all pleased Tamsin's eye, after the months spent at Featherbeds. Johnnie was clean enough she would allow, but his work was dirty and he was too tired when he came in of an evening to do more than change his great boots, caked with mud. She had loved—she supposed she did still love—Johnnie's great shoulders, his broad reddened neck, so tanned it was darker than the curving point of fair hair that fitted into the little hollow at the back of his head. She had a passing recollection now of an afternoon when Johnnie had lain at her feet in the heather, when he was courting her. She remembered how she put out her hand and slipped it down the back of his head until her fingers rested on his neck, and how he had caught her hand and pressed his cheek against it, wordless. She had known what he meant, and how he felt, and his lack of words did not matter. But it did matter now in daily life at Featherbeds, when she sometimes thought she could scream in her frantic craving for the give and take of conversation.

There was no lack of words about Mr. Snaith. Tea was a merry meal. He had travelled a lot in foreign parts. He was a London man and his quick clipped accent sounded delicious in her ears after the slow country drawl. He insisted on taking them all out to the pictures, and Tamsin could see that Primrose was a little annoyed at this. She had probably imagined, thought Tamsin, that Mr. Snaith would want to take her alone, but Tamsin knew by the tinkling something which always told her when men were

interested in her, that it was not Primrose's pink and white and gold that could attract Mr. Snaith when her own darkness and pallor, her slimness and her quick retorts, were there to bewilder and excite him.

"Do you know," said Mr. Snaith, as they sat in the darkness of the cinema, her mother on one side of her and he on the other, between her and her friend, "do you know you make me think of a gipsy. You're not like any of the other girls one meets, somehow."

Tamsin glanced in mock anxiety at her parent, who was absorbed in watching the antics portrayed on the screen.

"You mustn't say that, Mr. Snaith," she whispered. "My dad's mother was a gipsy woman and it's a thing that's thought very badly of in the family. My grandfather fell in love with her when he saw her sitting on the steps of her caravan making baskets, and he married her at Sanctred Church with all the gipsy men threatening to bash his head in and all his own family refusing to speak to him."

"No!" ejaculated Mr. Snaith. "I say, that's very romantic, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is really," said Tamsin. "But it took the family a long while to get used to it. Mother's always been scared that I would take after my grandmother because I'm so like her in looks."

"What was she afraid you'd do?" whispered Mr. Snaith, looking sideways at her from the bright, dark eyes which had themselves a gipsyish look.

It gave Tamsin a curious sensation, that intimate glance. She felt as though he had taken her hand, and she glanced down at her lap, where her own hands lay primly folded together. She felt oddly frightened and, instead of replying, fixed her attention upon the flickering screen.

"How are you getting home?" Mr. Snaith asked her as they issued forth from the heated cinema into the murky drizzle of Market Jew Street.

"Jingle, and then walking."

"Nonsense! You can't walk home on a dark night like this. I'll take you in my car. Wouldn't that be best, Mrs. Kelynack?"

"Eh?" said mother.

"I'm saying that your daughter can't go home alone on a dark night like this. I'd better run her home in my car."

"My! you always was lucky, Tamsin!" giggled Primrose, enviously. And even to her own surprise Tamsin heard herself refusing—and refusing in a way that showed she meant what she said. She did not want that drive home with Mr. Snaith.

And yet when she was seated in the jingle she felt curiously flat and dull. That delightful glow which she had experienced in the other jingle earlier had left nothing behind it for this second journey.

The walk up Paul Hill seemed interminable and, almost without meaning to, she turned into the gate of Auntie Bell's farm.

The kitchen was warm and glowing. Auntie Bell greeted her affectionately and her spirits lifted a little once more. Uncle said he would take her home, and while he was out harnessing the mare Auntie Bell told the cards for her. Tamsin felt a rising excitement to which she had long been a stranger as she sat, chin on hands, bent over the table watching Auntie Bell's face.

"Tes queer," said Auntie Bell. "Tes rare and queer, and I can't get at the meaning of it. There's a childbed here—and yet it don't seem to be you. I can't make 'un out!"

"Isn't there any stranger in my cards?" asked Tamsin carelessly. Auntie Bell might look for something romantic!

"There's four strangers—there's a dark man with his thoughts on you—and then there's another man and a woman and a child—but it don't seem as though it was you and Johnnie and a babe, but some other folk altogether—and there's something queer about 'un—I can't make 'un out."

Uncle came back, looming big and red in the doorway. The cart was ready, standing out in the barnyard and Tamsin went out with him, leaving Auntie Bell still pursuing her lips in puzzlement over the bright array of cards laid out on the table in the lamplight before her.

Autumn drew in; the reddened leaves dropped off and were dug carefully into a pit for leaf-mould, out at Featherbeds. The days grew shorter, and the flocks of migrating birds settled for a moment on the moorland opposite the house, in a flutter of wings and a cloud of loud chirping before they started off on their long voyage over the sea.

Johnnie was out all day at the tail of his plough and Tamsin would have felt life to be nearly unbearable, had it not been for Mr. Snaith. For her refusing his offer to see her home did not seem to have offended him—quite the contrary.

He could hardly pretend he had business at Land's End and so the little pretenses that might have been so mis-

on a Sunday for that purpose, but he did not seem quite to hit it off with Johnnie somehow.

"He's a smart chap enough I don't doubt," said Johnnie, "but a bit too smart for my liking. He wouldn't know one end of a pitchfork from t'other!"

"And what if he doesn't!" flared Tamsin. "He doesn't have to spend his time forking muck!"

"Tes a man's job, anyway," said Johnnie mildly. "Better than running round with patterns of women's gear trying to find some one who will be silly enough to buy 'em!"

"It's a gentleman's trade, anyway!" said Tamsin sharply. "Tes a woman's trade!" said Johnnie.

Tamsin felt she hated Johnnie because he wasn't jealous; he ought to have been jealous; he had no business to be so sure of her. And then, mingling with her resentment, a little fear began to creep in, for she

began to realize that she was not sure of herself. It was not, she told herself, that she didn't love Johnnie. Such a child Johnnie seemed in his unsuspecting confidence that, while it irritated her, it touched her, too.

Yet she knew that it was not Johnnie, but Fred Snaith, who was making life once more a vivid and exciting thing for her. The humdrum life at Featherbeds was a thing of the past now.

Autumn gave way to December storms, and though Fred had to go up country fairly often, he was never away more than three days at the most and returned to West Penwith as though it had been his home. But he no longer lodged with Mrs. Kelynack.

He stayed at the Western, like the other business men, and, instead of coming the whole way to Featherbeds, he would drive out in his little car to a wood that lay in a curve of the moorland, and there Tamsin would meet him and they would picnic together in a deserted cottage that stood at the wood's edge.

It was a queer, primitive emotion; she felt stiff and self-conscious with it as she went with Fred into the empty cottage. The knocking at her senses was so strong it frightened her and she was shocked, too, by the recollection that just so had her body behaved a brief year ago, with Johnnie.

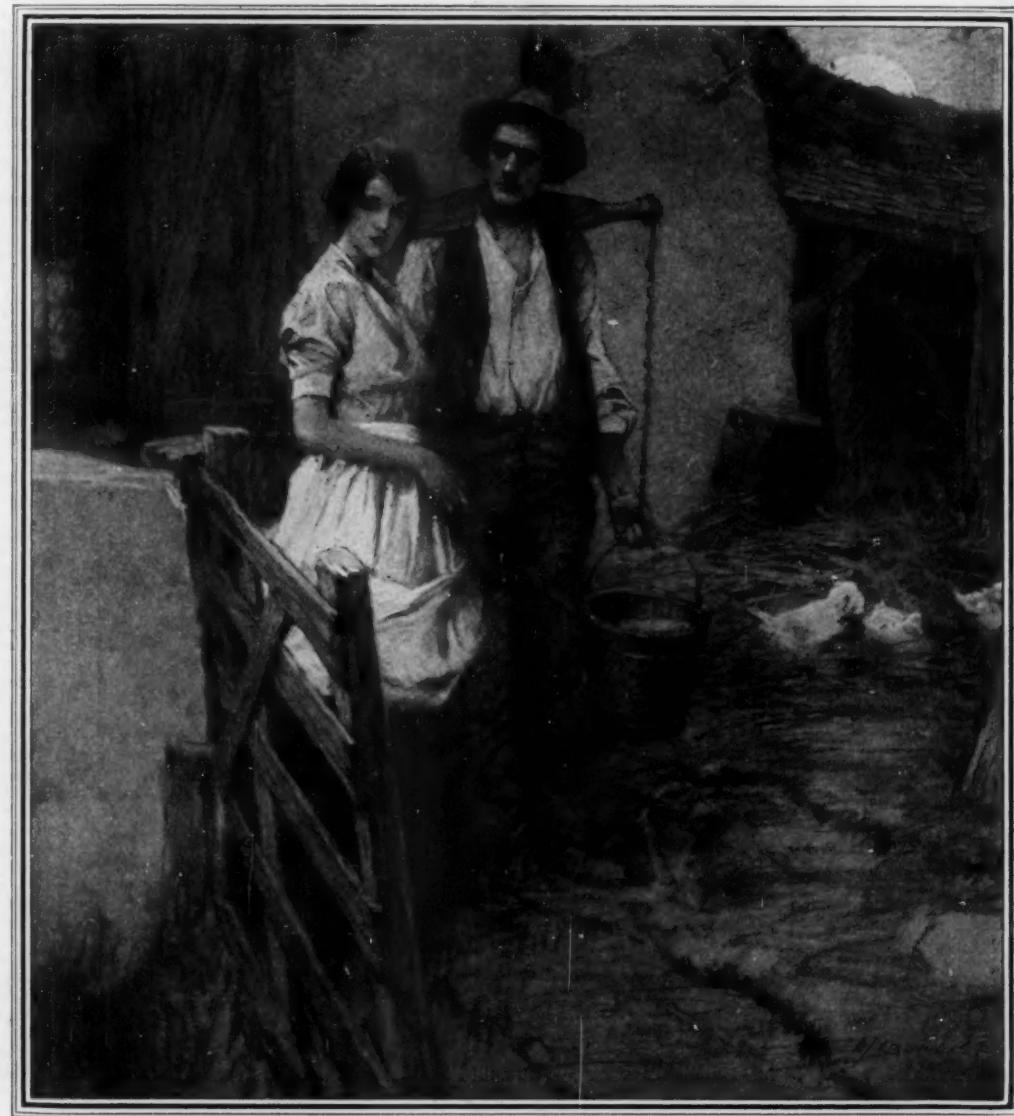
She busied herself laying and lighting a fire, opening the little windows and helping Fred to pile a great litter of bracken into a seat; then she spread out her little picnic and they ate her pasties and apples with an embarrassment between them that they had not felt before.

Tamsin kept Fred at arm's length after that first picnic, and he grew more ardent, so that he was now frankly making love to her, instead of merely plying her with compliments, as he had done at first. Tamsin grew a little frightened—and yet still the game was too entrancing to give up, and she felt a little stirring of triumph, for she had known very well, although she had not admitted it to herself, that at first Fred Snaith was only playing a game with her that he

had often played before and that now, against his will, it had turned to something more violent.

At length he was urging her to go away with him—to leave Johnnie and Featherbeds—to leave the little circle of friends and relations in Penzance—and start afresh with him up in London where nobody would know her.

"You can trust me—I swear you can!" he kept on repeating. "I'll stick to you through everything! You've got me, and that's about the size of it! I tell you I'll never let you down if you'll only trust me. If [Turn to page 94]

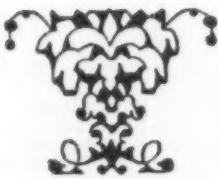


THERE WAS NO EXCITEMENT IN SEEING JOHNNIE ONCE YOU WERE MARRIED TO HIM



leading in their early intercourse were not employed. Frankly he came to see her because he thought it would do her good to be taken out in his car and, since he always took her into Penzance to see her mother, who could say a word against his kindly offices?

Mr. Snaith even made Johnnie's acquaintance, coming out



A FEW months ago I came to you, dear kindly friends of McCall Street, with a little article about my beautiful Mother, and I ended by saying she would be back home in a few weeks, and how happy we would be to have her with us again. She finished the work she had planned in Catalina and returned to Los Angeles early in November, but it was only a few short weeks until a terrible automobile accident took her from us almost instantly. So now our hearts are broken, but we must "carry on" bravely, as we know she would have us do. Although she is away, her indomitable will, her intense personality, and valiant spirit still dominate; and before I make decisions I find myself wondering if "Mother would like it" just as in the old days when I could run and ask her advice.

As I look back over the years, it appears to me that the two most noticeable things about Mother were her eyes and her hands. You could read instantly approval or disapproval in her eyes. They were a clear, cool gray, with brown splotches; she often jokingly called them "cat eyes." They had a piercing quality when she gazed straight at you that penetrated to the very depths of your soul, and she read character almost infallibly. She had a keenness and a sweep of vision that were almost uncanny, and invaluable to her in her field work. She had a great sense of humor, and how those eyes twinkled and danced when she threw back her head and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks!

I think the thing that struck me most forcibly as Mother lay sleeping, was the absolute *quiet* of her hands. They were not beautiful hands in the sense of being well kept or perfectly manicured, but they were hands made beautiful, as some faces are made beautiful, by constant work and toil for others. Hers were such busy hands—they fluttered over everything, the velvet cheek or silky curls of a baby, the texture of rich tapestry or embroidery, the down on a butterfly wing, or the grain in a beautiful piece of wood. Things she liked and admired, she loved to touch, and she ran her fingers over them with a daintiness and a delicacy of touch which is given to few people. But it must have been because she knew how to handle things, and never let them disturbed or with a mark of any kind. If she saw a finger-print or little spot on any china or wood work, either in her own home or someone's else, she always took her handkerchief and carefully polished it.

Flower magic was in Mother's finger tips, and everything she planted grew. In fact, she studied the wants and needs of flowers and birds with the same painstaking care that she studied the needs of humans, and helped them with the same degree of unselfish generosity. In the old days when we did field work together, I have seen her stop the horse, clamber down from the buggy, and straighten a wild flower, broken by some careless foot, pat the dirt around it, prop it up with a stick or stone, straighten the petals and leaves carefully, and give it a drink from her thermos bottle.

So it is that the impression of her hands, hovering over everything, stays with me. One of my most prized possessions is the simple little string of beads, given to her by one of my kiddies years ago, that she fingered constantly as she dictated her books and articles. It is made up of smooth, brightly colored shells, with bits of amethyst crystal between each one, and she liked to study them and watch the lights in them as they ran through her fingers, for Mother loved color, and she used to remark that she "must be part Indian."



MRS. GENE STRATTON-PORTER WITH HER DAUGHTER, MRS. MEEHAN.



Mother had a distinctive way of speaking and writing. I think it was this manner of expression, the fact that her ideas and ideals were peculiarly her own, and that they were given to her readers in an inimitable, original way that has more or less baffled the critics. The critics, who sat smug and secure in their city offices and criticized, while Mother struggled through swamps and over ploughed fields, fought her way through thorns, quicksands, and poison snakes and insects, to give her readers the bit of Natural History which they craved, in the common vernacular of the day, did not "get what Mother was driving at." It never entered their self-sufficient heads that Mother's ambition might not be to write a masterpiece of literary perfection, but rather to offer her audience something new and inspiring, and give it to them in a different and instructive manner. Mother once wrote: "As to whether or not what I write is literature, I never bother my head." And she was quite correct. The sales her work had, the prices it commanded, and her host of friends and admirers, all prove that she accomplished her purpose without perfection of literary style, and that her work was popular among all classes and kinds, from the college professor to the prisoner behind bars.

How do I know these things? Because during the past twenty-five years I have read hundreds of letters from people in all stations of life, and from many different countries. The comments they make, and the different viewpoints they have, constitute material for much interesting study. They wrote to Mother in the utmost confidence that they would be accorded sympathetic understanding. She spent many hours of her valuable time answering these letters, but obviously, she could not answer all, as some days her mail was tremendous. When we urged her to rest or play during the little leisure time she had, she only smiled in her slow way, and said that these letters were from her people who loved her, that they believed in her, they expected an honest opinion and they must not be disappointed! Many of them were not considered valuable and thrown into the waste basket after they were answered. In a little room just off Mother's study there is a case of drawers, and these drawers are filled with letters tied in packages, and each labeled—whom they are from, and when they were answered. They meant much to her; they were her applause, and she thrived on it, just as an actor on the stage thrills at applause from his audience.

And now that she is gone, the letters keep on coming. Trying to keep faith with her and do what she would like, we have answered each one; but obviously we cannot carry on long correspondence with each one. They all contain words of sympathy and comfort for her little family who are left behind, and tell practically the same story—how much she helped them, and what joy they found in her simple nature stories. For her ideas of life were not complex and complicated. They were based on a few fundamental principles, and *Love*—*love of God, love of Nature, and love of her fellowmen*. She believed indeed that she was her "brother's keeper," and that if you kept the Commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," you kept all the others. What of grief or suffering was sent to her she endured with a serene repose and calm dignity, with no outward show of emotion; always in a way that was a help and comfort to others, never faltering in her implicit belief in God's Plan, which some day we will understand. Now, we who are left in sorrow cannot do less. It is the memory of Mother's

MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER

BY JEANNETTE PORTER MEEHAN

ILLUSTRATION BY
JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

To the thousands of friends of Gene Stratton-Porter, we are happy to announce that a number of editorials, written for her great McCall audience, and found among Mrs. Stratton-Porter's unpublished manuscripts at the time of her death, will appear in McCall's for some months to come. Found, too, was the manuscript of a novel—"The Magic Garden," a romance as exquisite, as compelling, as deeply moving as this author's last success "The Keeper of the Bees." This, McCall's expects to publish some time during 1926. But what was Gene Stratton-Porter like, herself—in her home, to her family? How did she walk, talk, laugh? What books did she read, and what amusements did she most enjoy? These are things which everyone who has loved Gene Stratton-Porter the writer wants to know; and these are told here, in this intimate and revealing article, in which Gene Stratton-Porter's daughter shares some of her sweetest memories of her mother with the countless others who have loved her too.





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faith, her patience, and tremendous courage that will be my inspiration to keep trying, when all things else fail.

The question most often asked of me in these letters is: "Did she suffer?" The thought first in the minds of those who have written, seems to be that she, who gave so much of help and joy, should not have gone out suffering. I can tell you truthfully, dear friends of hers, that she did not. The light went out instantly, and it did not come back.

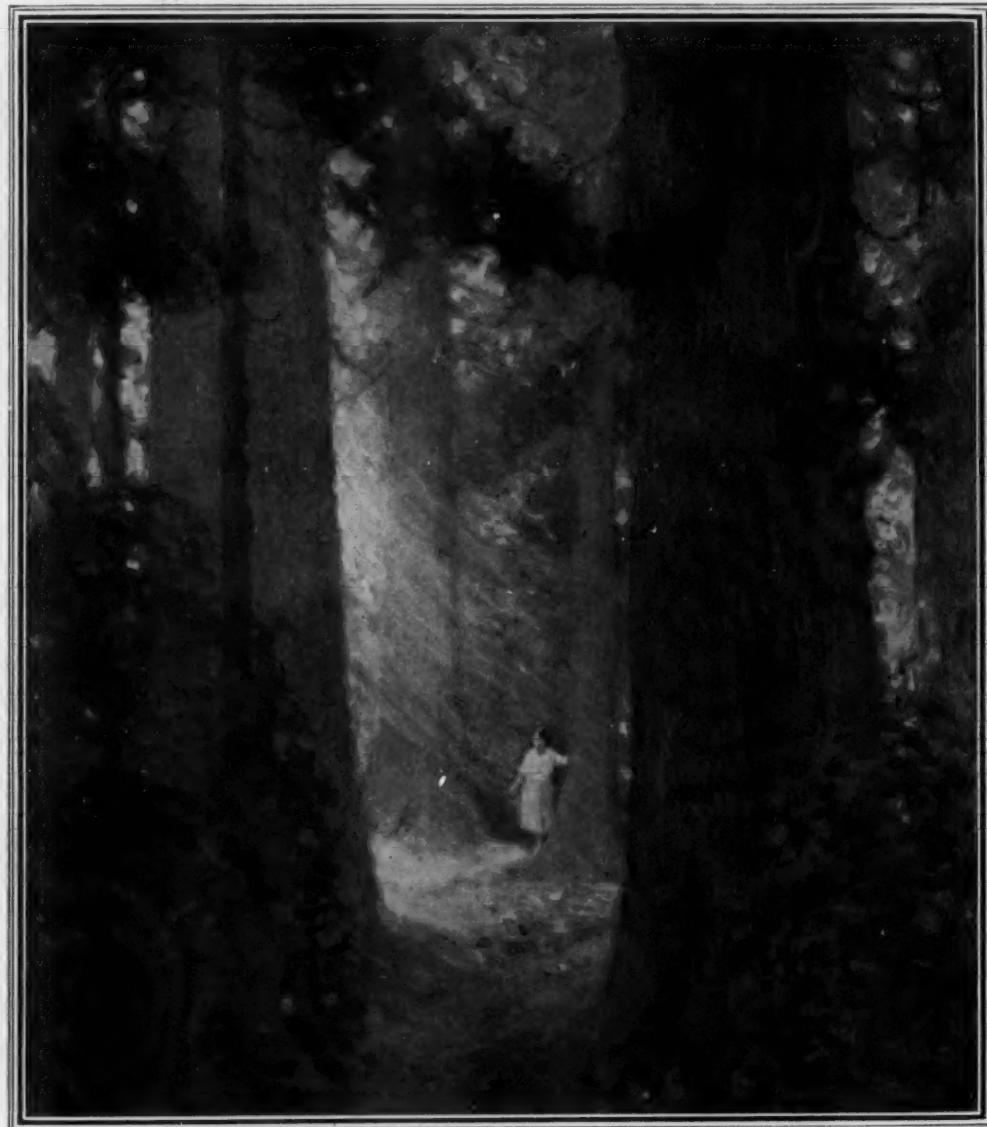
Only two days before Mother was taken from us we returned from a week among the famous redwoods, the giant sequoias of Santa Cruz and Muir Woods. In the grove of big trees at Santa Cruz she strayed away from us several times, and we could see her among the ferns and undergrowth, studying, admiring and thinking. And in Muir Woods she followed a babbling little stream until she became completely lost from us, and after we had hunted for a while I heard her familiar, "Woo—oo—oo," and then a very small voice from far away called, "Am I lost?" I am sure that, had she lived, we would have been given some beautiful writing as a result of her exploration, for she was thrilled by the grandeur and majesty of the aged redwoods.

She studied all Nature with the same intense absorption. She had the most acute hearing I have ever known, and when she was afield, she heard sounds that the ordinary individual misses. She got her Natural History from the great outdoors, not from books, and so her Nature books have the same charm as her fiction. They ring true.

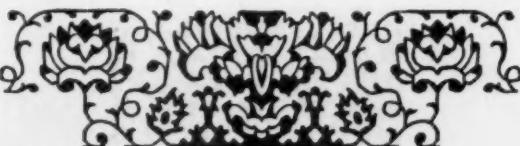
Another greatly developed quality which Mother had, and one which was indispensable to her work, was her infinite and unlimited patience. After school was out in the spring, I used to go to the woods and fields with her every day. In those days which were passed in Indiana, we did not skim over the country in a car. We harnessed our faithful little horse to the "buggy" and went jogging slowly and dustily to our destinations, always several miles into the country. Sometimes we had macadam roads, but more often we had just "pikes," and if the country was low and through swamps, as it usually was, we had only "corduroys." In case you do not know what "corduroys" are, they are roads built by laying small logs across the road, about two feet apart, so that wheels could not sink too far in the mire. Needless to say, the constant jolting of a journey of several miles over such roads, leaves one tired and shaken. Arrived at the location,

Every reader of McCall's will be deeply interested in the movement inaugurated by the Indiana Federation of Clubs to purchase the beautiful, wooded tract—Limberlost—at Sylvan Lake near Rome City, Indiana, which was the home of Gene Stratton-Porter, for a State Park which will be a great national memorial to America's most beloved woman writer. Here in the one hundred and twenty acres of woodland, swamp and meadow a refuge will be found for the birds, and wild flowers which Gene Stratton-Porter loved so well. The sum of \$50,000 is needed to purchase the land and buildings which include the famous Limberlost Cabin which was the author's workshop. Gifts to this fund are coming in various amounts, none being too great and none too small. And that this may be truly a nation's me-

morial to a great national figure, the name of every contributor will be entered in The Gene Stratton-Porter Memorial Book which will be kept there forever. Because McCall's feels that many of our readers will want to share in this great memorial to her, we have arranged that you may send your contribution to McCall's, and it will be forwarded and formally acknowledged by the Gene Stratton-Porter Memorial Park Committee of which Mrs. O. M. Pittinger is president. Money for this fund should be sent in cheque, postal order or postage stamps, and addressed to The Gene Stratton-Porter Memorial, care of McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, or if you prefer, it may be sent directly to Mrs. O. M. Pittinger, State School for the Deaf, Indianapolis, Indiana.



ONE OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S FAVORITE WALKS IN THE LIMBERLOST TO BECOME A STATE PARK



we climbed barbed wire fences, waded streams and climbed trees, trudged over newly plowed fields—anything or any place to reach a bird nest. Then, having located thirty or forty nests, we visited them every day, so that the birds became accustomed to us; gradually the camera was set up, focused, covered with branches, and we retired to a vantage point from which we could see the old ones as they came to and from the nests, and later, as they fed the young ones. We trailed from forty to sixty feet of hose behind us, with a rubber bulb on the end, so that any time anything interesting happened, all we had to do was to squeeze the bulb and we had it. This was not easy work, and I have seen Mother tire out two strong men—for the pictures you see do not show the awful heat of a July day in Indiana, the wasps, mosquitoes, insects, snakes, thorns, or the swampy mire under foot.

I never will forget how we fought to save Mother from a sunstroke, the result of walking over a plowed field carrying her paraphernalia, and fighting her way through the tangled undergrowth of the river bank until she found a clump of pink river mallows; then, overheated as she was, standing in the ice cold water up to her waist to photograph them, because she could not get a proper light on them from the bank. She did stunts like this continuously; nothing was too much or too difficult.

Mother kept up with the times to a certain extent. She did not drink or smoke or gamble, and she did not allow me to do these things either. She loathed jazz music, but she was broader minded than some of her generation. As a girl she was not permitted to dance or play cards, and she always resented it, so she allowed me to do both, and I also had her permission to bob my hair. She said she had always rolled her stockings, and she never wore a corset, so she was ahead of the styles in these things many years ago. She was a good fellow and seldom refused to go anywhere if she had the time. Even if she was not particularly interested personally, there was always the thought uppermost in her mind that she might get something out of it she could use, so she went right along. She once went with us to Tia Juana to the

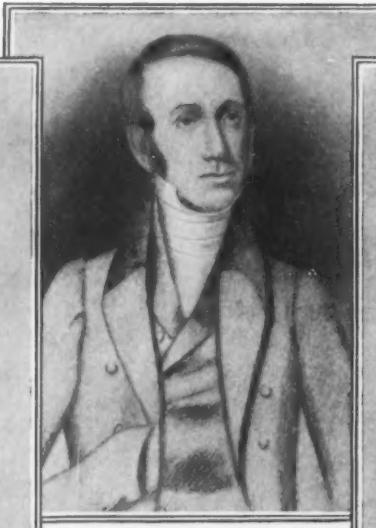
horse races, but instead of staying with us in our box, she mingled with the crowds who were staking their money on the horses, and studied the faces of the people. She made us drive her all about the quaint little town

[Turn to page 74]

BAS RELIEF OF
MRS. ALCOTT
THE "MARMEE"
OF "LITTLE
WOMEN."
BY MAY ALCOTT



THE EARLIEST
PHOTOGRAPH OF LOUISA M. ALCOTT



BRONSON ALCOTT AS
A YOUNG MAN: FROM
A SKETCH IN THE
POSSESSION OF THE
ALCOTT FAMILY



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT
AUTHOR OF "LITTLE WOMEN"

BAS-RELIEF OF
BRONSON ALCOTT:
BY HIS DAUGHTER
MAY THE "AMY"
OF "LITTLE
WOMEN"

THE FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN

BY HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

AUTHOR OF "THE FORBIDDEN TRAIL"
"THE ENCHANTED CANYON"

YOUNG Bronson Alcott, known to the world today as the Father of Little Women, struggling to obtain an education in the pioneer New England of a century ago, discovered the great world of books through the magic pages of Pilgrim's Progress.

The book gave a focus to his profoundly spiritual trend of mind. His mother's brother was the rector of St. John's, a tiny Episcopal church at Waterbury, and Mrs. Alcott hoped that Bronson would follow in his uncle's footsteps. The little boy used to ride behind his mother on horseback the four miles to St. John's, and he records with what excitement he first saw a church with a steeple, and how deeply he was impressed by the beauty of the service. Yet much as she desired that he enter the ministry, his mother did not try to force the boy's decision. His diary records:

"I have reason to be grateful to my parents for leaving me free to choose and fashion a religious faith in accordance with my native temperament and gifts. I was taught to reverence and speak the truth, and practice personal purity. I was taught at school to recite the Westminster and Episcopal Catechisms. In the formation of my religious views I am not aware of being permanently influenced by any of my contemporaries. There is a spiritual, as there is a human heredity, a family creed and likeness."

Though he dreamed of being a clergyman, in a general way, Bronson's thoughts, from the time he was eleven or twelve and had exhausted the mental stores of the district school, were on how and where he was to get an education. There was no money to send him anywhere. He had read and reread all the books in the neighborhood. He worked very hard at the heavy routine of farm chores, worked uncomplainingly as his conscientious nature dictated, but was all the time afflicted by a restlessness and a yearning for a gentler life that was far too precocious for a boy of twelve. Only his mother understood and sympathized; for, bound like a galley slave to the heavy, ceaseless labors of the farm wife, she too, longed silently for the things that belonged to the brain and not to the body.

When he was thirteen, his uncle then living in Cheshire, Conn., invited Bronson to spend the winter with him, acting as errand boy and helper while he attended the district school. It seemed like an overwhelmingly fine opportunity, and great were the preparations made by Mrs. Alcott to send the boy away well provided with clothes. He

made the twelve mile trip, thrilled by the wonder of his going, and feeling that the career of scholar was now assured to him. But at Cheshire a curiously significant situation developed.

The boys and girls of Cheshire made fun of the quiet country boy. Even his beauty became the butt of their imbecilic wit. Bronson was homesick; but more than that, he was deeply disappointed in the school itself. He tried to explain this to his uncle:

"It's all show, sir. They learn everything by rote, just as we did at Spindle Hill."

"But how else would they learn?" demanded his astounded uncle.

Bronson, tall for his thirteen years, his cheeks still pink, his fine blue eyes still with the sweetness and innocence of childhood in their depths, struggled with an idea only half formed and much too big for his years.

"What's the use, uncle, of learning by rote when you don't understand it? I can learn words by myself. What I want the teacher to show me is how to understand things!"

"But the teacher will explain anything you ask about," declared his uncle.

Bronson shook his blond head, made several attempts, and finally said in his halting, gentle way, "What I want the teacher to do is to train the thing I understand with so he won't have to explain what's in the lesson books."

"You'd better get in the wood for the evening and not criticize your betters," said Bronson's uncle.

"I've done my chores," replied the boy. "What I want to ask you, sir, is your permission to stop going to school and spend my time reading, here in your library."

Uncle Tilloston's good ministerial jaw almost clanked in his white frilled shirt front. "Why, you ungrateful young fool! Most certainly not! What childish evasion is this? Are you not the boy supposed to be eager for an education? Let's hear no more of this nonsense, Bronson."

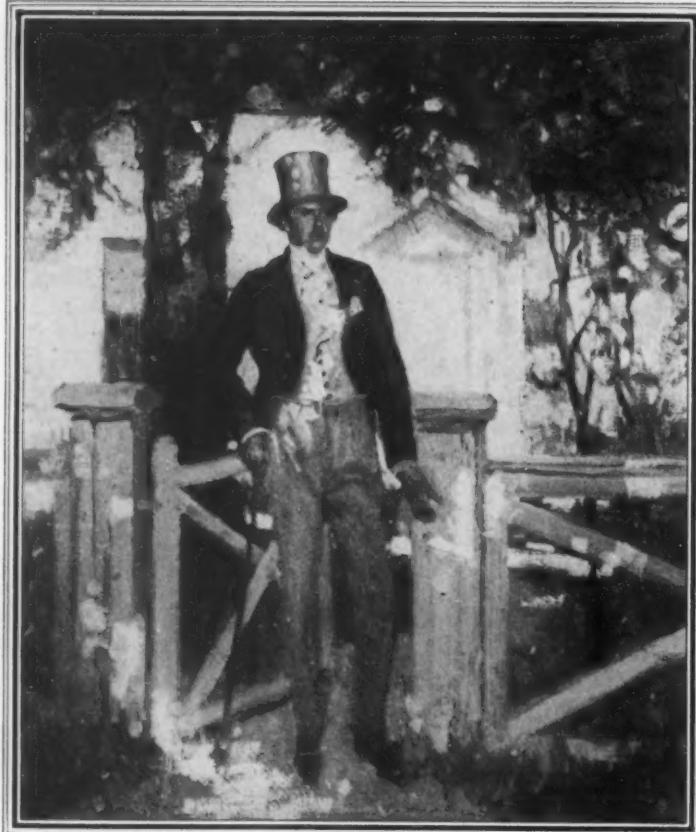
Bronson's lips quivered and he made a move that was to be characteristic of all the rest of his beautiful, thwarted life.

"But uncle, I can educate myself, if you will give me leave to read all your books. And—and—if you can't give me leave, I—

I shall go back home. For I don't want to be away from—from mother, and deprive father of my help on the farm just to have my memory trained."

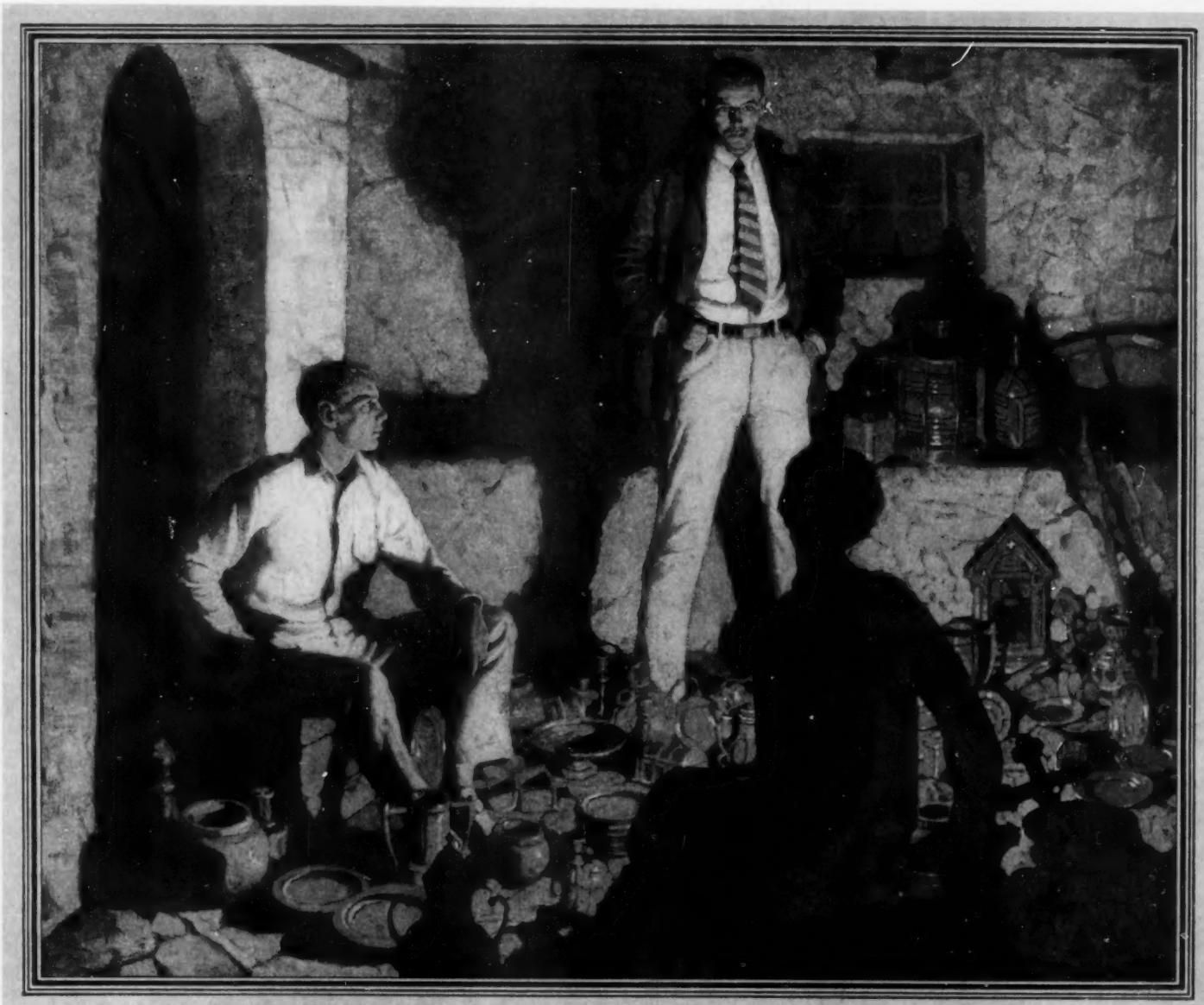
His uncle's voice was stern. It was a day when children were not allowed to express their preference.

"You will return home, then, tomorrow." [Turn to page 67]



YOUNG BRONSON ALCOTT IN VIRGINIA—PAINTED BY R. W. STEWART





GOLDSMITH'S WORK OF MAYA AND AZTEC CIVILIZATIONS . . . AS BRIGHT AS WHEN THE LONG DEAD MASTER-GOLDSMITHS FINISHED BURNISHING

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age 67]

BARNEY WELPER and his confederates of the Club of Forty Thieves are digging for the sunken Red Moon galley near Tiger Island, off the coast of North Carolina. Opposed to them is Maddaleen Loveless, who hopes to find the treasure ship near her own island, Place-of-Swans. She is aided by John Lanier, a secret operative of an international police force. Lanier is a member of the Forty Club, as is another detective, Don Mayne, who is assisting him. Welper and his gang have blackmailed Maddaleen's young brother Dirck, and they think they have driven him to commit suicide, but he is alive and helping Maddaleen in her search for the buried ship. News comes that Welper's diver has found some silver coins but no gold.

AFTER dinner Maddaleen and Lanier walked out over the grass to the dock. "Torches on the cofferdam!" she exclaimed. "That's odd." Splinter-wood torches were burning on the cofferdam and aboard the dredging-scow. In the red, smoky glare men's forms were visible. "I don't understand that!" remarked Lanier.

There was a megaphone in the summer-house. He fetched it, set it to his lips: "Hallo! Aboard the scow!" In a moment old Jake's voice came back to reassure them. "What are you up to, Captain?" shouted Lanier.

"We dredged up a couple funny images just afore you went to supper. When the ca'm come, thinks I, we'll try it again—"

"Images!" repeated Lanier, the thrill of rising excitement in his voice. "What kind of images, Captain?"

"Waal, one's a kinda bird, I reckon, 'n' t'other's a crab; 'n' they're heavy 'n' yaller; 'n' if you ask me I reckon I'd say they's gold."

"Bring them ashore and put out your lights. There may

THE MYSTERY LADY

BY
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF "CARDIGAN,"
"THE FIGHTING CHANCE,"
"THE HI-JACKERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
MEAD SCHAEFFER



be a glass on Tiger Island spying on you." There was. Ray Wirt, of Stede's Landing, just in with a jug of blockade whiskey for Tiger Island, noticed the distant glare off Place-of-Swans, used his night glasses, and reported to Bert Mewling that men were working by torch-light near The Old Man's. "Aw," said Mewling, "they wanna get their blinds done; they's duckin' weather comin'."

But after a long observation with Wirt's night glasses: "That looks funny, Ray. They're dredgin'."

"You reckon the Place-o'-Swans folk are startin' after treasure, too?"

"Jake Winch ain't no booby, Ray. I guess John Lanier ain't, neither. Mebbe the Loveless girl set 'em to work. I reckon her brother was a fool, and it may run in the family."

"It shore does look that a-way, Bert. See that dredge? See them buckets? I reckon som'n done tolle 'em we've struck sunken treasure, 'n' that Loveless girl has started 'em diggin' like a passel o' swan."

Mewling walked slowly toward the Gay-Cat, slouching along in his sea-boots, listening now to the yelling, and to the outrageous noise of an upright piano which sounded as though it were being kicked and ripped to pieces. When he entered the Gay-Cat he saw that Mr. Potter was at the piano. The piano appeared to be intact; it was merely Mr. Potter's technique that had deceived Mr. Mewling.

The occasion for vivacity at the Gay-Cat was the recovery, by a diver, from the hull of a sunken vessel, of about a thousand dollars' worth of silver in pieces-of-eight. Not one among the members of the Forty Club present doubted that The Red Moon galley had been located. Therefore, they were rejoicing.

They were a picturesque company of ruffians. Barney Welper wore a red shirt, a red sash, and a red bandanna

twisted around his head. Sam Potter preferred a yellow silk shirt and a bandanna and velveteen-corduroy trousers; Harry Senix, Dan Supple, and Eugene Renton all were clad in gaudy odds and ends—big slouch hats, brilliant shirts and bandannas—and all were drinking Ray Wirt's fiery, white "blockade" and yelling the songs that Sam Potter pounded out of the trembling piano.

"Hey," screeched Bert Mewling into Barney Welper's ear, "they're doin's an' gallivantin's onto Place-o'-Swans."

Welper, slightly intoxicated, looked around at the Bonnet Bay man gravely, out of eyes no longer focussed: "M—m, certainly," he muttered; "what's it all about?"

"Loveless folk, yon, is started dredgin', same as we uns!" shouted Mewling. "They's took to dredgin' by splinter-light at night! An' they ain't a-dredgin' oysters!"

"Let 'em dredge," reported Welper, owlishly. "We've got The Red Moon."

Renton, paler for the fiery drink in him, but with clearer head than Welper, came unsteadily over to where Mewling stood. "What do you think the Place-o'-Swans people are up to?" he inquired. "You think they're after treasure, too?"

"I ain't sayin' that. They ain't diggin' oysters. Mebbe they all found a ship, same as we found."

"You told us that the Place-of-Swans people were busy building blinds on that mud heap."

"I reckon they're dug deep enough for to start a light-house, too."

Suddenly the door opened, and into the heat and smoke and noise stepped a man and a woman wrapped in dripping rubber coats. The yelling chorus swelled to a shout.

"We're on the loose!" yelled Dan Supple. "We got the ship and the first thousand. How about it, Nellie?"

"Come on, join the party!" called Renton.

"Take off your coat, Donnie!" added Welper in a thick voice, "this convention is al fresco, —m—m—bueno retro—cappa-da-monti—dolce-far-niente!"

"Soused to the fins, you old pirate!" said Donald Mayne with his quick, lively smile. "What's all this—a buccaneer's bally-hoo? What do you think you are—a bunch of Flying Dutchmen, or the Pirates of Penzance?"

Harry Senix, partly dazed but persistent, was trying to tie a red handkerchief over Helen Wyvern's wet hair: "We're a gang o' pirates," he kept repeating; "we're diggin' up pirate jack out of a blinkin' pirate ship. You gotta make us a black flag, Nellie."

"Your face and shin-bones will do," interrupted Eugene Renton, pushing him away. "Hit the box, Sam! Everybody fill up! We've found The Red Moon and we're telling the world we've struck gold!"

"But pieces—eight are silver, not gold," insisted Mrs. Wyvern. "The Red Moon was supposed to be loaded with gold! Have you found any gold?"

Harry Senix waved his lank, nicotine-stained fingers vaguely: "Lotsa gold," he said with a deathly leer, "—lotsa gold, Nellie. That's my middle name, Nellie—gold! You help yourself— I got millions, 'n' millions, 'n' millions—'n' billions—"

DONALD MAYNE awoke suddenly, with a light in his eyes. Helen Wyvern stood by the sofa on which he had fallen asleep.

"Don?"

"What?" he asked, as calmly as he could.

"Whom do you suppose they've just caught on this island?"

"I don't know. Who?"

"They've caught that wretched little sneak, Dirck Loveless." Mayne lay still for a moment, then he yawned and sat up in bed. "I thought he was dead," he remarked vaguely.

"Well, he isn't. One of the natives—Bert Mewling of Bonnet Bay—recognized him hanging around the diving dock. They told Welper, but he's too drunk to understand. Eugene wants to shoot him, but Sam Potter says he's more valuable alive. I suppose Sam wants us all to make an honest penny on the side. I've got a dictograph record in

Barney's safe that could send that snivelling cub to prison—unless his sister cares to buy him off."

"Isn't she John Lanier's girl?"

"Eugene tells me that we're through with John Lanier," said Mrs. Wyvern, calmly. "His girl acted up like a gay-cat and Eugene means to bump him off on sight. That's what Eugene told me just now. I think he means to croak that kid."

"Where have they got the boy?"

"Locked up in the tool-house. What do you think of that rotten kid faking a bump-off to fool us and getting away with it? Eugene says we ought to bump him off for fair. He

sister's money good? Maybe it isn't worth your trouble, but it's good enough for a poor guy like me. After she's bled white I don't care what you do to the kid."

"I tell you," insisted Renton, "we'd better bump him. It's a safe job. He's supposed to be dead. I don't want that babbling kid running around and babbling, so give me that key!"

"Well, we'll leave it in the door," said Mayne pleasantly. As he put it into the key-hole Renton reached for it.

"Don't touch it," smiled Mayne.

"What'll you do?" demanded Renton, scowling at the other.

"Blow your bean to bits," replied Mayne, still smiling. Renton reached for the key, found himself closely inspecting two pistols, stood frozen, white as a corpse.

"Sorry," said Mayne, cheerfully, "but both these guns are likely to go right off in your face if you touch that key. And don't ever again try to interfere with my legitimate sources of income. That's one of the rules of the Forty Club. Any member monkeying with another's source of income is liable to be bumped. You know that."

"All right," retorted Renton venomously; "I'll bet you a thousand dollars right now that Barney says to bump the kid."

He glared palely at Mayne, glared at the locked door of the tool-house, turned sharply on his heel, and hurried toward the Gay-Cat in search of Mr. Welper.

DIRCK LOVELESS was in a serious situation; he had not understood how serious until, crouching inside the toolhouse door, he listened to the cold-blooded conversation between Eugene Renton and Donald Mayne. Impulse had landed him in a perilous predicament. What he had heard had frightened him horribly, and now

he regretted the daring that had involved him in this danger.

What had happened was this: the boy, always irresponsible and impetuous, had left a note for his sister saying that he was going over to False Cape that night to dig for a crack at the white brant at dawn. The calm between two storms was the time to get away; the wild rough weather off False Cape promised to drive the snow geese into his gun. The easiest way for Dirck to get to False Cape was to run up under the lee of Tiger Island. That was a risky affair, and it proved disastrous. For, in trying to gain a lee shore, he was nearly run down by Ray Wirt in his bootlegger launch; he was recognized, hailed, chased, shot at, driven toward the diving-dock, hurled against it by a squall, caught there by Bert Mewling and the diver's gang, and locked up in the toolhouse.

The men who had caught him had taken everything he possessed except his matches. And the first thing the boy did in the toolhouse was to light one of these, examine the windowless interior, select a long-handled shovel, and start to dig out under the sill. The floor was of dirt; the structure built of pine logs smeared with blue clay. There appeared to be no foundation under ground, excepting piers of coquina to support the log sill.

But when Renton's penetrating, unpleasant voice broke out in harsh argument with another and unknown voice, the lad listened, horrified; for his tunnel was not half dug, and the only weapon he had was his shovel. When the wrangling outside terminated and Renton had gone angrily away to the Gay-Cat, bent upon his deadly purpose, the strain left Dirck weak and almost sick; and he rested on his shovel and strove to keep his head and key up his courage.

Then, almost instantly, came the cool, cautious voice of the unknown man outside, calling to him by name. Dirck made the effort: "I'm listening. What do you want?"

"Did you hear what Renton has been saying?"

"Yes. I heard what you said, too."

"I had to say that. I'm Donald Mayne. I'm your friend. I'm John Lanier's friend. I'm going to open the door as soon as Renton is out of sight and let you make a bolt for it."

"How do I know you won't shoot me?"

"I tell you I'm friend of John Lanier."

Suddenly Lanier's instructions flashed into Dirck's memory.

"Are you that fisherman he told me about?" demanded the boy, tremulously.

"Yes, I'm a fisherman. Go on!"

"W-what do you do with the f-fish you catch?"

"When I catch them I fry them. Now do you understand?"

Mayne heard the lad sob with excitement and relief. He said: "If you can get out any other way, Dirck, I'd rather



THEY MET HALF WAY. NEITHER OFFERED TO SHAKE HANDS



the Forty Club. You're wrong. You're certainly dead wrong."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. You've made a lot of easy money in South America. But everybody hasn't been as lucky. Some of us still need jack. That kid in there may prove a source of revenue. But you've got yours; you don't care; so you come out here to bump the kid without asking anybody's opinion. It isn't done, old top!"

"He's a squealer, that's why. You bump a squealer where you find him."

"All right; but pump him first, then bump him. Isn't his

not open the door, because others are watching me. Could you dig out the rear and take to the woods?"

"I've dug half way out."

"Go on and dig. If Renton brings Welper here I'll start arguing. Dig like the dickens. I can see men on the dock looking this way. And there's a woman at a window in the bunk-house, watching me. Don't worry; dig! I'll hold off Renton."

IT seemed hours to Mayne before Renton came out of the Gay-Cat. Harry Senix was with him. Renton came forward with his jaunty, nervous step; Senix stumbled, and Renton paused impatiently at times to await him. When they came to where Mayne was standing, Renton's ashy visage contracted till his even teeth glistened. "Barney put it up to the club," he said. "We voted to croak the kid. Now what have you got to say, Mayne?"

"Plenty," replied the other, smiling. "For one thing, I wasn't present. I don't know what was voted. I don't have to take your word, or anybody's. I wasn't there. I want official information."

"You didn't have to be there and you know it. It requires two dissenting votes to kill anything. There was a quorum of the members of the Forty Club, who compose the expeditionary force on this island."

"How about Helen?" asked Mayne coolly.

"She votes the way I do," said Renton bluntly.

"Ask her. I'm not obliged to take your say-so for gospel. There's Helen over there now, looking at us out of the bunk-house window." He turned toward the bunk-house: "Helen!" he shouted. "Would you mind coming over to settle an argument?"

The figure at the lighted window disappeared; reappeared carrying the glass lamp; set the wretched light on the grass and came gracefully toward them. Mayne said smilingly: "Gene wants to shoot the Loveless kid to stop any chance of his squealing. I want to make a little money out of his sister, first. I need it. Eugene doesn't. Which way do you vote?"

The girl gazed intently at Mayne, then turned calmly to Renton: "Why not take the jack first, as Donnie proposes?" she suggested. "You can bump the little rat later."

Surprise, then chagrin turned Renton faintly red. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "You're in Orizava Oil, too. Do you want to see this little rat on the witness stand?"

The girl shrugged: "I've got enough on him to keep him off of any witness stand. I don't care what you do to him, later, but if there's any more jack to be picked up, let Don get it if he needs it."

Renton's visage became ghastly:

"You know the way I vote; what are you going to do? I want an answer."

She looked him over insolently. "You seem to think I ought to vote whatever way you vote. But I'll do my own figuring and run my own business."

Renton's trim, slim frame was trembling now. He said in a stifled voice: "This rag-chewing gets us nowhere. If Helen won't vote to croak the kid, that settles it for tonight. But I'm going in to take a slant at him before I go to bed."

"I'll take your guns first. Give them to Helen—or you get no key."

Renton's face was now all a-quiver as he freed his pistol. At the same instant both Mayne's hands plunged into his side pockets, and Renton knew he was covered.

Slowly, looking at Mayne all the time, he extended his pistol to the girl. She took it, twirled it over her finger, and laughed with excitement.

With a sort of baffled snarl, Renton snatched the key from Mayne, unlocked the door, jerked it open, and, picking up the torch, entered. They watched his red and smoky torch as he moved about lighting up the rubbish. He called out, once or twice, in an unsteady voice. And, for a while, he poked and jabbed among tools and machinery with a shovel.

When, at length, Renton discovered the hole by which the prisoner had escaped, he came back slowly to where the others were waiting. "He's gone," he said in a thin, colourless voice. "I can't tell how long he's been gone. Maybe he beat it ten minutes after we locked him in. It wouldn't take ten minutes to dig under this shanty."

Suddenly a spasm contorted his bloodless face, and from a

distorted mouth torrents of foulest blasphemy burst out. "You won't listen to me," he yelled in a strangled voice, "when I tell you the thing to do is to bump a squealer every time. Now we've got to reckon with two squealers—John Lanier and that rat of a kid! And all I say is this: if somebody doesn't get that pair of rats inside forty-eight hours, I quit the island cold!"

"Well, now, I'll tell you something," said Mayne, calmly. "You'll never live to quit us and get away with it. When it's time to beat it, we all beat it. You leave with the bunch or you stay with it. Or—I'll start you on a long, long journey allalone. Do you'll travel allalone. Do you get me?"

"You'll s-start me?" stammered Renton. He snatched back his gun, his whole body shaking. "I'm a killer!" he burst out incoherently, "and I'm going to bump you off right this minute!"

Mayne eyed him intently for a moment. Then, withdrawing his own hands from the pistols in his pockets, he walked slowly up to

Renton, jerked the weapon from his unsteady grasp, took him firmly by the shoulder and gave him a push. "Get out of this," he said. "I've got your number. You're only a kid-killer. You're all yellow. I always knew you were a miser. Now I know the rest. Beat it!" He drew the clip from the pistol, pocketed it, and threw the useless weapon after Renton. "That's for you to play bad-man with," he said. "Stay put. Don't try to quit, or I'll slap your pasty map for you."

DIRCK ran. Before he realized where he was, he found himself at the wood's edge, close to the diving-dock where a splinter-wood torch burned. Almost under it lay his own boat, just as he had been yanked out of it, except that the sail was furled. But the mast was still stepped, his gun in its case lay in the stern beside a thermos bottle, tin cartridge case, and lunch bucket.



humped up like a wildcat on a swaying branch. Like a crazed and frantic creature the boat tore out into the gale, and the waves were becoming murderous when he fought his way into the lee shore.

Lanier had been right: there never were rotters in the race of Loveless. And, in proof of this, instead of steering for home the boy continued to caress the lee shore of Tiger Island, setting a true course for False Cape, though outside the shelter of Tiger Island the wind was rising to half-a-gale's velocity.

All night long the convulsions of the ocean resounded around False Cape, which shook to its sand-bedded depths under the battering of wind and wave. At one time the gale attained hurricane violence, then fell to a gale, to half-a-gale, grew wild and gusty, veered, dropped, picked up freshly, rippled into a breeze as dawn whitened the horizon.

Suddenly, overhead, came the swift silky whisper of snowy wings; two crimson streaks of fire slanted skyward; down through the growing glory of rosy gold hurtled two snow-geese and struck the sand with solid impact. At the same instant the sun's dazzling rim set all the vast waste a-gleam. And now the boy's gun spoke again, abruptly; then twice. Faster came the white brant, faster, faster spoke the gun. The lower rim of the sun just touched the water. The flight was done.

Now the boy gathered up the game-heavy heaps of snowy plumage spotted here and there with spatters of brightest crimson, tied them, slung them over his shoulder. They were all he could stagger under and he carried them up the highest sand ridge which is called Flyover Dune—a miniature mountain of whitest sand set with wild grasses. Here was a natural hollow, and here, on the summit of Flyover Dune, Dirck deposited his snow brant. He had to go back for his gun, shovel, and impedimenta, and eventually he collected everything in the sandy hollow atop Flyover Dune.

In his warm sandy hollow, amid tufts of harsh dune-grasses, he lay on his back and ate and drank and caressed the plumage of the white brant beside him, and watched the flight of the wild white swan. By mere chance no duck passed above Flyover Dune; his gun and he remained motionless.

But now, as he lay there, his appetite satisfied, drowsy, content, dreaming awake yet close to the verge of deeper dreams, he noticed that the swan, passing over, were swerving in the sky, dividing above him, rising to higher levels, as though they saw him.

He noted it instinctively, almost mechanically, too drowsy at first to react mentally. Then a vast wedge of swan veered out southward, losing intervals, breaking files, drifting, mixing as though beset by sudden panic. The boy's mind woke up with a conscious jolt; he stared intently at the swan; then, with infinite caution, he rolled over on his stomach and lifted his head so that his eyes were level with the dune's grassy edge.

Below, on the beach, stood three men gathered around a chest. The men were Barney Welper, Sam Potter, and Dan Supple. And now, shifting his horrified gaze, he caught sight of a mast among the reeds to the northwest, where their sailboat had landed. There it slanted, clean cut against a dune, the sail white as a gull's wing at sea.

One thing was evident; neither Welper nor Potter had been as drunk the night before as they pretended to be. And now Welper's sly eyes began to rove over the vicinity. He looked up at the dunes, and the boy's pale visage among the grasses blanched; but the sly, veiled eyes shifted northward. Then Mr. Welper spoke hoarsely: "You see that pine with the top broken off by the wind? Dan, you take the string and pegs and walk down the beach till you bring that damaged pine in line with the pine on Lantern Island."

Supple picked up a ball of cord and a [Turn to page 92]



ON THE BEACH STOOD THREE MEN GATHERED AROUND A CHEST



The boy hesitated a moment, turned and gazed into the blackness of the woods behind him—then took his chance and crept into the torchlight. There, for the first time, he realized that the wind was blowing hard again, and he saw the white teeth of writhing waters flash at him out of darkness. But that was nothing to what might await him in the other direction. He untied the painter, shoved off his boat, poled to deep water, shook loose the sail, and seized the tiller. Over she heeled in a fountain of spray; the boy dropped his centre-board, climbed to the gunwale, and clung there,

SOMETHING IN VIEW

BY

HELEN ORMSBEE

ILLUSTRATED BY
DANIEL CONTENT

Santa Claus dreading the approach of Christmas! Not the real Santa, of course; but just a forlorn department store Santa Claus about to lose his job and become again merely a poor, discouraged, out-of-work actor. Yet a Santa Claus for all that, and one to whom clung, nevertheless, something of the eternal magic of Christmas—a magic so subtle that it enabled him, in the end, to save a precious human life.



SANTA CLAUS, standing on the porch of his house in Morris Brothers' toy department, jingled his string of sleigh bells and smiled according to specifications.

Around him, shoppers were making final, harried purchases. Jaded clerks. Depleted counters. Lights, in profusion, turned on to combat the early dusk of winter. A last-minute feeling hanging over everything.

One of the salesgirls, who had been taken on for the holiday rush, waved her hand and snickered at him across the aisle.

"Well, Santy, you 'n me are out of a job, after tonight—"

Out of a job. That was it. Morris Brothers laid off their extra clerks on Christmas eve.

He nodded, and grinned back at her as if it were a joke. He knew better than to step out of his part.

An actor for nearly forty years! And now, even though he had fallen to the professional ignominy of a department store Santa Claus, the instincts of his calling were strong upon him. If he must masquerade in a red coat and a white beard, at least let him do it well. No cheap, street-corner impersonation if he could possibly help it.

Only necessity, in the form of a long unpaid bill at Mrs. Hollins' theatrical boarding house in West Fifty-first Street, had brought him to Morris Brothers.

"Could you, maybe, let me have forty dollars, Mr. Dunstane? On account, you know?" Mrs. Hollins had asked this in an undertone of apology, meeting him on the stairs, one day back in November. "I wouldn't mention it, but there's the rent and the coal bill—"

"Oh, that's all right. That's all right. I—er—I have something in view, and before long I'll be able to straighten things out. You don't mind waiting till a week from Saturday? I can fix it up then I'm sure."

"Well, I guess I'll have to manage somehow." That was how such conversations generally ended on Mrs. Hollins' part. Small and kind and hard-working she was, and so thin that the skin across her temples appeared to be stretched over knobs. She did all the cooking, and never made money because she sympathized with her boarders.

"I sure am glad you've got an engagement, Pop." Pop Dunstane was what some of the boarders called him.

She smiled, and this drew fine lines in the flesh covering her cheek-bones. "Seems like sometimes a long lane don't have no turning, at all. But it does!— What management you going with?"

He hedged. "The matter's not quite settled—"

He went on down the stairs, not daring to look back at her. For if he did, he would know himself for what he was—a poverty-stricken old man, lying to evade his landlady.

And yet was it really a lie? He always had something dimly in view. Was it his fault if it failed to materialize? Except in moments of depression, he lived on this vague, exhilarating hope of some event just around the corner. A "fat" part in a phenomenally successful play! It might happen to him, even at sixty-four.

Not that he hadn't had good seasons, now and then. And good parts, too. The remembrance of them filled him with a sort of glow, and enabled him to make the rounds of the managers' offices with dignity. But the lean years had far outnumbered the prosperous ones. The years—so many of

Hollins made her request for forty dollars. Rooms swarming with people in search of engagements. How young they were, —that is, young in comparison with fifty-eight, the age Pop Dunstane admitted, professionally.

"No use going back in the afternoons," he told himself. "They only spot you for down and out."

But he went back. And on his return call at the Walford agency, he was summoned from the anxious crowd of applicants, into an inner cubicle. There, he was informed that Morris Brothers, the big department store, wanted someone to play Santa Claus, from Thanksgiving until Christmas. A new venture, their employing a professional.

"You're the type, Mr. Dunstane. We won't send anybody else till you've had a chance to see their merchandise manager. The one on the fourth floor, they said. They'll only pay fifty dollars a week, but—well, things are pretty dull at present."

Things were always dull for an actor out of work.

Thus he had come to be here on the porch of Santa Claus' house, stowing dolls and games, drums and balls, into the half-filled red pack beside him. Very seriously, he picked up a toy soldier and examined it carefully. After which he put the soldier into his pack. All this was "business" which he had invented, and he was rather pleased with it.

He went through it, although today customers were too hurried to notice him. In past weeks when people paused to watch him, he would hear them say, "Look at him! Ain't he just like?" Or, "See, honey lamb, he's putting the dress on that dolly. Well, did you ever? He's a pretty cute old gentleman, isn't he?"

Their appreciation was as a sweet-smelling savor in his nostrils. An audience! He could feel its responsiveness. He played upon it. Made it laugh when he wished, held it silent and attentive if he chose. Not that the buyer or the merchandise manager noticed it all. They told him they were glad he could please the kids, and let it go at that.

But John Dunstane knew that pleasing the kids was, in its way, an art, and he held his head a little higher. The job which he had undertaken in shame to pay Mrs. Hollins, yielded him unexpected satisfaction. He even took secret



them! Slipping along slowly at the start, but of late fairly whirling past him.

Sixty-four, of course, is not actually old. If you're well-off and established, people say, "Getting on in years a bit, but he's going strong. Doesn't look over fifty." But if you need work, they tell you to your face that you're old. They tell you so often that you begin to think you are.

He visited the dramatic agencies twice on the day Mrs.



pride in his performance, lavishing skill on his make-up. No limp beard, obviously false, but a nice, bushy one, the line where it joined his face being concealed by little tufts of hair which he built up on his cheeks each morning. And every day he improvised new bits of "business" for the pleasure of his beholders.

Tonight, however, all this would be over. After Christmas, the managers' offices and the agents, again. "Nothing today, Mr. Dunstane. What's that? Not at present—"

No, these four weeks at Morris Brothers had not been a turning in the lane. It still lay straight ahead of him. When you're old, you begin to suspect that you missed the turning, somewhere a long way back. You don't like to think of where you will bring up at the end. A grave in the Actors' Fund plot—and a little headstone with your name on the billboards. Those billboards you never attained to, the headstone given in kindness by people who save you from the potter's field! They are your life.

No, no! Shut out the idea. It takes away your courage. Keep your heart fixed on that magical something which is going to happen one of these days, and make things different. Hold to it. How live at all, without it?

Santa Claus put a box of dominoes into his pack. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a man in a gray overcoat coming toward him. The man was perhaps forty. His face was drawn and ashy, like a person's who has taken off his make-up after an all-night dress rehearsal. He stepped up to the porch of the little house.

"May I speak to you, a moment?" he asked, quietly.

The performer gave him a Santa Claus smile, and came to the edge of the porch. Never, never forget the part you're playing.

"No. I mean I want to talk to you, yourself."

Art was evidently nothing to this individual.

One of his hands gripped the flimsy piazza railing. "Can you—? Will you come and be Santa Claus to a little boy? He's sick."

The child's father—it was plain enough. Only fathers and mothers get that look.

"The store will be closing soon," said Dunstane. "If you'll leave me the address, I'll come."

"Right away, though. I have a car waiting. I've been up to the executive offices and got permission." The visitor exhibited a slip of paper, filled in and signed.

Santa Claus laid down his pack. After all, there were no children to watch his performance this last day. He could go.

Here and there, pre-occupied shoppers glanced at him over their shoulders when he passed them in the aisles.

Out in the street, a limousine and a chauffeur, touching his cap. A huddle of curious passers-by as Santa Claus settled into the back seat, followed by the man in the gray overcoat. Silence between them. The car moved smoothly away from the curb, turned into a cross street, and headed up town.

"He's five years old," said the father of the little boy, just as if he had been speaking of him all along. "His name's Hughie. He has pneumonia. The day before he was taken ill, he went to Morris Brothers and saw Santa Claus."

The father smiled. "He talked us deaf, dumb and blind about it, when he came home! I don't suppose you'd remember him, though, out of so many children.—Well, he's been counting up the days till Christmas, as lively about it as though he weren't sick at all. Until yesterday. But then he began to get worse—"

Pop Dunstane caught the tone of those words. Dull. In-

fectionless, almost. That was the way people spoke when something they dreaded hung over them.

"Children get better fast," he suggested, because he couldn't think of anything else.

"The specialist says there's a chance." Again that steady—unnaturally steady—voice. "The Santa Claus notion came to me this afternoon. It's foolish of me, most likely, but I wanted to do something. And there's nothing else." Another silence. The streets were dark. The car was in Park Avenue, now.

"He's a sharp child when he's well. You won't slip up and let him see you're faking, will you?— It might be bad

"Journey's End". It ran in New York eight or nine years ago."

"Oh," said Hughie's father, unimpressed.

And people usually quivered all over when they found themselves in the presence of a flesh-and-blood actor!

"Much obliged to you for coming with me, Mr— er—Dunstane," Hughie's father resumed, as though the remark about "Journey's End" had been a mere parenthesis, in the midst of his anxiety. "Maybe I didn't thank you, I've been so worried.— Well, here we are. Oh, I forgot to say my name's Thorcroft. Martin Thorcroft.— And of course I'll be glad to pay you. Whatever you think is right—"

But he did not pause for an answer. Already, his hand was tugging at the door-latch of the car.

It was stopping before a house in a side street, off Park Avenue. The neighborhood didn't look in the least like Fifty-first Street, beyond Eighth Avenue, where Pop Dunstane lived in a dingy old brown stone house.

He knew it was a butler who opened the front door for them, because he had seen butlers in plays.

A fragile, pretty woman who seemed terribly tired came down the stairs. The sound of the door must have brought her. Why, she was scarcely more than a girl.

"Oh, Mart! The doctor's here again." She spoke in a frightened half whisper. "What do you think it means—his coming back? He and the nurse won't tell me anything—"

So this was the little boy's mother. The terror in her voice showed that. She was much younger than her husband.

They went upstairs, and Pop Dunstane waited. He wondered what he ought to ask for his visit here this evening. "Whatever you think is right," Hughie's father had said. — Well, twenty-five dollars, maybe. An actor of the legitimate stage should not value his services too cheaply.

Mr. Thorcroft returned. "I'm to take you up to Hughie," he said. "But here's the doctor. He wants to speak to you first."

The doctor was short and square-shouldered, and had an air of authority. He gave a slow, measuring glance at John Dunstane, as though he were looking at him, not at Santa Claus.

"I may as well tell you," he began, "that I'm going to try an experiment. Mr. Thorcroft understands that. He brought you just to give the child a little pleasure at the sight of you. But I want to use you for something more important, if you're willing. You're an actor, I believe, Mr—?"

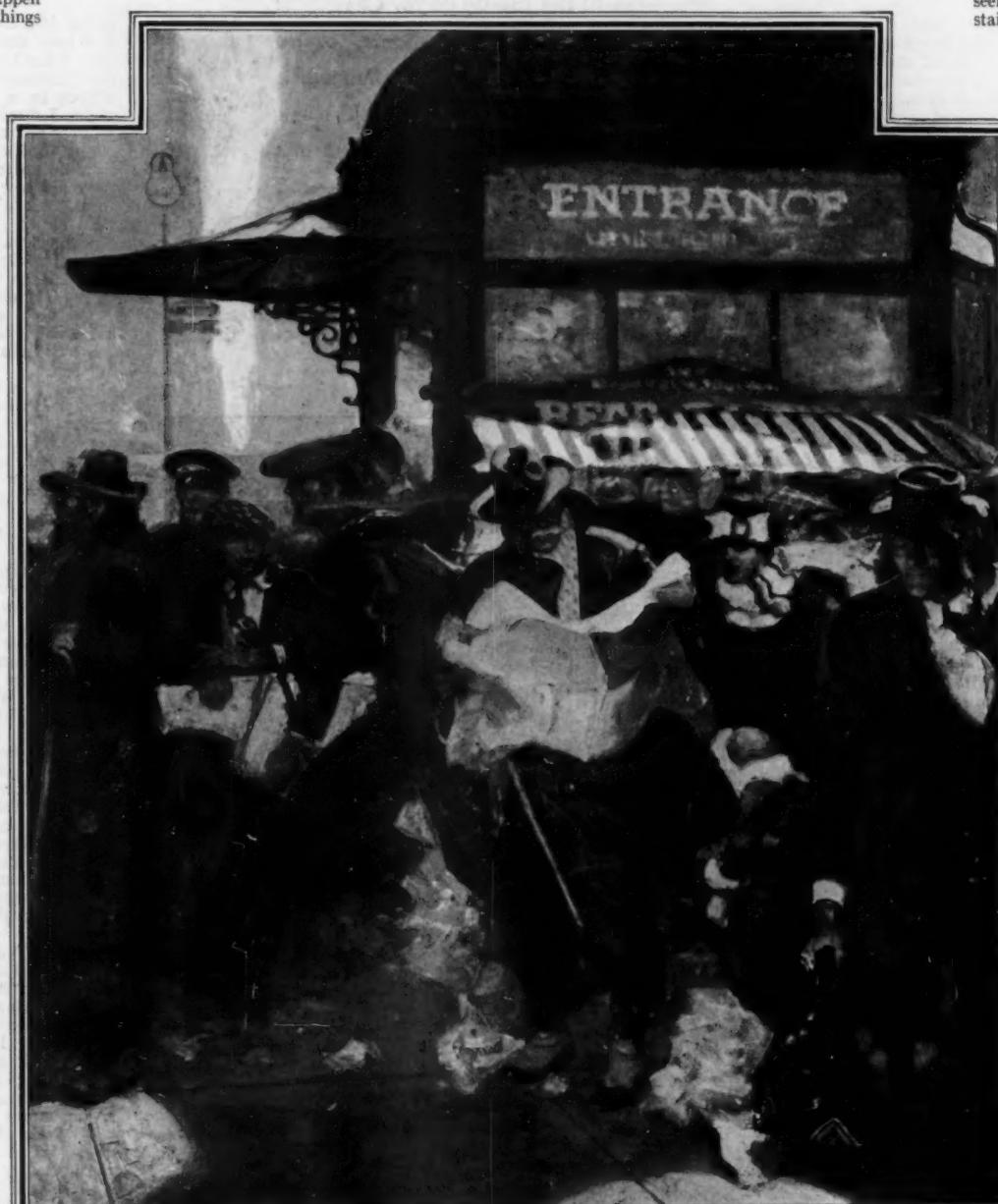
"Dunstane. Yes, many years in the profession." That was a record to be proud of.

"Good. Then you'll see what I'm driving at." The doctor was speaking rapidly, like a stage director sketching a situation before it is rehearsed. "Up there, we have a boy who's conscious at times, but at others he slips into a sort of stupor. That's a condition I want to hold in check, because when he's in it, he goes the way of least resistance. He doesn't make an effort to

live—and we need that effort, even in a child. Well, we've been trying to hold his attention, in little ways. But it's difficult. Santa Claus ought to catch his interest, though. If you can get him to notice you and keep him noticing—"

Pop Dunstane began to see what was expected of him.

"I don't ask you to gyrate around the place and excite the patient," cautioned the doctor. "I'll try you alone with him, except for the nurse. Then we'll see what happens. If the thing doesn't work well, I'll put a stop to it. But if it does—we'll have pulled the child over these [Turn to page 53]



WITH FINGERS WHICH SHOOK JUST A TRIFLE, HE OPENED TO THE PAGE WHERE THE DEATH NOTICES WERE PRINTED. WHILE HE HELD THE PAPER AT ARM'S LENGTH, HIS GLANCE WENT SLOWLY DOWN THE LONG COLUMN

for him if he discovered you weren't really Santa Claus."

The pride of his craft rose in Dunstane.

"You can depend on me. I'm a professional."

No response from the man in the gray overcoat. Perhaps he didn't understand.

"I mean I'm an actor." That delightful sense of importance, as the statement rolled from his lips! "Perhaps you've seen me play? John Dunstane. I was the eccentric uncle in



RIGID ROTATION

BY MARGUERITE EYSSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Where shall the family go for Christmas dinner—to Father's old home, or to Mother's? That's the vital question which crops up in nearly every household when the holidays roll round. ■ ■ How one family settled this—as they thought—and how that settlement very nearly unsettled them, forms the theme of this distinctly human and humorous short story—a Christmas tale for the world and his wife.

THEY are, I am led to believe, common in the best of families, these arguments; friendly ones starting with something as obviously harmless as: "I believe that the Gordon is the best car for the money all right"—or deadly ones, suddenly precipitated by such far-reaching tactlessness as: "I don't know where it is; you had it last." The only thing, really, that keeps a family argument from being a recognized and reputable indoor sport, instead of something to be kept from the neighbors at all costs, is the lack of generally accepted rules and regulations by strict adherence to which the participants could keep to the theme and prevent its suddenly bolting from the friendly to the deadly class. You know yourself what unbelievable and unexpected things you can be let in for by something as totally innocent as: "If you had only discarded right, dear, we'd have had another trick."

Now all the differences of opinion Jim and I have had during the three years of our marriage have been invariably friendly, even tame; probably because they were prone to be one-sided and to end with his picking up the paper and saying: "All right, all right! Have it your own way—you're the boss, you know." And yet, in those three years, he has taught me to drive the car and attempted to improve my golf game.

I have heard of even worms turning, but it never entered my head that a regular husband like Jim would ever strike a "they-shalt-not-pass" attitude, and stick to it.

Too well I remember the beginning of this argument which I am about to record as a warning to posterity. It was not entirely unpremeditated on my part. I had prepared to deal tactfully with the subject, and had long considered just about what I'd say, and had planned to use the gentlest and firmest methods. The time seemed to me to be ripe one evening early in December when I had walked down to the corner to meet Jim, who had gone back to the office after dinner. We stopped at the drug store for ice cream and peanuts, had a fine brisk walk over crunching snow, under clear, snapping stars, and were warming outstretched hands before the fire in the living room. Jim, reaching over to take my hand, turned it toward the fire light, the better to examine my engagement ring.

"I'd have that attended to, honey; one of those prongs is loose," he said.

"I know, dear, I must," said I. "I'll take it into Terhuydam's when we go home Christmas."

I saw in a flash that too many and too easy victories had caused me to underrate the opposition. He dropped my hand quite casually, and reached for a cigarette. After a very pregnant silence, devoted to lighting the cigarette, he turned his back to the fire and said:

"Why—Terhuydam's?"

"Don't you think he is the best in Andover?" I asked anxiously.

"So you are counting on Andover for Christmas?"

"Um-hum," said I. "Aren't you with me?"

He turned to flick his cigarette ashes into the fire. "You know I'm not, Meg," he answered coolly, "I'll never miss a Christmas at home as long as Mother lives."

"Perhaps not," said I hotly, "but you have been most willing to allow me to miss three in succession at my home, and strange as it may seem, my mother wants me at home for Christmas too."

Jim examined the end of his cigarette critically; smoking always gives a man an undue advantage in an argument anyway. "Your mother is well," he said slowly, without raising his voice. "She has Phyllis, too. You know about my mother's heart, and that we are all she has." All of which might have been very well if he had stopped there; but he didn't.

"Are you sure," he added, "that you're not speaking one word for your mother and two for yourself? Why do you particularly want to go to Andover this year?" As if he suspected me of some ulterior motive or something I didn't want him to know.

So this—I told myself—is what one gets for being unselfish and pleasant for three years. He had evidently thought I liked to go to Waverly for Christmas; that it

was queer I wanted to change so suddenly, to upset an agreeable and well-established precedent and all that sort of thing.

"I've always wanted to go to Andover for Christmas," I said, "every single year. I hate going to Waverly!" And, by this time, I'll admit

I was off my guard. "I detest sitting in a cold, gloomy old church with you and your mother and Hannah on Christmas eve; I don't want to get up at seven o'clock on Christmas morning and go to bed at nine o'clock in a cold spare-room on Christmas night. I despise their way of regarding holly wreaths and mistletoe as childish and messy. I get so tired of listening to their symptoms! I want to go to the Christmas eve dance once more in a new frock and dance straight through until three o'clock. I want to get up, dead tired but happy, to a ten o'clock breakfast on Christmas morning; I want my Christmas dinner at three o'clock, so I can slip away with Dad to Vespers at St. Andrew's the way we used to do; I want—"

My voice choked; I stopped on the very verge of tears, horrified at myself. Those were not the things I had intended to say at all.

Jim's face was a study. What had I said anyway? Something dreadful about symptoms and cold spare-rooms, and—

"Well," said Jim very quietly indeed, "that was a long speech, and I noticed that your mother wasn't mentioned once. However, if I felt that way about it, I'd go home, if I were you."

"I intend to," said I firmly but a little scared.

"Fair enough," said Jim with finality, picking up the evening paper and turning to the market reports. His indifference seemed to add: "Why the scene? What can it possibly matter where you spend Christmas anyway? Rather a mountain out of a mole hill, really."

It was the last touch needed to make me feel like a ranting fish-wife. In spite of the fact that I knew there was much to be said for my side of this if I could only drag it forth, and leave unsaid all the jagged things that made Jim look at me in a way that sent my heart down into my shoes. It had all been so sudden, this combat, so "unprecedented"; so thoroughly un-Jim-like. I'll own I had an all-gone feeling which would have driven me in another minute to crying on Jim's shoulder, if he had not said, "I see Anaconda is up a bit." He made this observation in an abstract way as though nothing were happening inside of me.

"Really?" said I. And I rose and went to bed where I could cry in peace.

I worried through the next two weeks, never once believing that Jim would actually hold out. I thought that if he felt he just must go to Waverly he would make some loop-hole big enough for me to crawl through and dragging my pride with me, go with him. He didn't though. I don't know how he contrived to make me feel some ten thousand miles away from him. I felt that I ought to raise my voice to talk to him the way one does unconsciously on a long distance call. It seemed as if I were looking at him through the little end of a telescope. And all this time he was as dear as ever; determinedly normal. He wiped the dinner dishes for me, and helped religiously with the Christmas list. Yet he certainly wasn't my Jim! I hugged to my heart the continuous feeling of having been figuratively slapped.

There wasn't a thing I could do without making matters worse. I couldn't, for example, go to Jim and say, "I'm mighty sorry I said your mother's spare-room is cold," because it is cold; with the window panes frozen solid and the air filled with a damp frigidity that penetrates the mattress of the bed through layer upon layer of quilted comforters. It always makes me leave all but the most necessary hooks and eyes undone until I have gotten downstairs where I fasten them surreptitiously, standing close to the "base burner" in the dining room, or the open fire in the living room, the only two places where there is heat enough to limber up stiff fingers. All of which is reason enough for me never to mention the cold to Jim or, having mentioned it, to ask to be forgiven, even



IN THE LIBRARY I TURNED TO JIM WITH MY HEART IN MY THROAT. HE WAS SO TALL AND SPLENDID



though he was acting as if the whole matter was negligible and I something less than a non-essential in his life.

I did make several futile efforts to repair the damage.

Although Jim went back to the office almost every night now, after dinner he had not once called me up on the phone to ask me to walk down to meet him; a little omission which I persuaded myself hopefully was entirely unintentional. So I simply decided to invite myself.

"I haven't walked down to meet you for almost two weeks," said I, reddening even as I said it. The last time had been anything but a success.

"Awfully nice of you to think of it tonight. I've been so frightfully busy I was afraid I'd be too late." I realized then that there had been a reason, after all.

I made what I thought a very tactful reference to some bulbs I wanted to ask Mother Merrill about "when we are in Waverly for Christmas." The very next day Jim cautioned me to take my ring to Terhuydam's "when you are in Andover Christmas," and I summoned my pride to preserve me from an ignominious rout.

"Well," I thought, "No man, husband or no husband, can treat me like that. I shall go to Andover, and stay at Andover; at least until a certain lesson had been learned and one husband in particular begs me on bended knees to please come back."

SORRY I'm off first andshan't be able to put you on; I've cornered a porter though, and you ought to be taken care of all right."

"Don't worry about me at all; I know I'll enjoy every minute of it!" I strove for just the right amount of detachment in my smile and felt sure that I attained it. We were sitting together in the station, and I leafed through the magazines he had brought me affecting deep interest now and again, though I couldn't see the print for the tears which threatened to ruin my whole act by running down my face any minute.

Even Jim's battered old bag, unusually limp, seemed to stare up at me superciliously, as much as to say, "Well, thank goodness, I'm a regular man's bag once more; getting away for once, I guess without being stuffed with your over-flow slippers, and hairpins and what-not." All around us mothers were kissing embarrassed Freshman sons just arrived for the holidays. Through the window I could see home-coming girls climbing into the front seats of cars, beside their fathers. Everybody, it seemed to me, was being kissed in a riotous re-union. Holiday wreaths were piled high at the news-stands; the covers of the magazines were bright with crimson and green; sprigs of holly and great scarlet splashes of poinsettia shone against warm furs; big dewy drops glistening on the shoulders of the men's overcoats—it had begun to snow. It must be really Christmas then, in spite of the way I felt; in spite of the fact that Jim stood by, whistling softly and scanning the crowds instead of talking to me. He was the most perfect example of an unchaste and uninterested husband I had ever seen. I felt reasonably certain that my heart had turned into a flat "sad-iron," and was determined that that wretched anatomical phenomenon should be a secret. Under these circumstances, even Ned Newell was something of a relief; although he seldom ever is.

"Just dropped in to get our tickets for tomorrow," he explained busily. "Traveling with two kids makes the fond papa fore-handed, let me tell you!" "Where are you going this year?" I asked, not maliciously at all, merely by way of doing my share of the conversation. How was I to know he would answer—

"Well, it's my wife's turn this year, you know; last year we were at my home; rigid rotation, you know, fifty-fifty, and all that. Where're you all bound for?"

"Same place—Waverly," said Jim shortly, the while I looked lovingly upon Ned. That rigid rotation, fifty-fifty

speech had been almost too good. I glanced at Jim. "And I am going to Andover," I offered sweetly, though perhaps unnecessarily.

"Oh-ho," roared Ned, so that all who ran might heed. "Our separate ways' stuff, and all that, huh? Well, everybody to his taste of course, but Christmas is one time . . ."

There was a loud roar overhead, and the crowds swarmed

"I'm down on Jim," said Phyl, "for giving me the slip this way. It was mean of him not to come."

There simply isn't any decent reticence about Phyl, but I was ready for her and avoided Mother's eyes as I said—"But wasn't it nice of him to insist upon my coming?"

"Well," said Phyl gaily, "you should have married an orphan. I intend to; and where I go the orphan shall go. Expect us home every Christmas, Mother."

"I shouldn't be surprised if this is by way of an announcement, Meg," laughed Mother.

"And you're expected to kiss me and welcome me into the family when we get home," Carter added. "I tell you now merely that you may have the thrill of anticipation all the way there."

"Yes indeed," said Phyl, with a wicked wink at Dad in the mirror. "And tell him once more that you'll be a sister to him, Meg."

I reddened uncomfortably, but Dad and Carter laughed outright; and Carter pulled Phyl's nose. Carter and Phyl! Phyl engaged! And to Carter Harrison!

"Jim will think you done well, gal," he said to her serenely. "I certainly gave him a run for his money some three years ago."

Now I don't believe in this dog in the manger business; but I couldn't help feeling a bit cheated to find that Carter gave every evidence of a most complete and, I felt, unflattering recovery, and I had the lonesome feeling one experiences at the loss of any not particularly useful, but familiar, landmark or piece of bric-a-brac.

But Phyl's crowd, I found, had taken over pretty nearly everything; Carter wasn't the half of it. Three times before dinner I heard her at the telephone in the hall.

"Awfully sorry. We'd like to I'm sure. But this is Meg's first night at home you know. Why yes! I thought I told you the other day. No, Jim couldn't get here. Yes, of course, but then we are mighty glad to have Meg. Well, we'll see you at the dance tomorrow night. Yes, I will, but come 'round and see her."

"Honestly, Meg," she said to me later, "I thought, for a while, that if you were going to see any of the oldsters at all, you'd have to go 'round and dandle their babies on your knee, and expose yourself to measles and mumps and what-not. Hardly any of them are booked for the dance what with the kids who have coughs, and heaven only knows how many other reasons."

Oldsters! So that was my rank, now.—And the last time I had been home, Phyl was worrying about her senior finals!

"Aren't Madge and Dick going?" I asked.

"No, she says they always trim the kids' tree Christmas eve."

"How about Bill and Grace?"

"Young Bill has been developing a temperature."

"Surely John and Amy—", I faltered.

"Well, I don't know. She says John just hates to dance, and she can scarcely ever get him to go any more."

I began to realize how Rip Van Winkle must have felt. If it hadn't been for the sound of the door-bell and constantly arriving packages; Phyl and Carter hanging evergreens and mistletoe—although from what I saw the mistletoe was not essential except for decorative purposes—I'd never have believed it was almost the day before Christmas. I felt as I used to feel at school, on a dark Monday morning in January, when it was raining and I had a seven-thirty class, and a sore throat, and somebody had borrowed my umbrella, and my letter from home was two days overdue.

My old room with its bright chintz, its fluffy curtains, and spluttering little hearth fire, was just as it had been when I last stepped out of it even to the bowl of red roses on my old desk, with Carter Harrison's card attached.

"I told Carter," said Phyl, coming up [Turn to page 46]



MY VOICE CHOKED; I STOPPED ON THE VERGE OF TEARS, HORRIFIED AT MYSELF. THOSE WERE NOT THE THINGS I HAD INTENDED TO SAY



toward the gates, a laughing, pushing holiday throng. "That's mine, I guess," shouted Jim, holding out his hand. "Give my love to everybody, Meg, and—Merry Christmas."

The next thing I knew his broad shoulders were disappearing in the crowd, and he was gone, without so much as once turning back to wave to me. I realized of course, that he hated any public demonstration; but he hadn't kissed me goodbye at home either. Instead he had devoted the last minute to a final worried survey of the room, and saying, "Are you sure you have everything now? You never do have, you know." A remark in which there was fortunately one hundred per cent truth, but one it was mighty unlike Jim to make and certainly ill-timed. There have been times in my life when I have felt a strong bond of sympathy between me and those lost sheep of Bo-peep's, which, after a thorough letting alone, are supposed to have come home, dragging their tails behind them.

Mother and Dad and Phyl and even Carter Harrison met me at the train. I couldn't, at once, account for Carter. He acted like one of the family; but I didn't stop much to think



about it, as I settled down in the front seat beside Dad, who hugged me tight and said he guessed he had got what he wanted most for Christmas all right. That made me feel warm again, less like a lost child. It was something to hear that it mattered to these people where I spent Christmas, after all.



A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY

BY
ETHEL M. DELL

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. R. BALLINGER



THE arrival in Rickaby of the mysterious and fascinating Lady Rivers and her son Gaspard, had caused much gossip, especially when the young Vicar, the Rev. Bill Quentin began to show her marked attention. But the severest critic was Molly Morton, the flapper daughter of the Rector of Hatchstead who had just promised to marry her father's rich and elderly parishioner, General Farjeon, to the amazement of all who believed her to be in love with Stafford Kenyon, the General's nephew.

STAFFORD KENYON lounged in his uncle's library, smoking a cigarette. He was an extremely handsome man of about thirty and very comfortably aware of the fact. Lounging was his usual attitude and might almost be described as his usual pursuit when not playing polo.

Old General Farjeon hated him, which was natural. Stafford only pitied the General, which perhaps was even more so. They never quarrelled, but this was due rather to Stafford's forbearance than the General's. Stafford never quarrelled with people. If they displeased him, he ignored them; that was all. But since it was impossible to ignore the General, he bore with him with commendable self-restraint—a thorn in the flesh which Time was eventually bound to remove.

He was lounging with a cigarette and a sporting paper over his second cup of tea when the General returned. He looked up languidly. "Back at last, sir! I hope you don't mind. I've finished tea."

The General stood and glared at him from the hearthrug. He had never detested his nephew more heartily than at that moment. To think that this sleek-haired young nincompoop had ever possessed the power to send his little Molly into that whirlwind of distress! He uttered a short grim laugh.

"Been far?" said Stafford, pleasantly.

"Over to Rickaby and back by the Mortons'," said the General.

"I wonder you didn't get tea there," commented Stafford in his polite, bored fashion.

"Something better to do," said the General.

"No doubt," agreed Stafford. He sipped his tea and resumed his cigarette, a pensive eye still upon the paper at his elbow. "I saw Molly at the Tennis Club," he remarked, after a moment or two, courteously maintaining the conversation.

"Oh, you saw Molly, did you?" said the General.

"Merely for a moment," said Stafford, flicking ash into his

saucer. "I don't fancy she saw me. She seemed to be in rather a hurry."

"Wasn't in the mood for you perhaps," suggested the General.

"Perhaps not," agreed his nephew.

The General grunted. "I've seen her too," he said. "She had more time to spare for me."

"That I can well believe," said Stafford, with unruffled complacence. If it pleased the old man to take that point of view, why not humour him?

But the General was in an aggressive mood that did not relish being humoured. In fact he resented it very much indeed.

"The deuce you can!" he said, advancing to the table before which Stafford sat. "Then perhaps you will find it easily to believe that she is prepared to give me very much more time in the future than she has done in the past."

Stafford raised his black brows very slightly and said, "Really, sir?" with just sufficient interest to indicate that, though bored, he had no intention of being baited.

"No. Molly has no use for you. You will be interested to hear that."

"Molly!" said Stafford. "But I have never offered to be of any use to her, as far as I am aware." He spoke with dignity, but with a hint of warmth. So Molly had enlisted his uncle as champion of her cause! What a hopeless mistake!

"Never offered!" sneered the General. "No, you never offered! And you'll offer now in vain. She wouldn't look at you now."

"Really!" said Stafford, with a faint laugh. "No doubt you have a very good reason for saying so, sir."

"I have!" declared the General. "The best of reasons. Moreover, I don't imagine she cares whether you cut her or not," he insisted. "But I'll apologize to her on your behalf. She's in my care now, so you'll be good enough to treat her with courtesy in future. And, by the same token, I have a message for you from the girl herself. Care to hear it?"

"If you please!" said Stafford.

He was standing very straight, quite heedless of all gibes. He had a dazed look, as if instinctively he would stand like that until he fell.

"All right. I'll tell you," said the General. "She said: 'Give my love to Stafford and tell him I hope he will give his new aunt a dutiful welcome!' Does that help you to grasp my meaning?"

Stafford's eyes were fixed upon him with a species of intensity that seemed to have glazed them. Quite suddenly a nerve began to twitch in one nostril. He drew a hard shuddering breath. "She is going to marry you?" he said.

The General stamped applause. "Well played, youngster! Yes, she is going to marry me."

Stafford made a strange gesture with one hand as if he would cover that twitching nerve, but instinctively turned it into a smoothing of his dark hair. His face was the color of ashes.

A belated misgiving assailed the General. He had seen that look before, but only on the face of a man wounded unto death.

"What's the matter?" he said sharply.

The words were scarcely uttered when the room was suddenly and amazingly illuminated as by the flare of a million torches. There was a frightful crash of thunder, and instantly a terrible roaring as of falling masonry. "We're struck!" gasped the General.

Stafford said nothing at all. In the midst of the pandemonium he turned and walked stiffly from the room.

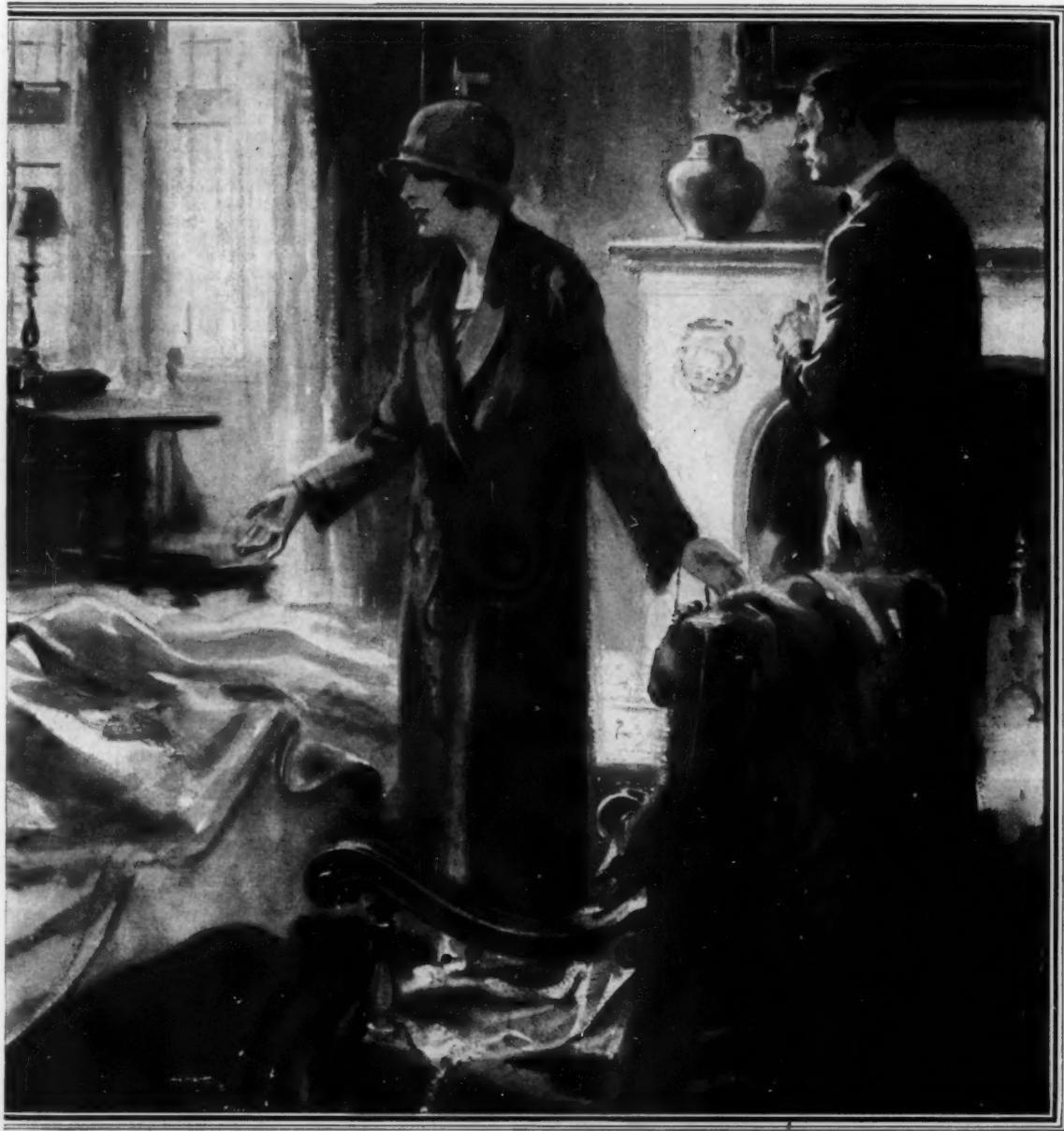
Somehow Bill's Confirmation Class did not seem to him a success that evening. Perhaps the sultry weather was in part to blame, but he was also keenly aware that his own mood was more so.

When they had all trooped out, he locked the door and flung himself down on the hard old couch in the corner.

"O God," he said very wearily, "it's hard work ploughing to-night!"

For a space he lay still with closed eyes.





"I'd rather come to you—if you don't object," said an audacious voice. "What? Who?" gasped the General sitting up in bed. And then, in a different voice in which yearning tenderness was frankly uppermost, "Molly, you little vixen! So you have come back to me!" She sprang to him with all her old impetuosity—the little quicksilver Molly he had always known and loved.



The heaviness of the atmosphere made his temples throb. Against his will the General's words pursued him—evil words, that he wanted to thrust forever out of his memory. He wished that he had not obeyed the impulse which had moved him to take the old man to Beech Mount. He felt as if thereby he had abused her confidence, had in some fashion done her an injury—that gracious woman who had never shown aught but kindness to him. He had an almost overwhelming longing to go to her and entreat her pardon for what he had done, to assure her that nothing the General said or did could ever make the faintest difference, and to tell her—to tell her what?

He did not answer the question. He could not.

Desperately he began to school himself. He must be patient. He must hold himself in with a tight rein. Not even in his thoughts must he suffer this wild race to destruction. For he knew—in his heart he knew—that a long, hard struggle awaited him in which all his endurance and strength would be put to the test and from which even so, only failure might arise.

It seemed to him as he lay there that failure was inevitable, the only reasonable outcome. None but a fool—none but a fool—could expect anything else. That radiant presence belonged, as the General had said, to a very different sphere.

His look went round the threadbare room, and he smiled with bitter self-ridicule. No, he could not see her enthroned here. Yet it was true enough that she would shine as an empress wherever she went. Even the village people recognized that. "A lady born," was Bessie Cross's description of her, while old Sammy declared she was "more like one of them saints."

How hot it was! Too hot to remain within doors. He rose, wearily, and went out.

The hall was very dark, and as he went out on to the step, he realized that the storm was very near.

He reached the gate, and there he paused, struck by the awfulness of the sky. The darkness was rapidly increasing and seemed to

possess a menacing quality, as though the black clouds above were pressing downwards to the earth by reason of their own appalling weight. No rain was falling, but from very far away across the sea there came a sound like the roar of a train in a tunnel. It was coming!

He stood looking up the hill towards Beech Mount, and, although he was not nervous something like a sense of foreboding went through him. He wished he knew for certain that she had not gone down to the village that night. Then some impulse induced him to look down the hill, and he saw her.

She was coming towards him in that smooth, lithe way of hers, not running but moving very swiftly, evidently bent upon escaping the storm. It was enough for Bill. He turned forthwith and went to meet her.

She did not see him until, a few yards from her, he spoke. "Come and take shelter with me! You can't possibly get back in time."

She started, and in a moment smiled. "Oh, it is you! Thank you so much, but I can't stop. Gaspard, you know—"

Yes, he knew, had already guessed. He turned beside her. "Let me come with you, then! I won't be in the way."

"Thank you," she said again, "but I don't think so. There is Benedict. Besides—"

She did not finish, for suddenly, as they came abreast of the open Vicarage gate, the storm burst. Without an instant's warning, the heavens opened and rain and lightning burst forth together. The whole world seemed caught in a whirling tumult of elements let loose. Thunder and storm-winds crashed together, seeming to shake the universe.

There was no standing against such a tempest. Bill seized his companion's arm, and literally compelled her to run for shelter through the gate and up the path to the Vicarage.

The rain was descending in torrents, but it was well protected by trees which saved them from a drenching. They arrived in the porch breathless, battered, but only splashed.

It was no moment for ceremony. Bill kept

his hold upon her, and led her straight through into the study, shutting the door behind them as though to exclude some pursuing monster.

Here he released her, and she laughed, her sweet alluring laugh. "Mr. Quentin, do let me compliment you upon your promptitude and resource in emergencies."

He felt again that tingling of the pulses which had assailed him in the afternoon. The magic of her! Did she know how potent, how irresistible, it was?

He stood for a second or two in silence, fighting a desperate impulse which goaded him like a spur.

Then: "It was the only thing to do," he said rather brusquely.

The storm raged round the house in a perfect avalanche of sound. By the darting glare of the lightning he saw her, and somehow—was it an illusion of the storm-light?—she looked different—more vivid, more living, younger, than she had ever seemed to him before. There was something even girlish in her laughter, something that wholly removed the barrier of awe which till that moment had kept him at a distance. It was as if they two were completely isolated by the storm, and she, laughing, accepted the situation.

And he watched her, with hands hard at his sides, the primitive feeling strongly upon him, that the one woman was safe in his castle at last.

She sat down in the chair by the writing-table. The violence of the storm seemed to concern her no longer. "Is this where you write your sermons?" she said.

"It is," said Bill, and added ingenuously, "Awful rot they are too, I'm afraid. I don't like sermonizing. It seems such cheek."

"Oh, why?" she said. "There must be lots of people who enjoy it."

"One doesn't do it for that," he said.

"I know." She spoke with deep sincerity. "One doesn't. Yet, without it, how far does one get? Our Lord remembered that when He turned His greatest lessons into tales which people love to this day."

"You always think of something rather wonderful," said Bill.

She raised her eyes to his. "But isn't it so?" she said. "His teaching was so great because of its supreme attractiveness. He never talked over people's heads—which may



have been one of the reasons that the high priests despised him so."

"It may have been," said Bill.

"Imagine what the subtle people of to-day would have said to it!" she said. "It's odd how slowly the world moves. Such a little life! So quickly over! And we make such a fuss about things—as if they really mattered!"

"They do matter," said Bill.

Her smile had a haunting quality. "You are bound to say that," she said.

"I never say anything I don't believe," he said.

"Oh, of course not! I didn't mean that. You are still young," she said, "and that, too, makes a difference."

"You are young too," said Bill.

She shook her head. "I think in every life—in every woman's life—there is one great milestone. It may be near the end of things or quite close to the beginning. But once she has passed that milestone, she is never young again." She paused a moment, then: "I passed mine some time back," she said, and fell silent, almost as though she had forgotten him.

Something moved Bill. He spoke through the rolling thunder into her silence. "There is nothing so final as that in life," he said, with that hint of doggedness which usually characterized his greatest moments. "People have a way of thinking that everything is finished when the very best of all may yet be in store."

He heard her laugh, but she looked at him no longer. "What a delightfully boyish sentiment!" she said.

"Which is another way of saying, 'You silly ass!'" commented Bill whimsically. "Well, you can say it if you like, but it is nearer the truth than your exaggerated pessimism. So I shall stick to it, whatever you say."

"Do I?" she said. "Do—just as long as you can! It isn't in the least likely, Mr. Quentin. Once again—I didn't mean that."

"Oh, do call me Bill!" he said suddenly. "Gaspard is going to. I can't stand this gilt-edged ceremony." She made a slight movement of surprise or protest; he was not sure which. "Does Mrs. Winch call you Bill?" she asked, and there was a faint quiver of laughter in her voice despite the obvious seriousness of her question.

"Mrs. Winch!" For the first time Bill uttered the name with sweeping contempt, dismissing his most influential parish-worker as unworthy of a moment's consideration. "I say, please!" he said. "That's not a fair catch!"

Lady Rivers turned in her chair. "Believe me, I am not out to catch you," she said. "But—but—really you mustn't try to catch me either. That also isn't altogether fair."

"Lady Rivers!" he ejaculated. And then suddenly his self-control went. A storm more violent than that which had burst over them a few minutes before caught him and broke him. He went down on his knees beside her, his arms stretched out across his writing-table, very close to her, yet not touching her.

"I don't know what you'll think of me," he said. "I hardly dare to think. But—I worship you, and I can't help it!"

His voice was low and shaking. He looked her straight in the face with the words, but his expression was almost that of a man awaiting sentence. She sat very still, neither moving nor speaking. And her face told him nothing whatever, so quiet was it, so remote.

He waited for perhaps fifteen seconds, then, under his breath, "Will you ever forgive me?" he said.

She moved then. She laid a hand upon one of his—a hand that was stone-cold and very steady.

"What have I to forgive?" she said. "It seems to me that I should ask that of you."

He did not stir at her touch, recognizing in it restraint rather than yielding. "And you can't—can't give me any hope?" said Bill, bracing himself.

"Hope?" She repeated the word vaguely, almost as though questioning its meaning.

"It's rare presumption, I know," he said. "But—oh, my dear—if you could only give me the least and smallest grain of love, I'd make it grow—somehow!"

"Would you?" she said. "Would you?"

A strong gust of feeling went through him. What was it in her voice that hurt him so? And why was her hand so cold?

"Is it quite impossible?" he said.

"Quite," said Lady Rivers, but she said it so gently, so regretfully, that he could not feel his pride wounded by her answer.

He waited for a second or two longer, then quite definitely and without blushing he accepted the situation. He moved, and took her icy hand between his own.

"Thank you," he said. "Thank you for being so good to me. Now—will you grant me a favour? If I give you my word of honour as a gentleman never to be a nuisance to you, will you treat me, and try to feel towards me, as if this had never happened?"

She did not speak for a moment. Then: "But isn't that suggesting the impossible?" she said.

He looked at her, his hands still clasping hers. "Why?" he said. In his eyes she could read the hunger of his heart.

"That won't upset me," said Bill.

"You are very kind," she said. "But the—is not quite all. Mr. Quentin, I don't know if he has told you—my boy has no religion."

"Yes, he did tell me," said Bill.

She sat in silence for a moment or two, then, her voice very low, "You won't be able to help him there," she said.

"Does that mean you don't want me to try?" said Bill.

"I want you to realize that you can't," she said. "I feel that any talk on the subject does much more harm than good. It—" she paused as if choosing her words—"it is really very like his physical trouble—a disorder which may some day pass of itself, but which no doctoring can help."

It came to him that he had never seen her so deeply stirred; even on the day on which she had met him carrying Gaspard's unconscious body up from the bathing-pool. Her distress was so manifest that he felt moved almost to compassion. He kept her hand for an instant, but in a fashion that she could not possibly mistake.

"I know what you mean," he said. "Don't be upset! I understand. Look here! Must you really go? If so, I am going to see you home."

They went back through the rain. Bill holding a very rusty umbrella over his companion. The storm was still rumbling. "It will probably hang about for days," Bill said.

"I hope not," she said. "Gaspard gets so little sleep when there is electricity in the air. And he is so restless that it is almost impossible to keep him quiet."

"We mustn't let him grow into an invalid," said Bill.

"I know. That is my great fear." She made the admission with a sigh. "He dreads it himself, but this heart weakness is such a handicap."

"He will outgrow it," said Bill.

"He may," she said very doubtfully.

"Has he never been strong?" asked Bill.

"Oh yes." She spoke with ready pride. "He was the loveliest baby, so strong and merry. Nothing ever came amiss to him. We always said he would make his way over everything. Oh, he was splendid! But that is so long ago now." The eagerness went out of her voice. "Poor little Gaspard!" she said.

"How long ago?" said Bill.

There was a slight pause before she answered him, and then, though her words were simple, he was conscious of constraint. "He had a bad illness when he was seven. No one ever knew quite what it was, but I have always put it down to some species of poisoning. And—though he got over it—he was never the same again, never sturdy and strong. His nerves were a torment to him for long after, though he went to school—a private school for delicate boys in Cornwall where he had every care. He always planned when he was old enough, to study art in Paris, but that dream never materialized. He had another bad illness at fourteen or thereabouts, and he has never really got over it."

"Then you and Benedict have had the sole care of him for the past four years?" said Bill.

Again there was a barely perceptible pause before she answered. Then: "Yes, just we two," she said. "Benedict is very faithful—a trusty servant. But I do not know that his influence is wholly good for Gaspard though he

always means well. He is rather apt to regard us both as his own personal property, and—you know the ways of old servants. They don't mean to encroach, but it is almost inevitable. And we depend on him so much."

They reached the gate of Beech Mount, and Bill turned in beside her. She made no further protest and they walked up the avenue together to the porch.

He wondered what was in her mind, but would not ask. They had reached the terrace, flooded with moonlight now.

"Well, good-bye! And thanks awfully for being so decent to me. I promise you—I swear to you—your confidence shall never be abused." He spoke with deep sincerity. Again for a moment her hand lay in his, and then Bill bent to open the door for her.

But, even as he did so, it swung open very suddenly before him, and Benedict, looking strangely agitated, came face to face with him. The man made a swift gesture as though he pulled himself together by sheer physical effort. His look went straight to Lady Rivers and he spoke rapidly under his breath in French.

Bill did not catch the words, but, glancing at her, he saw her face change. Something like terror showed for an instant in her eyes, but immediately it was gone. [Turn to page 26]



Moonlight flooded the terrace. Bill took her hand reverently in his, "I promise you your confidence shall never be abused."



She replied in the same hushed, rather dreary tone as that in which she had given him his previous answer.

"Because you—being the gentleman that you are—could never be a nuisance to any woman. Because I—because I—being myself—" her voice trembled slightly, but her shadowed face told him nothing—"could never be other than grateful to you for caring so."

And he loved her in that hour as he had never loved her before!

"I must be getting back to Gaspard," she said. "It is lessening and he is sometimes nervous."

"I think I understand," said Bill with gentle concern. "But it seems to me that the life he leads is almost bound to make him morbid. And that—well, that's bad for youngsters, isn't it?"

"I know," she said sadly. "I know. But Gaspard is so complex—in some ways almost incomprehensible. You, with your straight open ways, will feel absolutely bewildered by him sometimes."

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ellis' SOUPS

"Will you excuse me?" she said to him. "Gaspard wants me."

Bill never knew afterwards how he came to risk a direct rebuke from her. He saw the danger, but he took the plunge.

"I'm coming too," he said.

She gave him a swift look, but uttered no word to deter him. She entered the house and very rapidly led the way while he closely followed.

They went up to the room in which he had found Gaspard that afternoon. The door was shut. She turned the handle, and it resisted her. She set both her hands against it, breathless, but self-controlled. "Gaspard!" she called. "Gaspard! Let me in, dear!"

There came no answer from within, only the sound of the rain sweeping up from the sea. She listened intently, with bent head; then, more urgently, she called again. "Gaspard, it is I—your mother. Open the door, dear! Let me in!"

But still there was no answer save the rain and the long deep roar of the sea.

Bill became aware of Benedict, stealthy as a panther, standing behind him. He glanced at him and met his eyes in the gloom, glittering eyes that were instantly lowered as though to veil a latent hostility which Bill sensed rather than saw.

Very suddenly Lady Rivers turned round to him. She was absolutely composed, yet her composure had in it a vitality that was in its way almost violent. "We shall have to break the door," she said.

She spoke with great distinctness, and immediately there came a movement within the room—a dragging, uncertain movement.

She turned back, and spoke with authority. "Gaspard, open the door to me! Open quickly!"

Gaspard's voice came from the other side, sunk very low, strangely desperate. "Mother, are you—are you alone?"

She answered instantly. "Benedict is here—and Mr. Quentin."

"No one else?" said Gaspard, in the same strained whisper. "You are sure?"

"No one," said Lady Rivers with great firmness.

There fell a pause. Then, fumblingly, a hand was laid upon the door. It seemed to Bill like the hand of a blind man feeling his way.

"Quickly!" said Lady Rivers again.

"Mother!" Once more very painfully Gaspard's voice found utterance. "Mother! Did you—did you see him?"

Quite quietly she answered him, as she might have answered a terrified child. "No, I have only seen Mr. Quentin. He is with me now. We are waiting to come in."

The fumbling hand moved again, found the key and clattered it in the lock. Lady Rivers was holding the handle. She turned it with decision. "Quickly, Gaspard!" she said again.

The door opened, and Gaspard, blue-lipped and trembling, stood before them. He fell back a step into the room as his mother entered, as if he feared to meet some sign of displeasure from her. But she went to him forthwith and took him by the shoulders. "My dear boy!" she said with great tenderness.

His arms went round her in an instant. He laid his head down upon her shoulder. "Mother! Oh, Mother!" he said, and then sharply, looking up: "Lock the door again! Don't—don't let anyone else come!"

Bill drew back, but the boy's eyes caught sight of him at the same moment. "I don't mean you of course," he said.

Bill moved forward again with a subconscious feeling that Benedict had been on the verge of showing him out. He entered the room, and, warned by the deathly look on Gaspard's face, went straight to him and supported him.

"Thank you," breathed Lady Rivers.

But Gaspard still clung to his mother, and even when, with Bill's help he reached the sofa, he would not release her hand. "I've seen him, Mother! I've seen him!" He kept reiterating the words with feverish persistence though his agitation was such that he seemed scarcely able to articulate. "Down there! By the fir-tree!" He threw a shuddering look towards the window. "Is he there now?"

"No one is there, dear," said Lady Rivers very slowly and convincingly. "You have had a bad dream. There is no one there."

"It couldn't have been a dream," protested Gaspard through his shaking lips. "I didn't dream the storm, did I? I saw him in a flash of lightning. Mother! Mother!"

She took his two hands into hers, looking straight down

A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY

Continued From Page Twenty-Four



THE SEA CHEST

BY THEDA KENYON

DECORATION BY E. F. WARD

Long years ago, you harbored dungarees,
And black tobacco; and, in softer guise,
Daguerrotypes, reflecting distant eyes
Of gentlewomen, shunning boisterous seas;
And, on the homeward voyage, you held with these,
A silken shawl from India, a chest
Of Chinese tea . . . but, deep within your breast,
You hoarded secret, subtler mysteries . . .
A trove of lips that whispered of Romance,
And veils of incense, rising pallidly,
Deep eyes that webbed enchantment in their glance,
And silken skins, that gleamed like ivory . . .

The years of dim forgetfulness enhance
Such things, when others fade from memory . . .



into his eyes. "My dear, you are wrong," she said. "There was no one there. You have been over-excited to-day and your imagination has played you false. There! Here is Benedict with your medicine! Drink it and you will feel better!"

Bill, at the foot of the couch, watched the man bend down and hold the glass to those terribly blue lips. Benedict's face was like a mask, but the upturned moustaches that curled into his hollow cheeks quivered a little as though some emotion were at work behind that ceremoniously composed exterior.

Gaspard drank, swallowing with convulsive effort. Then for a space he lay still, with closed eyes, his hands fast clasped upon his mother's. She sat motionless beside him, watching, and a silence fell just as it had fallen that day at the bathing-pool while they waited—the three of them—for Gaspard to come out of that almost trance-like quiet.

Gradually the death-like look began to pass from his face, and a more normal colour tinged the unsteady lips. Lady Rivers turned her head at length and looked at Bill, and he saw that she was reassured. But she made no attempt to release herself, and she did not speak.

At the end of a long pause Gaspard opened his eyes. Their look fell immediately upon Bill, and he sent him a quivering round.

"Feeling better?" asked Bill practically. "Yes. I'm better. I don't know why I made such an ass of myself. I suppose—I suppose it was the storm?"

He looked at his mother questioningly, and she at once corroborated the suggestion. "Of course it was, dear. It has such an effect upon nerves, and yours are never of the strongest. Dismiss it entirely from your mind!"

He glanced around him uneasily. "Did you come up the beech avenue?"

"Yes, of course," said Lady Rivers. "And you didn't meet anybody?"

"There was nobody to meet," said Bill. Gaspard breathed a trembling sigh. "It must have been—it must have been—a mistake. I'm sorry, Mother."

"Forget it, dear!" she said. Gently she disengaged herself from his hold with the words.

"Don't go!" said Gaspard. "She must go," said Bill, suddenly taking command though he wondered somewhat at himself for so doing. "We have walked up through the rain, and she must be pretty wet. I'll stay while you go and change," he added to her.

She looked momentarily surprised at his attitude, but she accepted it and quietly rose.

"You will be all right with Mr. Quentin, dear," she said.

"Oh yes, I shan't have any bad dreams while he is here," said Gaspard. But nevertheless, the moment she had turned to the door he motioned to Bill to take her place beside him. "Tell Benedict to go!" he said. "I don't want him as well as Bill."

"He is going down to get your dinner," said Lady Rivers, "if—Bill—will be kind enough to stay till I come back."

She sent a smile to Bill as she uttered his name which, gracious as it was, told him quite plainly that the concession conveyed no rights or privileges, and that gratitude was its only motive.

Then she was gone, and as the door closed, Gaspard's hand came out and fastened tightly upon Bill's arm. "I say—Bill," he said, "you're a parson. Are you—are you afraid of evil spirits?"

"Not if they walk about beech avenues," said Bill stolidly.

Gaspard shivered suddenly and uncontrollably. "Do you think I'm rotting?" he said.

Bill very kindly grasped the clammy hand upon his arm. "I'm quite sure you're not," he said. "But—you didn't see an evil spirit, so you may as well dismiss that idea at once."

"I tell you," said Gaspard with feverish intensity, "I saw it as clearly as I see you."

"I daresay," said Bill imperturbably.

"And still you say I didn't?" said Gaspard.

"There are such things as excited brains and optical delusions," said Bill comfortably. "It may have been one—it may have been both; but it wasn't what you thought it was, anyway."

Gaspard closed his eyes again as if in some fashion relieved, and lay still for a space.

Very suddenly, at length, he opened them, and looked full at the man beside him, sitting in absolute quiet, gazing straight before him. "I suppose you think me an awful ass," he said.

"Rather an ass," admitted Bill.

[Turn to page 49]

Three Hundred and Twenty-Six Members of New York's exclusive JUNIOR LEAGUE and Boston's VINCENT CLUB

tell why they are using this soap for their skin



TWENTY-FIVE years ago a little group of New York's loveliest and most popular debutantes organized a flower committee to distribute the gorgeous bouquets from their coming-out teas among the hospitals of the city.

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purity and its mild, non-irritating effect on the skin.

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Vegetable soup with STEERO bouillon and flavoring cubes as meat stock. See recipe below.

Found ...the piquant taste that great chefs sought

By MRS. JANE STARR GRANT

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VEGETABLE SOUP

Mix one-half cupful each of diced potatoes, celery, carrots, turnips and chopped cabbage, two tablespoonsfuls chopped onion, one quart water and two teaspoonsful salt. Cook slowly until vegetables are tender. Add two cupfuls strained tomatoes, two tablespoonsfuls butter, and four STEERO bouillon and flavoring cubes dissolved in two cups of boiling water. Add enough boiling water to make two quarts of soup. Two tablespoonsfuls of rice or tapioca or one-half cupful of macaroni broken in small pieces may be added if a thicker soup is required.

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Thin hands often are flattered by big rings

Beauty May Lie In Hands and Feet

BY EMILY POST



A futile hand is like an expressionless face



I do not sing the fashions of my youth but I well remember when we wore summer afternoon dresses with—black oxford ties!



idle small objects or distort themselves into strange shapes. Still more annoying are those which nudge or paw.

The most fascinating hands I have seen for a long while are Laurette Taylor's. Her marvellously expressive fingers made me think of Homer's "winged words." Half her charm (at least to me) is in the perfect coordination between her mind, her voice and her fingers.

The most irritating hands that I can remember belonged to a perfectly worthy person who came to see me about a year ago. They shook hands like a narrow shingle with a hinge in the middle. They remained with the four fingers rigidly glued together; they waved occasionally like gates opening and shutting but the greater part of the time they were tilted in a lean-to across the mouth or pushed as though of questioned odor, under the nose—happily not under mine!

Most of us have mannerisms of one sort or another. It is impossible to discover them for ourselves. The only thing to do is to ask someone whose frankness we can count on, to tell us what they are; and being told, not to feel hurt or angry but try, if they sound annoying to overcome them.

Above all one should have a direct, unaffected hand-shake. The personality of a hand-shake has often cemented or prevented lasting friendship. You know what instant liking you have felt for a certain hand-clasp that was sincere and friendly; and you remember the prejudice you never overcame for the limp hand like an oyster on a string, or the nervous dale of bird-like fingers, or the hand that seized yours and shoved it in eccentric motions somewhere up around the level of your face. Worst of all is the perspiring palm; not to be able to rush for soap and water after coming in contact with it, is nauseating. Persons whose hands are habitually

"clammy" should use an anti-perspiration lotion—or stay away from social gatherings.

Rings are becoming to most hands, red ones and fat ones excepted. Pretty hands that are also very white are most lovely with a single stone on the third or little finger. Thin, bony hands are often flattered by rings that are big and even somewhat bizarre.

In other days a lady's hand was seldom seen ungloved. Today gloves are worn in church and on the street and on very formal occasions, otherwise very seldom. No lady of fastidious taste ever wears dirty gloves. Doe-skin or other "utility" gloves can be worn beyond the point of cleanliness for white or for any other light-colored gloves, which must be immaculate. In this day of wash-fabrics there is absolutely no excuse for dirty ones—ever! The most beautiful but the most extravagant, are suede gloves of pale corn, faun, or oyster-color shades. The new short ones with painted, embroidered and heaven-knows-what on gauntlet-tops are!

Today's fashion in shoes is not merely "fancy" but fanciness run riot; with satins and velvets and kids and fish-skins vying with a kaleidoscope. If you doubt it, hunt out the fancy slippers you scarcely dared to wear to a party several years ago and see what down-town-for-shopping foot-wear they seem to be today!

PERSONALLY, I can remember the day of summer afternoon dresses of hand-embroidered, real-lace-inserted mull; made up over long-trained taffeta-lining, or equally long-trained taffeta-lined "painted" chiffons; leghorn hats loaded with trimmings; twenty-four button gloves and—black Oxford ties!

Not for an instant am I going to sing sweetly about the fashions of my youth. I do think, however, that some of the shoes seen on the street today are preposterous; not so much from the point of view of ugliness as from that of danger to the foot.

What sort of feet the middle-aged of twenty years from now will have, I don't know, but high French heels are absolutely the heels of the idle-footed and never were designed for those who walk far or stand long.

On the other hand, no heels at all are to certain persons with loose joints or weak arches, acutely painful. For the individual foot, there is a height of heel and shape of sole that ensures the greatest comfort and grace of carriage. No one can walk beautifully in improper shoes. Shoes are varied in type to suit occasions. Out of doors, a swinging stride is induced by low heels, which the high heels of ballroom-slippers properly check.

In taking care of the feet there are three considerations: cleanliness, protection and prevention of callous places. Stockings should never be worn a second time without washing. No woman of fastidious refinement would put on an unwashed stocking any more than she would put a clean stocking on an unwashed foot. By "protection" is meant avoidance of a pinching, rubbing or [Turn to page 93]

Giving Good Gifts

CHRISTMAS!—Softly glowing lights...ropes of tinsel...glittering globes of gold and silver...music of voices, gay and laughing...joyous shouts of children...mounds of snowy packages tied with festive ribbons...the very symbol of Christmas!

What a lovely thing it is—the Christmas spirit—that prompts men and women to forget self and open hearts and purses that others may be made happy. But sometimes that very spirit—beautiful as it is—sweeps one into gift-giving which is embarrassing. In our efforts to spread gladness as far as we can reach we frequently send gifts to those who have much "gold, frankincense and myrrh" and who would appreciate a kindly Christmas thought more than an expensive gift.

When well and happy we are apt to forget the sick and suffering and needy—men and women and little children to whom Christmas has brought nothing but heartbreak and hopes denied, whose lives, drab at best, are made even more dreary by contrast with the gladness and cheer of the Yuletide season.

Try a New Plan this Year

This Christmas, give good gifts—not as custom dictates, but as your heart prompts. Give lavishly as your means will permit. Give to those you love and those to whom your gift will bring gladness. Give as far and as widely as you can. But in your giving set apart something—a little or much—for those who are in need of Christmas gifts.

You who are well and happy this Christmas—who are looking forward to a day of gladness spent with your dear ones—won't you help spread cheer and comfort among those stricken with Tuberculosis?

All over the world today are thousands and thousands of sufferers from Tuberculosis. In this country alone it is estimated that there are 1,000,000 men, women and children afflicted with this dread disease.



At the Wayside

In a beautiful Christmas story, we are told of a Fourth Wise Man who was turned from his high purpose of bearing offerings to the new-born King by a compelling impulse to help the suffering at the wayside. Yet in the end was his honor all the greater. The allegory is plain:—the worthy desire to give costly gifts to those we love should not keep us from helping the unfriended and the needy.

amount of good. They supply warm clothing, they furnish nourishing dinners and distribute toys to eager youngsters who have written confidently to Santa Claus. It is impossible to calculate the good which these charitable agencies do in giving new hope and cheer to those sick in spirit and in body. They need your help.

—This Christmas, give good gifts—the gifts of happiness and cheer and encouragement. When you are making merry around your tree know the joy of feeling that others are having a brighter Christmas because you have given from your heart.

Christmas Seals help to support more than 600 hospitals and sanatoria, with nearly 70,000 beds; more than 600 clinics and dispensaries; 3,000 open-air schools, fresh air classes and outdoor camps for children predisposed to Tuberculosis; 10,000 nurses who are giving treatment and health instruction.

The cheery little Christmas Seals which are used to fight Tuberculosis offer an

instance of useful giving. Whether your income is \$50,000, \$5,000 or \$500 a year—here is a definite way to help others. Won't you do this simple, gracious thing—buy at least a dollar's or a dime's worth of Christmas Seals? They cost only a penny apiece. Others, seeing your Seals may be reminded to join in the noble work of fighting the Great White Plague.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK
Bigest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



Exquisitely groomed women use this method

SMOOTH RIMS must frame the rosy gleaming nails of today

THE pink and gleaming nails of today are enchanting accents to slender fingers. Paris sponsored them. And yet bright and gleaming nails really cannot conceal ugly and neglected cuticle!

Perhaps you have been cutting yours and wondering why it only gets thicker and more ragged. Or you have let it grow tight to the nail—and then been troubled with hangnails and split edges!

With Cutex, the correct care of the cuticle is so simple! The dead dry skin that makes your nail rims look so untidy, is quickly loosened and removed.

Today this antiseptic method is followed by exquisite women all over the world. And in Paris, itself, and at the smart French resorts, the famous Cutex manicure preparations are used more than any other kind!

TRY THIS FAMOUS METHOD: First wash the hands in warm, soapy water. File the nails. Twist a bit of cotton around an orange stick and dip it in Cutex Cuticle Remover. Gently loosen and remove the shreds of dry skin. Pass the wet stick under the nail tips and smooth the least bit of Nail White under the tips.

Now wash your hands again. The cuticle is smooth and shapely—the tips white and flawless. Then, for a rosy brilliance, spread Cutex Liquid Polish smoothly over each nail.

How beautifully groomed your hands now are. You will never again allow unsightly cuticle to mar them.

Cutex sets are from 35c to \$5.00—wherever toilet goods are sold. Single items are 35c, or see special offer.

NORTHAM WARREN—NEW YORK, PARIS, LONDON



MARTHE REGNIER, talented French actress and modiste of distinction, says: "In the salons of my *Maison de Modes* I always notice the beautifully kept nails of my American clients and know that they have used Cutex."

SEND 10c with the coupon for Introductory Set containing the magical Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polish, Cuticle Cream, brush, orange stick, emery board and cotton, together with helpful booklet "How to Have Lovely Nails." If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. F-12, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Can.

Mail COUPON with 10c for Introductory Set

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. F-12,
114 West 17th Street, New York City

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set.

NAME _____
STREET _____
(or P. O. Box)
CITY _____ STATE _____



Little Things May Make or Mar the Beauty of Your Hair

DIRECTIONS BY VIRGINIA KIRKUS



Never, never, NEVER, let your shampooer use artificial heat on your hair! It dries out the natural oils and makes hair lustreless. Insist on hand-drying. Or if you are shampooing your hair at home, call in nature's beauty experts—sun and air.

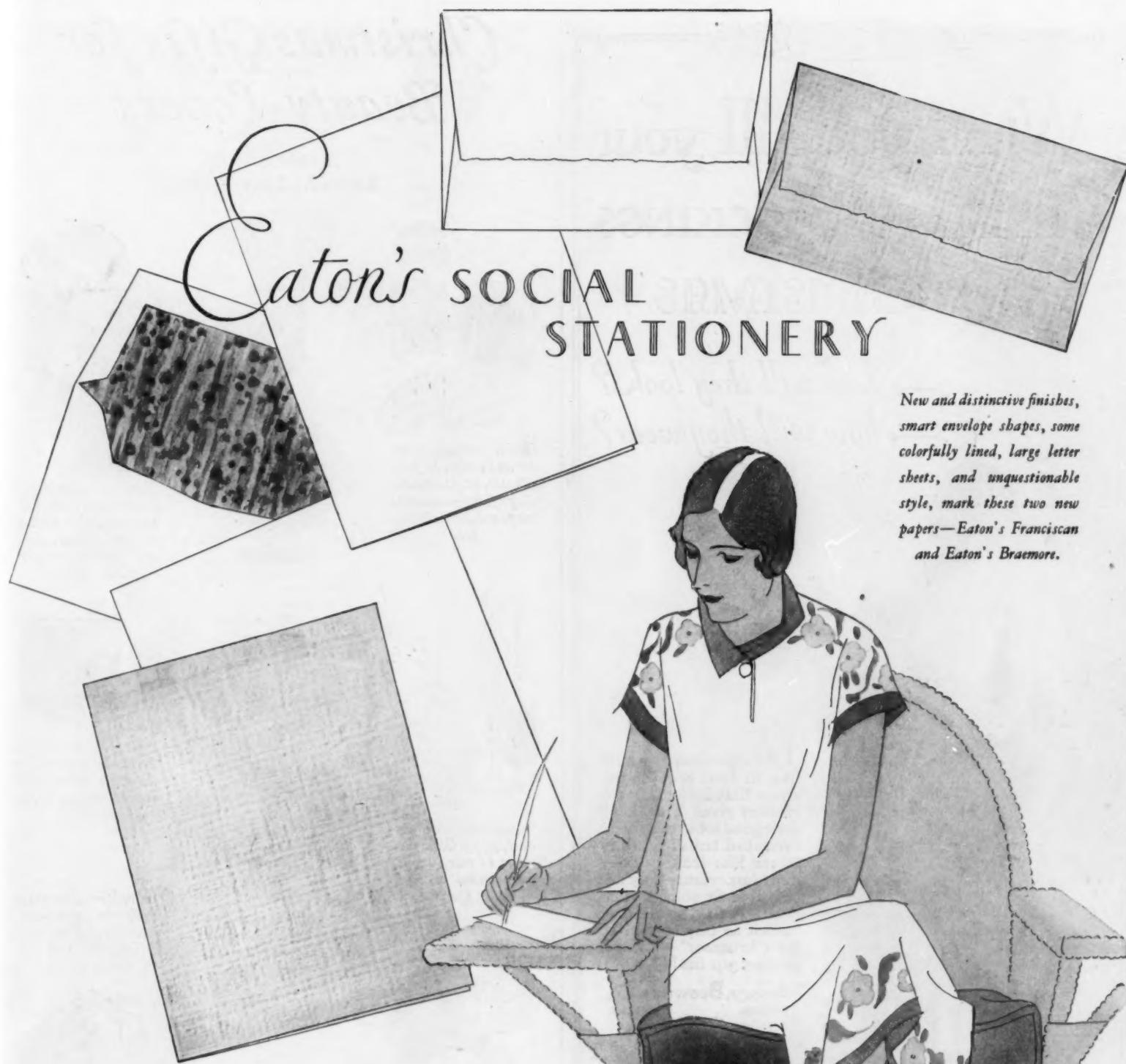


It isn't only careful shampooing nor yet smart hair-dressing that will make your hair your crowning glory. For instance, dry hair needs an occasional application of brilliantine; and fine, soft hair, inclined to be oily, is benefited by brilliantine the first day after shampooing: Put a few drops in the palm of your hand, pass your brush lightly over it and then brush your hair, up and out, along the strands. If your hair splits, clip—do not singe—the ends: Run the comb down to the end, rough the hair and clip the remaining hairs diagonally.



Keep your brush and comb exquisitely clean. At least once a week—every day is better—treat them to a bath: Into clean, cold water put a few drops of ammonia, or mild soap if you prefer; then dip the bristles up and down, keeping the back out of the water. Rinse in clear, cold water. Dry, bristles down, on a towel, preferably in the sunlight.

Fastidious care in shampooing is necessary to keep your hair gleaming with life and beauty. Full directions in our Service booklet, *A Little Book of Good Looks* (price ten cents); also aids to obtain a lovely skin and figure and hands, those other requisites of beauty. Enclose money in postage, addressing The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, N.Y. City.



New and distinctive finishes, smart envelope shapes, some colorfully lined, large letter sheets, and unquestionable style, mark these two new papers—Eaton's Franciscan and Eaton's Braemore.

Style Must Always Rest On Quality

A frock created by Poiret may be copied in shoddy material, but it will not be smart. And stationery of cheap, flimsy, characterless paper, even though it has some of the earmarks of the mode, does not appeal to the woman who wishes to be correct.

The studios where fashions in Eaton's Social Stationery are created are at Pittsfield, in the heart of the Berkshires, where the finest writing paper is made. They are there to be near the sources of good paper. But our designers are in close touch with two great centers of fashion—Fifth Avenue and Rue de la Paix, noting the trends which influence fashions and producing them in the form of stationery accepted everywhere as correct and smart.

Eaton's writing papers have been the standard of style in stationery for twenty-five years. They offer something for every taste. A paper may be either conservative or daring and still be smart. Any writing paper that bears the name of the originators of stationery styles is correct, and you can suit your own individual taste from a large selection.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
Makers of Eaton's Highland Linen

NEW YORK

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

PARIS

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When you fill your CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS after CHRISTMAS

— how will they look?
— how will they wear?



THE answers you would like to hear are the answers that Buster Brown Hosiery give! They keep their good looks even after repeated tubbing; they "wear like iron"; and—most important—they are priced to fit your pocket-book. A fine solution of "What to buy so-and-so for Christmas"—write it on your gift list!

Amory, Browne & Co.
BOSTON NEW YORK

for Men
for Women
for Children
FOR WEAR!

BUSTER BROWN
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HOSIERY

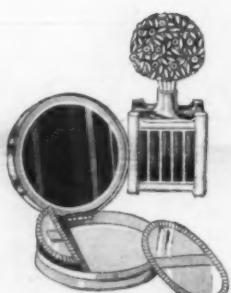


Make sure you get the genuine.
Look for this seal on every pair.

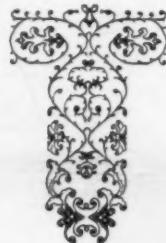


Christmas Gifts for Beauty-Lovers

SELECTED BY
ELIZABETH LOUNSBERRY



Double compact, powder and rouge, in flat, gilt case, \$2.50. Gardenia perfume—one-and-one-fourth-ounce bottle, \$1.25.



Traveling toilet-bag of hand-blocked linen, rubber-lined, with pockets for jars, bottles, comb and brush, powder-box, \$3.25.



Porcelain incense-burner with electrical wiring and plug; Chinese girl design, \$7.50.



One-ounce bottle of extract, \$5.75. Glass atomizer in rose, yellow, jade, orchid or blue, \$3.



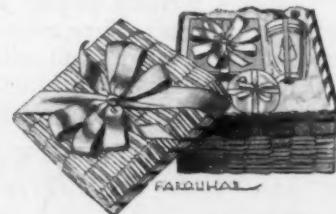
Flat, painted glass puff-box with figure in pink, blue or green; contains velvet puff, \$2.50.

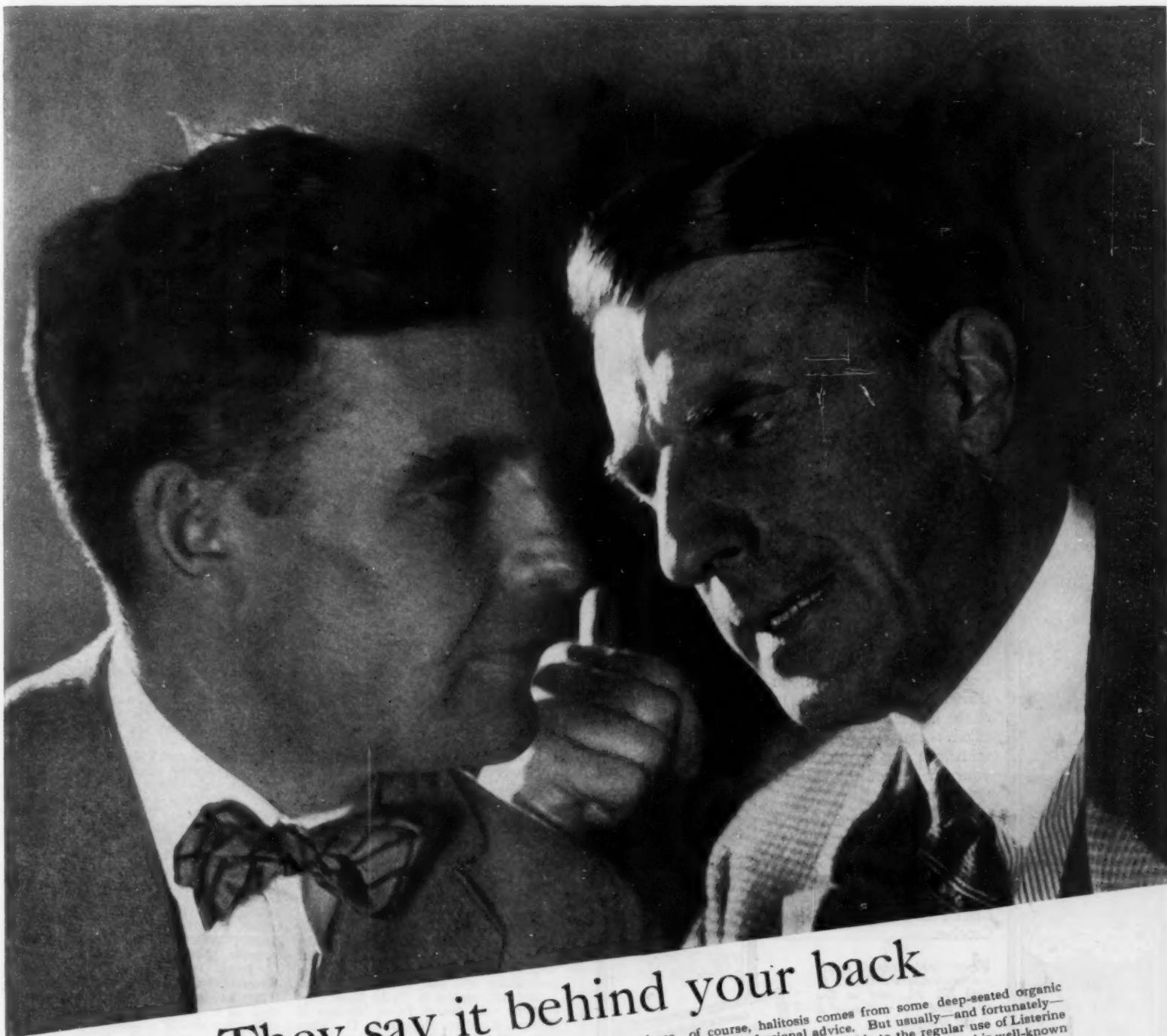


Geranium bath-salts—
eight-ounce bottle, \$1.00.
Bath-powder with velvet
puff in brocaded box, \$1.75.
Heart-shaped, washable
pink velvet powder-puff, 25 cents.
Metal beauty-box with equipment
of toilet preparations in standard sizes, \$1.4.



Charm-basket of sweet grass, with vanishing cream, face powder, rouge and blue lacquer lipstick-container; tied with orange ribbon for brunette's use, with blue ribbon for the blonde, \$3.50.





They say it behind your back

THAT'S when they talk about you—when you're not listening or when you're not present. And, if you're a sensitive person, these are the things that irritate you most.

He knew—or felt—that he was being talked about. And by two men whom he had regarded as his best friends. The thing began to prey on his mind—made him very uncomfortable.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses: note in the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1 1/4 ounce. Buy the large size for economy.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

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Edgings and
Insertions
for
10¢

Extraordinary Offer!

JUST think of it—a hundred different designs for dainty edgings and insertions—all collected conveniently in Clark's O. N. T. Book No. 19 at the surprisingly low price of ten cents. It is just filled with gift suggestions—tell your friends of this exceptional value.

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Romance In a Small Package Tied With Red Ribbon and Holly!

BY FAITH ELLEN SMITH

IT MAY be plastered all over with Do-Not-Open-Before-Christmas stickers but the instant you see it you know what it is—a book!

And Christmas books, strictly speaking, are not easily come by. It took the genius of Charles Dickens to write the book for Christmas and about Christmas that should be, for generations, the embodiment of Christmas joy and good-will and Christian charity. But our package may contain his Christmas Carol only if it be destined for some legendary person whose library does not already include it, so we shall do well to seek for such modern publications as approximate it in a lesser measure.

Of these we can find at least one, The Book of Christmas, which belongs to the great family of "gift books" or compendia of bits of various poems, essays and stories that have reference to the Yuletide. Of its kind, The Book of Christmas (Macmillan, \$2.00) is exceedingly comprehensive, and Hamilton W. Mabie's introduction vouches for its literary excellence.

There are the books that carry the deeper spiritual significance of Christmas into everyday life of the soul. Richard C. Cabot's What Men Live By (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50) is a book that has long been an inspiration to people of all creeds or of no creed at all, a book which may be the means of bringing many a reader to a wiser understanding of the great Book of Life itself. The devout Christian particularly will find a message of devotion and comfort in To Be Near Unto God, by the former Prime Minister of Holland, Abraham Kuyper, D. D. (Macmillan, \$3.00) and those who have a love for mystical writings will enjoy two small volumes written under the name of John Cordelier and entitled The Spiral Way and The Path of Eternal Wisdom, published in London and obtainable through Brentano's or Gorham's, in New York, at \$1.25 each; their lesson of inner peace is universal in its appeal. Another London publication is the fourteenth century mystic, Tauler's, Following of Christ, translated into English by J. R. Morell and sold through the same dealers for \$1.25. It is a lesser book than the famous Imitation of Thomas à Kempis but a book well worth owning. That energetic writer of novels, sermons and poems, Robert Hugh Benson, has left no greater proof of his genius than his little volume The Friendship of Christ (Longmans, Green, \$1.75). It has a message for any soul to whom the friendship that forms its theme is an experienced reality. So too, with the popular Life of Christ by Giovanni Papini. (Harcourt, Brace, \$1.50).

There are other books that we may place within that jolly red Christmas ribbon even though they do not bear a message preeminently religious or seasonal, since the reading of them makes a real contribution to the sum of life's worth-while experience. Of the newer novels, The

Perennial Bachelor, by Anne Parish (Harper, \$2.00); Little Ships, by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Page, \$2.00); The George and the Crown, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Dutton, \$2.00); The Drums, a novel of the American Revolution, by James Boyd (Scribner, \$2.50) and those two remarkable portraiture of the tragedy of racial barriers and misunderstandings, God's Stepchildren, a story of Africa, by Sarah Gertrude Millin (Boni & Liveright, \$2.00) and A Passage to India, by E. M. Forster (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), deserve their wide popularity. Those who like mystery-stories will find an enthralling one in The Mystery of Redmarsh Farm, by Archibald Marshall (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00).

BOOKS of verse are always a delight and always singularly appropriate to the red ribbon and holly of the Christmas package. Among popular modern poets, collections of whose verse are now available, are: Robert Bridges (Oxford Edition, Oxford Press, \$1.50); Rupert Brooke (Dodd, Mead, \$1.50); Gilbert K. Chesterton (Dodd, Mead, \$1.50); Walter De La Mare (Henry Holt, Two volumes, \$7.50); Eugene Field (Scribner \$4.00); Thomas Hardy (Golden Treasury Series, Macmillan \$1.40); Percy Mackaye (Macmillan, \$2.75); John Masefield (Macmillan, \$3.00); Alice Meynell (Scribner, \$3.00); Alfred Noyes (Stokes, Three volumes, \$2.75 each); Francis Thompson (Scribner, Two volumes, \$7.50); Joyce Kilmer (Memorial edition of his poems, letters and essays, Doran, \$2.50). Small volumes of one or more poems by these writers are usually published by the same houses at a lesser cost. Among smaller volumes of new verse there are: The Harp Weaver, by Edna Saint Vincent Millay (Harper, \$2.00); The Poor King's Daughter, by Aline Kilmer (Doran, \$1.25); Last Poems of A. E. Housman (Henry Holt, \$1.50); New Poems of John Drinkwater (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.25); Sonata and Other Poems, by John Erskine (Duffield, \$1.25), and many others.

Those who love travel in strange places will find any one of the following a magic carpet to bear them thither, however much affairs may conspire to keep their corporal bodies at home: The Adventure of Wrangel Island, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson (Macmillan, \$6.00); Greater France in Africa, by William M. Sloane (Scribner, \$3.00); To Lhasa in Disguise, by William M. McGovern (Century, \$5.00); Beyond the Utmost Purple Rim, a charming book of travel in Abyssinia, by E. Alexander Powell (Century, \$3.50).

For the avid reader of "Letters" and "Lives," some one of these may be slipped inside the red ribbon: Recollections of a Happy Life, by Maurice Francis Egan, with an introduction by Henry Van Dyke (Doran, \$4.00); Mark Twain, by Albert Bigelow Paine (Harper, Two volumes, \$5.00); Twenty Years of [Turn to page 63]



“Merry Christmas to all and to all a good LIGHT!”



EVEREADY throws considerable light on the great annual problem. Because everybody, from six to sixty, wants an Eveready Flashlight. As a gift, the Eveready Flashlight has no superior. Its cost is small, its service big. Evereadys are more handsome today than ever. They have features found only on Eveready. Give Eveready Flashlights to everyone on your list. Save wandering and wondering. Improved models meet every

Eveready in Christmas clothes! A special Christmas package for Eveready Flashlights, holly-decorated, and providing a place for the name of the recipient and the giver. Attractive. Time-saving. (No further wrapping needed.) Ask for the Eveready Christmas package.

New! Ring-hanger in the end-cap of Eveready Flashlights! A hinged metal ring for hanging up the flashlight when not in use. Ring snaps out of way when not hanging up. Only Eveready has this big convenience-feature.



need for light—indoors and out. There's an Eveready Flashlight for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby. For Christmas . . . and forever . . . Eveready Flashlights!

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 For real radio enjoyment, tune in the "Eveready Group." Broadcast
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 WJAR Providence WGR Buffalo WCCO Minneapolis
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 WTAG Worcester WSAI Cincinnati WOC Davenport

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES



To AVOID COLDS THIS WINTER

Do as your Doctor says—

Keep your body warm. No matter what outer clothing you wear, it is essential that you wear warm, well fitting underwear—underwear that will not only absorb perspiration, but will keep your body from being chilled.

It is no longer necessary to shiver through the long winter months in order to be stylishly dressed.

Styles have changed in underwear as well as in outer wear, and today, underwear is made to conform to the styles of the outer garments.

Forest Mills UNDERWEAR

FOREST MILLS UNDERWEAR is made to meet every requirement in a wide variety of styles and weights. The popular sleeveless style with the built-up shoulders or the bodice top with the narrow tape shoulders, insures a neat tailored appearance and yet gives warmth and comfort. For those who desire additional warmth there is the long or short sleeves, with the knee or ankle length.

Every member of the family can keep warm this winter in a comfortable suit of Forest Mills Underwear.



BROWN DURRELL COMPANY
Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear
New York Gordon Underwear Boston



MAKE HIM A SMALL NUISANCE!

• *Here Are All the Best Ways to Spoil a Boy* •

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

THERE are many ways to spoil a boy. Parents adopt different tactics for this purpose. A boy may be spoiled—and by spoiled I mean developed into a disagreeable small human—in the home, in the school and among those adults who come in contact with him. In fact, a spoiled boy is an all-round nuisance.

A very satisfactory way to begin the process is to make him believe he is particularly clever. This is the means selected by almost all fond parents. Have him perform, repeatedly, before family guests, various feats which are considered unusual; comment on the performances in the child's presence; give him the idea that he is a super-child. If he is corrected for an infraction of discipline by the nurse or governess, reprove the employee in the child's presence; this will hasten matters.

Bring him a new toy every day. If he does not like the food supplied, have it removed and give him what he likes, no matter if it is the same thing every day—he soon will tire of it and then there will be the complaint of total loss of appetite. He probably will not take cereals or he may have a decided dislike for green vegetables. He likes meat-foods and eggs and milk; even if he does not develop a disgust for them, he will have an attack of acute illness such as acute indigestion and so-called bilious attacks because of the want of a wide range of diet; but this does not matter—we are in the business of spoiling him.

When he is freakish and won't eat what he usually likes, coax him, tell him stories, give him a mouthful for the policeman or the teddy-bear or the parrot. It makes but little difference for whom the spoonful is named so as it goes down the unwilling throat.

He takes so little breakfast or so little dinner that it will be necessary for him to have food between meals; "he can't be allowed to starve" and his appetite is ruined for the following meal.

PERHAPS he likes his bottle and will take milk no other way. Very well, give it to him until he is ashamed of it. It is the part of the spoiled child to maintain the bottle-practice until he is three or four years old. Why not be consistent and let him have it—usually between meals—"because he eats so little at meal-time." True, it will spoil his appetite for other foods which the growing organism requires. He will consequently develop poor muscle, bones and nerves but that is the way spoiled children are fashioned.

All spoiled children suffer in a nutritional way from feeding-defects. If he is the first and only child the spoiling process is usually more rapidly and more effectively carried out. Most of my mal-nutrition-patients among runabout children and those of the school-age belong among the parents' first and onlies.

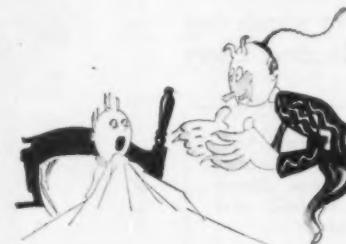


*Get him a car of his own—and
be sure he steps on it!*

Until the completion of the sixth year every child should have an afternoon nap; but if the child rebels, he must never be forced because that would help to unspoil him.

He ought to go to bed at half-past six or seven in the evening; but if he does not want to go to bed, keep him up and entertain him until he finally falls asleep from exhaustion about nine or ten o'clock and then he probably will have night-terrors—a so-called night-mare—because of an over-wrought, over-worked nervous system. True, he will be tired and whiney the next day but that is the rôle of the spoiled child and is quite proper.

When he is a little older and does not want to go to school, don't make him go; take him on an automobile-trip or on a



*Keep him up until ten every
night; then probably he will have
night-terrors*

not the boy's fault that the cat is a cat! Spoiling of this sort is of little consequence except that it affects the child's health most unfavorably. The showing-off, the adulation, the openly expressed fears of the family that the child is so clever that his brain will be injured or that he will not grow up, are groundless; the child's mind is not over-taxed because he has very little mind and he is not at all brilliant or exceptional although he may be precocious and bold. When these wonder-children go to school and mix with others in study and competitive play they usually, despite their parents, reach their mental level and the parents experience a small mental shock in learning that there are others as clever or more talented than they; then each of these petted lambs settles down, makes the various grades as he should and adds just one individual to the great average of the boy-and-girl public.

THE real spoiling, that which has a pronounced effect upon the future, comes later. Of course, if a bad start has been made, it helps to complete the process.

At about the age of ten, the spoiling for life begins. I have seen many fine boys made into more or less useless citizens by indulgent parents and the following suggestions will be found effective!

When a weekly pocket-money allowance is in order give the boy more than is customary for his school-fellows to have; buy him better clothes than the other boys wear; have him excused from attendance at Sunday School and church; allow him to frequent motion-picture shows and theatres at night when his boy-friends are in bed. All this will develop arrogance, make him a bit boastful and in consequence he will be disliked by his companions.

Just as soon as he is old enough to drive an automobile, buy him one; he may have an accident, he may be maimed for life or killed or perhaps his friend will meet such a fate. I have known many spoiled boys to meet an untimely end in this way.

Brag before him of your intimate associations with the bootlegger; it will increase his respect for you and for the laws of the country. Let him know that in spite of prohibition, you can get all you want—good stuff too. Believe him when he tells you that "every other boy" does this or that or the other thing, and allow him to do likewise.

Permit him when he is at the age of twelve or fourteen to tell you that you are "old-fashioned" and "out-of-date" and allow him to adopt modern methods according to his own ideas and interpretations.

Do all these and if the boy is not spoiled, it will be because he is a recessional from some remote ancestor who possessed average intelligence.

picnic. If he is indifferent and not interested in his studies, blame it on the teacher and be careful to do so in the child's presence—it increases his respect for the teacher. If he is cruel to the dog, scold the dog. If he kicks the cat—why, the animal had no business to be a cat; it's

You wouldn't buy canned fruits without a label /

*—and yet, what difference does it really make,
unless you know exactly what the label stands for?*

To be sure of quality you must buy canned fruits on the reputation of the brand. It's the quality inside the can that counts.

That's why it's so important to insist on DEL MONTE—and to be certain that you receive this dependable brand.

By specifying DEL MONTE you are always sure in advance of getting exactly what you want—tree-ripened fruits from the world's finest orchards—the same uniform goodness in every variety—the same certainty of satisfaction, no matter when or where you buy.

Why not order a supply of DEL MONTE now—and be ready for the months ahead? A well-filled pantry is a never-ending convenience! And a real help in adding new variety and flavor to cold-weather meals. Tell your grocer your requirements—but be sure you say DEL MONTE.

You should have a copy of "THE DEL MONTE Fruit Book." It contains the favorite recipe suggestions of America's best known cooking authorities. Sent free. Address Department 32M, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

©A Few Del Monte Varieties to Keep in Mind

| | |
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| Peaches, Melba Halves | Royal Anne Cherries |
| Peach Halves, both Yellow | Sliced Pineapple |
| Cling and Freestone | Crushed Pineapple |
| Sliced Peaches | Pears, Plums |
| Apricots | Asparagus, Spinach |

and many others.

*Be sure you say
DEL MONTE*

KRAFT CHEESE

The one season of the year when we never fail to think of good cheese, is here—the Christmas board would not be complete without it. Your safest assurance that it will be good cheese is to make sure it's Kraft Cheese.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO POCATELLO, IDAHO
KRAFT MACLAURIN CHEESE CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL, CANADA

Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese



Send 10c in coin or stamps for the new and enlarged
Recipe Booklet C12—"Cheese and Ways to Serve It."
Address, 406 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois.

For those who prefer to
buy in the original package,
Kraft Cheese is also packed
in one-half and 1-lb. cartons.

—DECIDEDLY BETTER—



SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS ARE IN OUR KITCHEN

Christmas Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, DIRECTOR



SARAH FIELD SPLINT TALKS ABOUT CHRISTMAS GOODWILL

WE have heard so much about good will at Christmas-time that most of us forget what it really means. Surely it is something more than an agreeable little emotion to be carried around for a few days and then put away until next year with the Christmas-tree ornaments. Good will is a habit like honesty or industry or generosity. It has to be worked for, and often when you are working hardest for it you stub your toe and say or do some petty or intolerant thing. Tolerance is the beginning of good will, just as love is the end of it. Even if we can't understand why people do things we can at least be tolerant. Right after Christmas I think I shall humbly start to cultivate tolerance for some of the viewpoints that differ from mine. Then next year I may not have to wait for holly and red ribbon to wipe out my dislikes and to set alight my annual supply of good will!



Let stand until lukewarm or until it reaches 110 degrees Fahrenheit when tested with thermometer, then beat with a spatula or fondant paddle until white and creamy. Add vanilla and knead with hands until smooth and free from lumps. Put into a covered jar, set in a cool place two or three days before using. If you desire to keep it for several weeks or longer, lay wax paper over jar and cover tightly.

FONDANT FUDGE

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| 4 squares chocolate | 1/4 cup milk |
| 2 cups sugar | 2/3 cup fondant |
| 2 tablespoons light corn sirup | 3 tablespoons butter |
| | 2 teaspoons vanilla |

Cut chocolate fine and put into saucepan. Add sugar, corn sirup and milk and mix well. Cook slowly, stirring until sugar dissolves. Continue to cook until a little dropped in cold water makes a soft ball or until thermometer registers 237 degrees Fahrenheit. Stir occasionally while cooking to prevent burning. When done, remove from fire, add butter and set aside until lukewarm. Then add vanilla and fondant and beat until no longer glossy and of the right consistency to mold. Press into a pan and cut in squares or use in the following ways:

Fudge-Nut Balls: Roll fudge into small balls, then roll in finely chopped blanched almonds, walnuts, pecans or pistachio nuts. Nut meats or bits of candied fruit can be rolled in the center of the balls if desired and the outsides left plain or rolled in dry cocoa. Two halves of walnut meats can be pressed into opposite sides of flattened balls to make another variation.

Fudge Rolls: Flatten out a lump of fudge to make a piece about 5 or 6 inches square and 1/4 inch thick, using a smooth greased surface on which to work. Flatten a similar lump of fondant, either white or colored. Trim the same shape as the piece of fudge but slightly smaller. Lay it on top of fudge and pat lightly together. Beginning at one end roll the candy up like a jelly roll with the fondant inside. The outside of the roll should be smooth and with fondant showing only at ends. Set aside in a cool place until firm, then slice in 1/8 inch slices, cleaning knife after each slice is cut. An attractive variation of this is made by using pink fondant and sprinkling it thickly with finely chopped, blanched

[Turn to page 40]

DURING the two years we have talked with numbers of homemakers on McCall Street, they all say that their three holiday problems are: "What gifts shall I give?" "How can I entertain easily?" and "What new foods can I serve?"

We are trying to answer the first question by giving you this month some tested recipes for delicious home-made candies, stuffed fruits and candied orange and grapefruit peel, which can be packed in dainty boxes and baskets.

Then we went shopping for other suggestions which might help you with your selection of gifts if candy isn't suitable. We found a dozen household helpers, reasonably priced, which any homemaker would welcome in her kitchen.

Mrs. Gunn discusses new hospitality-methods on her page, telling you about delightful holiday suppers that are easy to give. And the question of what new foods to serve is answered in a novel way by Day Monroe, who writes direct from Paris to tell you about the delectable French dishes she discovered last Christmas and how you can duplicate them in "these United States."

OUR CANDY-RECIPES

Here are our candy-recipes. If you are not used to making sweetmeats, experiment with them before it is time to pack your Christmas boxes.

PLAIN FONDANT

| | |
|------------------|------------------------------------|
| 2 cups sugar | 1 1/2 tablespoons light corn sirup |
| 1 1/3 cups water | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Cook sugar, water and corn sirup together in a saucepan, stirring constantly until sugar dissolves. Take spoon out and do not stir again while cooking. Cover saucepan and cook 3 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking until a little sirup forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water. If you use a thermometer, cook until 238 degrees Fahrenheit is reached. From time to time while candy is cooking, remove the crystals, which form on sides of pan, with a bit of damp cheesecloth wrapped around a fork or a clean stick. If allowed to stay, these crystals will make fondant grainy. Remove saucepan from fire as soon as the right stage or temperature is reached and pour at once into a cold, wet platter.



We filled one holiday box with Fudge-Nut Balls, Fudge Sandwich Cubes and gay little candy fruits molded from Marzipan.



Bright boxes and baskets like these, filled with home-made candies and stuffed fruits make delightful and welcome Christmas gifts.



We filled another box with Stuffed Dates, Prunes and Figs, Stuffed Candied Cherries and Candied Orange and Grapefruit Peel.

*In This
Simple, Convincing Way*

"SELL YOURSELF"

a

BEE-VAC



You hear men say that women can be sold *any* kind of an electric cleaner.

We know different. The astounding success of the Bee-Vac is proof that women are critical buyers.

They were quick to sense the remarkable value which the Bee-Vac offers.

"Electric Cleaner" Wise

The average woman knows what she wants in an electric cleaner.

Bee-Vac dealers, realizing this, do not attempt to *prove* its efficiency through strong claims, long arguments and other forced selling methods.

They have a more convincing, more courteous way. They say to women, "Let us send the Bee-Vac to your home—so you can *see for yourself* whether it is the cleaner you want."

If it does not sell itself—all by itself—they will not insist.

Comparison Tells

According to the Bee-Vac "Self Selling" plan you select three or four

BIRTMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY, Dept. M-151, Chicago, U. S. A.

BEE-VAC

Electric Cleaner

RAPID · THOROUGH · SAFE

Santa Claus Headquarters Are In Our Kitchen

[Continued from page 39]

pistachio nuts or almonds before rolling.

Sandwich Cubes: Press one-half the quantity freshly made fudge in a greased pan. Put a layer of fondant half as thick on top. Cover with another layer of remaining fudge. Set aside to become thoroughly hard. Cut in squares. If desired, the fudge may be put in three layers with two layers of white or different-colored fondant between.

MARZIPAN

Almond paste which is used so much in French candies can be purchased from a confectioner or made at home and when mixed with an equal quantity of vanilla fondant is called Marzipan, which is used to fill chocolates and bonbons. It is most attractive and delicious, however, when colored with vegetable coloring and molded into the shapes of fruit and vegetables, as apples, pears, bananas, strawberries, carrots, radishes, beets and so on. When these are firm, roll them in sugar and touch up with a small brush dipped in red or green vegetable coloring. For leaves and stems, use citron or angelica and for blossom-end, a whole clove. These are not difficult to make if you practise a little and they add a most attractive touch to a box of Christmas candy.

ALMOND PASTE

| | |
|--|-----------------------------|
| 1/2 pound confectioners' sugar | 1 egg white, beaten |
| 1/2 pound finely ground blanched almonds | 1/4 teaspoon almond extract |
| | 1/2 teaspoon salt |

Mix sugar and almonds together. Add beaten egg white and extract and knead with fingers until perfectly smooth and well blended. Add coloring if desired.

STUFFED DATES

Pit dates. Stuff with marshmallow, chopped candied orange or grapefruit peel, walnut meats or a mixture of fondant and chopped nuts. Roll in granulated sugar.

STUFFED PRUNES

Wash medium-sized perfect prunes, put into sieve and steam over boiling water for five minutes. Slit and remove seed. Stuff opening with plain vanilla fondant and decorate with bits of candied cherries, citron, nuts and small, bright-colored candies. Or stuff with a mixture of fondant, chopped canton-ginger and chopped nuts. If desired, prunes can be rolled in granulated sugar instead of decorated.

STUFFED FIGS

Use pulled figs for stuffing. Open at end or side or cut in half and stuff with marshmallows, chopped candied orange or grapefruit peel or fondant, either plain or mixed with nuts. If stuffed with plain fondant they may be garnished with whole blanched almonds and bits of candied cherries or citron stuck in the fondant.

STUFFED CANDIED CHERRIES

Cut cherries in petal shapes at one end and stuff with a small ball of vanilla fondant, white or colored, or with a whole blanched almond, plain, browned or salted.

CANDIED ORANGE PEEL

Grate off yellow outside rind of three oranges, then remove peel from orange in four sections. Mix 2 cups sugar with 1 cup water and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add peel to syrup and cook slowly until peel becomes transparent. Remove from syrup, drain thoroughly through coarse sieve. When cold and well-drained, cut in thin strips with a sharp knife. Roll each piece in granulated sugar and spread out on wax paper to dry again. Roll in sugar a second and third time if necessary.

CANDIED GRAPEFRUIT PEEL

Grate off outside yellow rind from two grapefruit, then remove peel from grapefruit in 8 sections. Put in cold water and

let soak over night. Drain. Mix 2 cups sugar and 1 cup water and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add peel and cook slowly until transparent. Remove from syrup and drain well in coarse sieve. When cold, cut in thin strips with a sharp knife. Roll each piece in granulated sugar and spread out on wax paper again to dry. Roll in sugar a second and third time if necessary.

DON'T YOU LIKE OUR CANDY-BOXES?

The photographs don't do them justice at all! The round boxes are of cardboard, gaily colored. In them we used lace-paper doilies and frills and silver foil cut in scallops. In the middle picture we have two charming baskets, one a little split willow melon basket with a perky bow of red tulle on its handle and silver scallops round its edge; and the other a small covered sewing basket of natural-colored grass with red and green woven in the top and round the sides. It, too, is lined with silver foil scallops. Partly concealed by its wax-paper lining is a delightful pasteboard box covered with imported wall-paper and shellacked. Then half hidden by it is a little three-cornered Buri trinket-basket which you can buy in nests of five assorted sizes or singly in several different sizes.

OUR OTHER GIFT-SUGGESTIONS

If you have no homemaker friend in mind to whom you want to give a utility gift, treat yourself to one of these as a Christmas present. Better still, persuade the family to give you as many of them as they can. They range in price from ten cents to five dollars.

At one store we found an oven thermometer which rests on a metal and asbestos base (\$2.00). At the same place there was a stainless steel paring knife with a bone handle for 75 cents. For 75 cents, also, we found sets of 5 graduated wooden mixing-spoons, made of fine white wood, well finished. Another useful article that the man of the family as well as the woman of the house will like is a combination ice-pick, cork-screw and bottle-opener, with a decorated wooden handle (\$1.25).

At another shop we found aluminum butter-slicers which slice an oblong print of butter into individual pats at one fell swoop (10 cents). This same place makes a specialty of glass oven-dishes in small and medium sizes and of heat-proof glass custard cups (10 cents).

At still another shop we found the most delightful tin cookie-cutters in all kinds of shapes—animals, birds, people, stars, hearts, diamonds—for 4 and 5 cents apiece, depending on the size.

A fourth store yielded us a new implement called a servesspoon for 50 cents. It serves literally dozens of useful purposes! It is of nickel-plated steel, is shaped like a shovel with two wide slits in it, and has a sharp edge for chopping parsley, onions and so forth. This same edge is useful for cleaning the pastry- or breadboard and for scraping pans and pots. With it you can remove bread, potatoes, corn on the cob, spinach and many other things from the vessel in which they are cooked, and it is excellent for turning fried food and for mixing batter. What more could you ask for fifty cents!

A set of 12 small fancy French vegetable cutters, so useful for garnishing, come in a tin case for \$2.00.

For \$3.00 we purchased a bright aluminum rice-ball, which looks like an overgrown tea-ball. In it you can cook rice to the *nth* degree of fluffiness.

Then for \$5.00 we bought a bright nickel casserole-frame which can be made large or small, round or oval to fit any size casserole from 6 to 12 inches in diameter. If you have a miscellaneous assortment of casseroles and baking-dishes you will welcome this adjustable frame.

Use only standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.



One of Ward's Seven Great Houses Is Near to You

THESE Seven Great Houses were built at big railway and mail centers so that one of them would be near to you—so that your orders would reach us quicker—*your goods would reach you quicker, and with less postage and freight for you to pay.*

Building these big plants in each section of the United States is part of our plan to *give you the quickest and best possible service.*

Their Combined Buying Power Brings You the Lowest Prices

One of these seven big stores could buy goods cheaply and sell goods at low prices, just as other stores do. But acting together, buying all together, their vast purchases enable us to buy and sell at *lower than market prices.*

Each season we go into the market with over Fifty Million dollars in cash. Think of that tremendous advantage. Car load lots, yes even the entire output of a factory is bought; the markets of the world are searched to secure goods of standard quality at prices lower than a smaller organization could possibly buy.

"What makes Ward's low prices possible?"

There you have your answer. *Our big cash buying for you and for over eight million other families.*

A \$50.00 Saving For You

Your Catalogue offers you a saving of \$50 this very season—but you must use the Catalogue to save this money. Turn to it *regularly* for everything you need to buy. Send all your orders to Ward's and there will be *an average cash saving of at least \$50 each season for You!*

We Never Sacrifice Quality to Make a Low Price

The assurance of better quality is yours every time you buy at Ward's. We make sure that every article we sell is dependable—that it will give good service. We would rather miss selling you than to disappoint you. Therefore, we offer no "price baits." Mere cheapness may get your first order—but satisfactory quality makes you our friend.



Use Your Catalogue

The opportunity is yours. One of these seven great Houses of Ward's is convenient to you. You have a copy of our Catalogue. Use your Catalogue. Send all your orders to Ward's. Your orders are shipped within 24 hours.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Baltimore

Chicago

Kansas City

St. Paul

Portland, Ore.

Oakland, Calif.

Fort Worth



"Just one more
story, Mother—"

As they tell "positively the last one tonight," mothers country-wide give silent thanks for the Perfection Heater. At less than two cents an hour, this portable heater radiates generous warmth to every corner of the room. Nothing to install, so it can be easily carried to any part of the house for quick warmth. See the new models at your dealer's today.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7000 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

The Perfection is a radiant heater

PERFECTION

Oil Heaters



Creamed Tuna Fish à la Croustade for a holiday supper

HOSPITABLE SUPPERS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

BY LILIAN M. GUNN

Department of Foods and Cookery,
Teachers College, Columbia University



HOスピALITY comes into its own at Christmas time. To invite or to be invited for Christmas dinner is not enough. What else can we do to keep love and good-will alight in our homes through holiday-week?

Have you ever tried a supper, inviting all the friends you and your family want? It need not be elaborate but it must be interesting and very filling. Make the table as festive as you can with holly or other greens and with red or green candles.

Here are two rules for Holiday Suppers: Choose for the main dish something which can easily be added to or enlarged in case of extra guests.

Plan to have some foods prepared in advance; as fruit cake, cookies and hermits, boiled or baked ham and tongue, candies, salted nuts and stuffed fruits.

And here are menus and recipes:

MENUS

*Creamed Tuna Fish à la Croustade
Pickles
Cheese Straws
Fruit Ice*

*Date Cakes
Bonnbons
Coffee*

*Chicken Chartreuse
Christmas Sandwiches
Celery
Raisin Tarts
Tea or Coffee*

*Crab-Meat Fancies
Emergency Biscuits
Orange Salad with Russian Dressing
Meringues filled with Ice-Cream
Salted Pecans and Raisins
New Year's Cakes
Coffee*

*Cold Cuts
Fluffy Cheese Biscuits
Grape-Juice Salad
Assorted Stuffed Fruits
Chocolate Charlotte
Cookies
Coffee*

Chicken Chartreuse

*2 tablespoons butter
1 cup milk
1/2 tablespoons flour
1 hard-cooked egg*

*1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup cream
4 tablespoons flour
3/4 cup cream fish
2 tablespoons chopped parsley*

CREAMED TUNA FISH A LA CROUSTADE

Cut slices of stale bread three inches thick. Cut into rounds by marking a circle with a round cutter on top of each slice of bread and cutting with a sharp-pointed knife. Remove the center, leaving a wall $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick on bottom and sides. Cut the top edge in points with scissors. Fry in deep fat to a golden brown. Fill with a mixture of creamed tuna fish made as follows:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups celery cut in small pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
4 tablespoons flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Parboil celery 10 minutes. Drain. Melt shortening, add flour, salt and pepper and mix well. Add the milk and cream gradually and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add celery and tuna fish flaked in small pieces. Add chopped parsley. Fill the croustades. Garnish top of each with a slice of hard-cooked egg, a bit of parsley and a dash of paprika.

CRAB-MEAT FANCIES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 hard-cooked egg
2 cups crab meat
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Few grains cayenne
1/2 teaspoon mustard
Rounds of toast

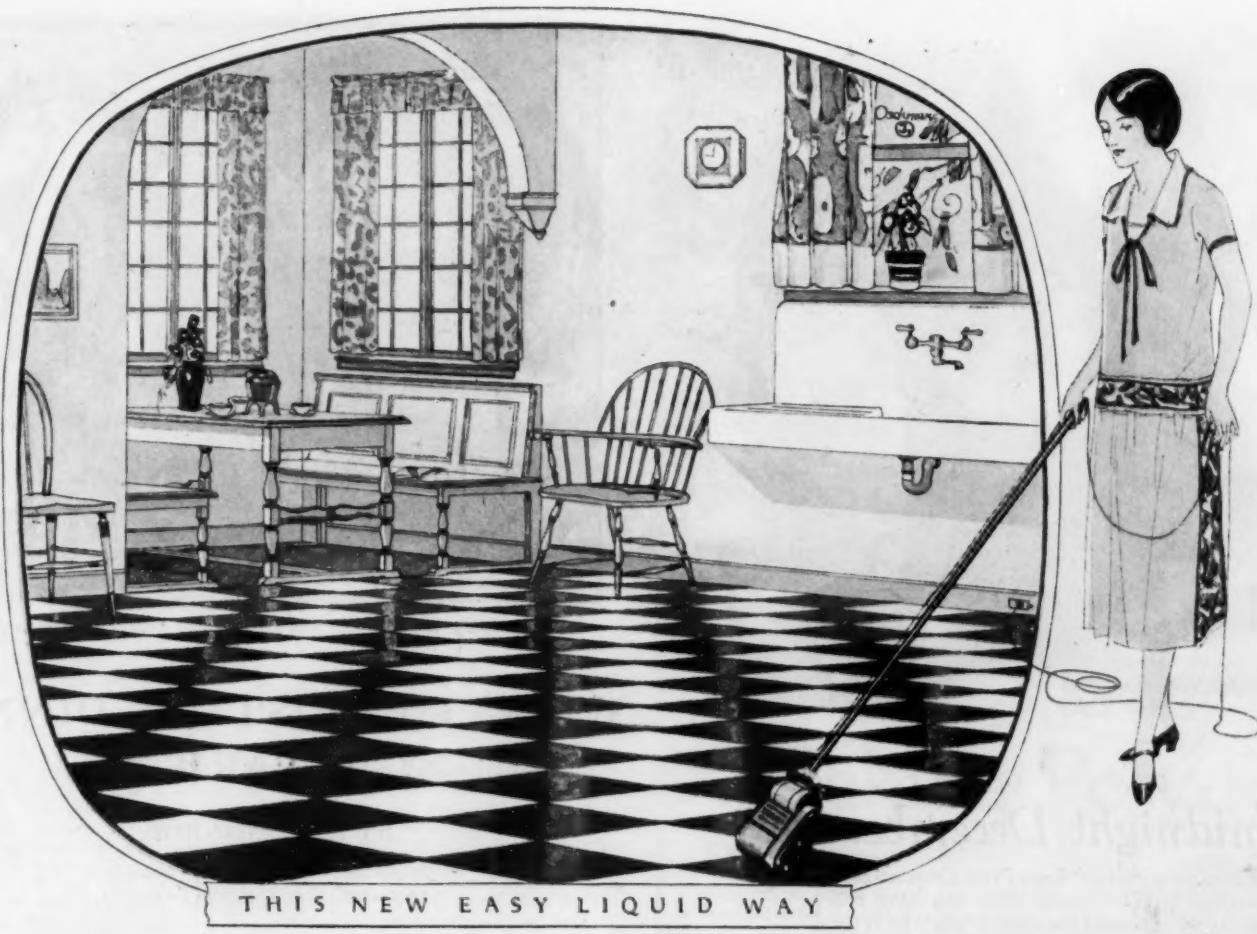
Melt butter and stir in flour, salt, paprika, cayenne and mustard. Add milk slowly, stirring to prevent lumping. Cook in double boiler until thick. Chop egg fine and add to flaked crab meat, add lemon juice and mix well. Combine with sauce and pile on rounds of toast arranged on platter or individual plates. Garnish with parsley and serve very hot.

CHICKEN CHARTREUSE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced
cooked chicken
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs
1 egg
Chicken stock to
moisten, if necessary

[Turn to page 62]

Use standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.



JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

*no stooping, kneeling
or soiling of your hands*

HERE'S a new, easy way to make your linoleum look more beautiful, clean much easier and last years longer. Just give it the Johnson Wax treatment—this takes but a few minutes—there's no mess—no rags or pails—and it is as easy as running a carpet sweeper.

All you do is pour Johnson's Liquid Wax on a Lamb's-wool Mop and apply a thin, even coat. This cleans the floor and, at the same time, deposits a protecting film of Wax. Allow five or ten minutes for the Wax to harden—then a few easy strokes of the Weighted Brush will quickly bring up a beautiful, durable, dirt-repellent polish that accentuates the pattern and color. And afterwards your linoleum will require little or no washing—ordinary dry dusting will keep it immaculate.

All the leading manufacturers of linoleum earnestly recommend Johnson's Liquid Wax for cleaning, polishing and preserving inlaid linoleum.

A Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit is all you need to put and keep your floors and linoleum in perfect condition. It includes Johnson's Liquid Wax—a Lamb's-wool Mop for applying the Wax—and a Weighted Brush for polishing.

The New Electric Way

For those who like to perform their household duties electrically we have perfected the Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher. This marvelous little machine instantly, and without labor, brings floors and linoleum to a perfect gloss. It polishes under kitchen cabinets, davenport, beds, etc., without moving the furniture. Operates directly from any light socket. It is simple—compact—light in weight. Easy to operate. Sturdily built to last a lifetime and guaranteed absolutely. Priced surprisingly low. For sale at leading stores—write for Free Folder.



You can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher by the day for a nominal sum from any store maintaining a Johnson Service Department



**\$6.65 Floor Polishing
Outfit for \$5.00**

This Outfit consists of:
 1 Quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax..... \$1.40
 1 Johnson Lamb's-wool Wax Mop..... 2.50
 1 Johnson Weighted Floor Polishing Brush 3.50
 1 Johnson Book on Home Beautifying... .25
 \$6.65

A Saving of \$1.65!

This offer is good at department, drug, furniture, grocery, hardware and paint stores. It sells in Canada for the same price, \$7.00.

**S. C. JOHNSON & SON
RACINE WISCONSIN**



At midnight, December 1st!

The Pillsbury Health Bran Prize Contest closes December 1, 1925—until then you have every chance to win one of the cash prizes which total

\$1,000 in Gold

THE close of the Pillsbury Health Bran Contest is just around the corner. In a little while our committee of domestic scientists will decide upon the sixty-three housewives who will share \$1,000 in gold. A few minutes spent in your kitchen—and at your desk—and your name may be among the winners! We want favorite recipes for bran muffins, bran bread, bran cookies, or novel

ideas for serving Pillsbury's Health Bran in any form. We wish to discover the many clever ways ingenious housewives are serving Pillsbury's Health Bran. We want you to give us a list of the five (5) best ways you know of using Pillsbury's Bran, either favorite recipes or original ways of serving it. To secure the best group of five suggestions, we are offering the following prizes:

\$1,000 in PRIZES

| | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------|-------|
| First Prize | · · · · · | \$200 |
| For each of the next six | · · · · · | 50 |
| For each of the next six | · · · · · | 25 |
| For each of the next twenty | · · · · · | 10 |
| For each of the next thirty | · · · · · | 5 |

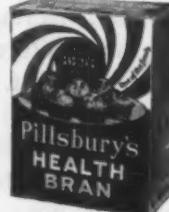
This contest will close Dec. 1, 1925 (entries must bear postmark not later than December 1). Winners will be announced in the Literary Digest Feb. 13 and by mail to all contestants. Three competent domestic scientists will make awards. In event of ties, the prize tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.

Read These Directions

Remember, 63 awards are offered for the best groups of five suggestions. You may submit as many groups as you desire but each group should consist of exactly five (5) suggestions, neither more nor less. Any of the five may be recipes containing Pillsbury's Health Bran or merely ideas for original uses. We want your ideas—literary merit is not required.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour · Pancake Flour · Buckwheat Pancake Flour
Health Bran · Wheat Cereal · Rye Flour · Graham Flour · Farina



One of the family

Pillsbury's Health Bran



The real event of the supper was the bûche de Noël or Christmas Log

WE EAT CHRISTMAS DINNER IN PARIS

BY DAY MONROE

Instructor in Foods and Cookery,
Teachers College, Columbia University

FROM the Christmas eve midnight-service at Saint Eustache's we walked home through a fairy-tale city—Paris by moonlight!

A soft blanket of snow lay over its old palaces and its bare trees.

At the pension where we are staying we found that Madame had prepared a surprise-supper for us. In the dining-room a log was burning brightly in the open fireplace and the table was spread with a pretty cloth, with corners of filet lace and dainty rectangular napkins to match.

The first course of the supper was open sandwiches of almonds and Roquefort cheese. Madame had made these by adding to the cheese about half its weight of butter, working it to a thick paste with a fork. Then she added almonds, browned and chopped. This mixture was spread on thin slices of bread. Bits of pimento were used to decorate each sandwich and gave a delightful holiday touch.

The real event of the supper was the cake—not the Christmas fruit cake we would have had at home but the French

bûche de Noël or Christmas log, looking for all the world as though it had just been cut from a tree, with its brown bark, a light sprinkling

of snow on one side and a bit of mistletoe falling over one end. It seemed a pity to eat it! But of course we did, and because it was so good and so different we went to the school for chefs and had the pâtissier or pastry-cook teach us how it is made. Here is his recipe:

BUCHE DE NOEL

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 4 egg yolks | 2/3 cup flour |
| 1/3 cup sugar | 3 egg whites |
| 3/4 teaspoon baking- powder | 3 tablespoons melted butter |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla | |

Beat egg yolks until light-colored and add sugar gradually, continuing the beating. Fold in flour sifted with baking-powder, then stiffly beaten egg whites. Add butter, melted but not heated enough to discolor as this would change its flavor. Add vanilla. Do not stir mixture any more than is absolutely necessary after adding flour.

[Turn to page 45]



Madame's Christmas Charlotte was in a gay holiday mood!



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| For each of the next thirty | · | · | · | · | · | 5 |

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eat it! But of course we did, and because

it was so good and so different we went
to the school for chefs and had the *pâtis-*

tier or pastry-cook teach us how it is
made. Here is his recipe:

BUCHE DE NOEL

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 4 egg yolks | 2/3 cup flour |
| 1/3 cup sugar | 3 egg whites |
| 1/4 teaspoon baking- powder | 3 tablespoons melted butter |
| | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Beat egg yolks until light-colored and add sugar gradually, continuing the beating. Fold in flour sifted with baking-powder, then stiffly beaten egg whites. Add butter, melted but not heated enough to discolor as this would change its flavor. Add vanilla. Do not stir mixture any more than is absolutely necessary after adding flour.

[Turn to page 45]



Madame's Christmas Charlotte was in a gay holiday mood!



WE EAT CHRISTMAS DINNER IN PARIS

[Continued from page 44]



Brush pieces of writing paper with melted butter and place on a baking-sheet or in a shallow rectangular pan about fourteen inches long. Over them spread cake mixture in a layer one-half inch thick. Spread batter evenly, since there must be no humps or hollows in the finished cake.

Bake for 7 or 8 minutes in an oven at 415° F. We use this very hot oven so the cake will bake quickly and not dry out and become crumbly. Remove from oven, invert pan and allow cake to cool with pan over it. This makes it more moist and easier to roll.

When cold, remove pan and paper. Trim off the crisp edges of cake which would not roll easily. Cut a strip about two inches wide from one end of cake. Spread cake and strip thickly with chocolate frosting made by the recipe given below. Roll cake as you would roll a jelly roll, cover roll with frosting. With the strip cut from cake make two small rolls. Place these on the large one, slanting them so they will look like stumps remaining after branches have been cut from the tree trunk. Fasten on with toothpicks if necessary. Cover them with frosting. With a fork draw irregular lines from one end of the roll to the other, giving the frosting the rough appearance of the bark of a tree. With angelica and tiny white candies make a sprig of mistletoe or use an artificial or real sprig and let it fall over one end of the log. Sprinkle log sparingly with powdered sugar to look as if a light snowfall has coated only one side of the tree.

CREME AU BEURRE, OR BUTTER FROSTING

This is the French butter cream, used on so many of their delicious pastries. It is very rich. The pastry cooks like it because it holds its shape and can be used as an ornamental frosting, in a pastry-tube or bag, and does not chip or dry out. It can be colored or flavored in a variety of ways. Chocolate is added here to give the color of the tree bark but it can be omitted and vegetable coloring used instead.

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
1 teaspoon corn syrup, or
tiny pinch cream of tartar
3 egg yolks
1 ounce (1 square) chocolate, melted
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla



Cook together sugar, water and corn syrup (or cream of tartar) until it forms a thread (240° F.). Beat egg yolks until light-colored and pour syrup into them slowly, beating constantly while adding. Add melted chocolate and beat until mixture cools. Soften butter by working it with a fork. Do not heat or melt it. Add to egg mixture, a rounded tablespoon at a time, beating it in with a fork or wire whip. Add vanilla. When all butter has been added, frosting should be firm enough to spread without losing its shape. If kitchen is very warm, it may be necessary to set frosting in a

pan of ice-water and beat it until of the right consistency to spread without running. It must be beaten while cooling or it will harden on the sides of the pan and become lumpy. This frosting cannot be used on a warm cake as the heat of the cake would melt it and make it run.

OUR CHRISTMAS TURKEY

Madame insists she does not know a word of our language but she knows Americans well enough to realize that Christmas is the one day of the year when even the most hardened globe-trotter may be homesick. So she celebrated the day for us almost in the American fashion.

For dinner we had a turkey, young and tender but with a stuffing not at all like those of our own country. Madame says a stuffing of nothing more than seasoned bread crumbs is unworthy of a turkey! So she shelled large chestnuts, removed the inner skin by blanching them in hot water, dried them, sautéed them in butter until they were golden brown and filled the turkey with them. During the first part of his roasting the turkey was placed in the pan, breast down, so that the light meat would be juicy and seasoned by the chestnuts. Toward the last he was turned over so the breast could brown.

ANOTHER DELICIOUS STUFFING

Since chestnuts are rather scarce in our country and somewhat expensive, we recommend for your Christmas turkey a delicious stuffing which Madame often uses in our Sunday chicken.

| | |
|---|--|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter or butter substitute | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stoned olives |
| 1 tablespoon chopped onion | 1 cup chestnuts, shelled, blanched and cut in halves |
| 1 quart bread, cut in half-inch cubes | 2 hard-cooked eggs, cut in pieces |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, cut in small pieces | Hot water, to moisten |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sage | 1 teaspoon salt |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper |

Melt butter in an iron frying pan. Add onion and fry a golden brown. Add one cup bread cubes and brown, stirring constantly to prevent burning. Add celery which has been cooked tender in boiling water, the water in which it has been cooked and remainder of bread cubes. Add sage, olives, chestnuts and eggs and enough water to make bread soft but not soggy. Add salt and pepper and cook mixture for about fifteen minutes, stirring frequently, until whole mass is thoroughly mixed and there are no separate cubes of bread. This long cooking blends seasonings.

If you live where you cannot get chestnuts, substitute 1 cup cooked oysters. "Be sure they are cooked before you add them to the stuffing," says Madame, "because the heat inside the turkey is not sufficient to cook them."

MADAME'S GAY DESSERT

The dessert for Madame's Christmas dinner was the gayest-looking pudding I have ever seen. It was [Turn to page 62]

Use only standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level



87%
of these
New York State Club Women say—
“I prefer Cream
of Tartar
Baking Powder”

WHEN you want an opinion from a group of forward-looking housewives whose homes represent America's best standards and traditions, where better can you go than to the women's clubs?

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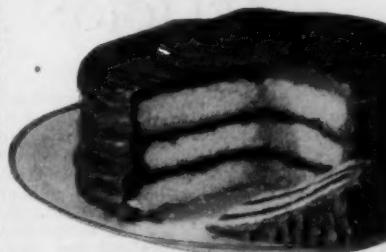
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as I stood in the doorway just looking about, "that we were especially anxious this time to have this room just as you left it, and he said he'd have to send roses for it then, because he always had."

I slipped my arm around her neck and looked at her sharply.

"Are you really awfully happy, Phyl?" I asked wistfully.

"Why you old doubtin' Thomas of a Meg Meadows. You think that anybody not married to Jim Merrill couldn't possibly be happy. I tell you that that young Carter and I are in love."

Phyl's flippancy was all gone, her face softened to an unusual loveliness; her eyes were like stars. So many times I had sat, poking the embers of that little fire, feeling just the way Phyl looked. I swallowed a lump of magnificent proportions as I kissed her and shut the door.

I don't really believe Mother could have heard me crying; I think she must have just felt it. For though I never was one of these people who weep silently, I had all but swallowed my pillow when I was horrified to see the door open quietly and Mother slip in. She didn't say a single word, just straightened out the pillows, slipped her arm under my shoulders and smoothed back my hair. I don't remember when she did leave, for after a while I went to sleep; and next morning, when she gave not the slightest sign, I wondered if I had dreamed it. There's no fooling my Mother under any circumstances.

Both she and Phyl came in that night as I was dressing.

"I want you to look simply gorgeous, Meg," said Phyl. "So many of the girls are wearing their old trousseau things and they don't take any care about arranging their hair; it's no wonder they can't dig their husbands out of the smoking room with a steam shovel."

"I know one prospective husband who won't want to smoke much," said I. Phyl is so lovely in green!

"And if old Jim could only see you in that blue and silver!"

After they had gone, Nanny brought up a great box of gorgeous roses. I had a momentary flare of hope while I searched for the card; it was Carter Harrison's. "Will I do?" I said to Dad, as I slipped into the library to say goodnight.

He stood me off and turned me around. Then: "You are the image of your mother, Meg," he said quietly and my heart warmed happily for a minute before it settled back into a lump.

And even now it settles into such a lump every time I think of that dance. I wondered, that night, if anything less than a geologist could reckon my age.

Most of the people dancing were Phyl's group or younger, the school set, a lot of them. Some of the young married crowd were there of course, but Phyl had hit the nail on the head with her usual accuracy. We sat in an alcove while they

were

RIGID ROTATION

[Continued from page 21]

talked baby foods and feeding schedules and whooping cough; their husbands were hopelessly lost in the blue haze of the smoking room. Carter dug me out at religiously regular intervals; or perhaps some callow youth came who had an ax to grind with him or with Phyl. Once in a while, one of the meeker husbands, always the worst dancers, would ask me to dance, and we would expose ourselves timorously to bump after bump from the galloping youngsters.

Amy Mullin's husband, John, and I were executing a dance with more realism than relish when an idea occurred to me. I couldn't help comparing him to Jim who always dances better than anybody else I ever danced with. I wondered miserably how soon he would write to ask when I'd be home, or if he would write at all. The orchestra stopped. While the youngsters encored boisterously, John pulled his watch from his pocket and stifled a yawn.

"Eleven-ten," he said briefly, as if he had hoped it would be at least midnight.

Without a word I left him standing there in the middle of the floor. Carter was leaning against a pillar waiting for a chance to cut in on Phyl, and I fairly ran to him.

"Carter, it's only eleven-ten, and I'd give my heart to make that twelve o'clock train."

"Well," said Carter grinning, "at one time I might have been interested, but you see for yourself the position I'm in now—"

"I mean it, Carter, I'm in dead earnest."

"Oh well then! Does Phyl know?"

"You get the car, and I'll tell her."

He was waiting beside the car and came to help me as I teetered on high heeled slippers down the long icy walk at the foot of the Club steps.

At home I crammed a few things into my bag, found my hat and purse, and slipped quietly downstairs. A line of light showed under the library door, and I surprised Carter in the act of looking through the key-hole.

"Coast clear?" I whispered.

"Can't tell," said Carter. "They're out of my line of vision."

"They? Who?"

"If I knew, would I be looking through the key-hole?" asked Carter.

"But what difference does it make?"

"To go or not to go—that is the question. If I heard what I thought I did, the emphasis is on the *not*."

"What on earth could you have heard?"

"Well," said Carter, "no use 'rousing any false hopes. It would be too good to be true. Nothing ever yet turned up to save me from one of your wild goose chases. But," hopefully, "I would like to know who is in that room."

"Have you tried the transom," I asked hatefully. "You seemed to take instinctively to the key-hole."

"By George!" said he.

"That's the idea."

A quick glance around the hall, however, showed nothing which could be moved transom-ward without rousing the neighbors.

"Well," said Carter resignedly, dropping down on all fours, "step up on my back, but never mind lingering."

As a matter of fact, by this time, I was just in the mood to step on Carter. I did so and took no pains whatever to be gentle. By clinging to the lower edge of the transom, I could just see over.

I don't know how what followed did follow. Carter says that in my excitement at what I saw, I tramped around on his neck, and a French heel boring into the base of his skull is one thing he said he has never endured from any lady—and never will. At all events, the next thing I knew, I had lost my footing entirely, and was clinging frantically to the edge of the transom, treading thin air, and trying to locate Carter with the toe of my slipper. At that instant the library door flew open, somebody lowered me to the floor, and I stood face to face with Dad—and Jim!

"Something in the way of an elopement?" asked Dad, glancing at Carter.

Then Carter—instead of acting like a rational being—dropped my bag as if it had suddenly become red hot, mumbled something about having left the motor running and fairly melted away. Dad followed him out to the drive.

In the library, I turned to Jim with my heart in my throat. He was so tall and splendid, so mighty good-looking; not bold or fat, or too thoroughly married looking at all. I thought I'd like to spend the next day or two just looking at him and regaining my lost youth.

"Where were you bound for, Meg," he asked, helping me off with my cloak.

"W-w-averly."

"I thought so," he said, and suddenly his arms closed 'round me, cloak and all.

I was clinging to his coat lapels with both hands, waiting for my upper lip to stiffen up a bit so that I could say: "Jim—those awful things I said—I've been so heart sick."

"Well," said Jim with his old smile, mopping my tears with his handkerchief, "that goes for two, you bet! When Doc Dreer told me yesterday that Mother's heart trouble is two thirds imagination, I didn't lose a minute, and I thought I'd never get here at that."

"Next year we'll go to Waverly," I offered grandly, as Jim pulled me down close beside him in Dad's big chair.

"Rigid Rotation, huh?"

The clock over the fireplace chimed twelve; down town the bells began to sing out; outside, the snow beat softly against the windows; inside, Jim was rubbing his cheek against my hair as we sat dreaming into the dying fire. It was Christmas morning, and felt just like it.

RELIGION AS A STIMULUS TO SUCCESS

[Continued from page 2]

because women are the mothers, and are primarily responsible for the atmosphere of our homes, and the religious training of our families. The things that are happening today that educate women, that give them breadth of view and bigness of heart, interest in mechanical affairs are highly commendable. The things that make them shirk motherhood, that make them narrow and selfish, that set them drinking and gambling, that drive them to find their entertainment in cabarets, cafes, and hotels instead of home, are greatly to be deplored. I put my ideal of a wife and mother into a book of mine entitled, "Laddie." To my mind, my mother was an example of the highest type of housekeeper, a proud woman, beautifully dressed, interested in politics, religion, and all social problems and at the same time mother to her dozen, keeping an immaculate house, and lending her influence and experience to the education of each and everyone of her children.

All my literary life the critics have been accusing me of writing syrupy books that were not true to life. A greater lie never

was uttered. The books I have written are absolutely true to life. What my truth with which I have cared to deal is critics fail to discern is that fact that the truth to the best in life. I have merely written about honesty and kindness and love for my fellowmen, and let other writers who felt at home with the subjects, handle prostitution, and the various forms of vice. I am not such a fool that I do not know that the world is full of these things. It is simply that I do not elect to write concerning them, being content to devote my work to the betterment and development of mankind through a love of God and the outdoors, fair dealing, and honest, clean living.

In my childhood I used to know a woman who fretted for fear there was not any place big enough to contain the souls of all the people who passed on! She was worried for fear there was not room enough in the universe for Heaven! There is no need for the little old lady to worry about there being no room for Heaven. We are scarcely a drop in the bucket of the universe.

I cannot think of the immensity of this subject without my mind falling into an attitude of worship, and my belief in a living God is exactly as strong as my belief in day, night, revolution, and rotation. And the direct result of this has been anything that I have been able to do with my brain or with my pen.

And I do not believe that God wants us to "humbly bow down at His feet." I believe God wants us to hold up our heads, and carry a garland and a banner; to keep our feet straight in the narrow way; to march toward Him singing songs of praise, thanksgiving and triumph. I have no use for the old "worms of the dust" idea.

I believe we are making the biggest mistake that any men or women can make in all this world, if we attempt to separate the spiritual from the material; if we try to live a life according to physical requirements and material professions, and leave from it the great inborn impulse to make music, to dance, to build homes, to rear families, and to worship.

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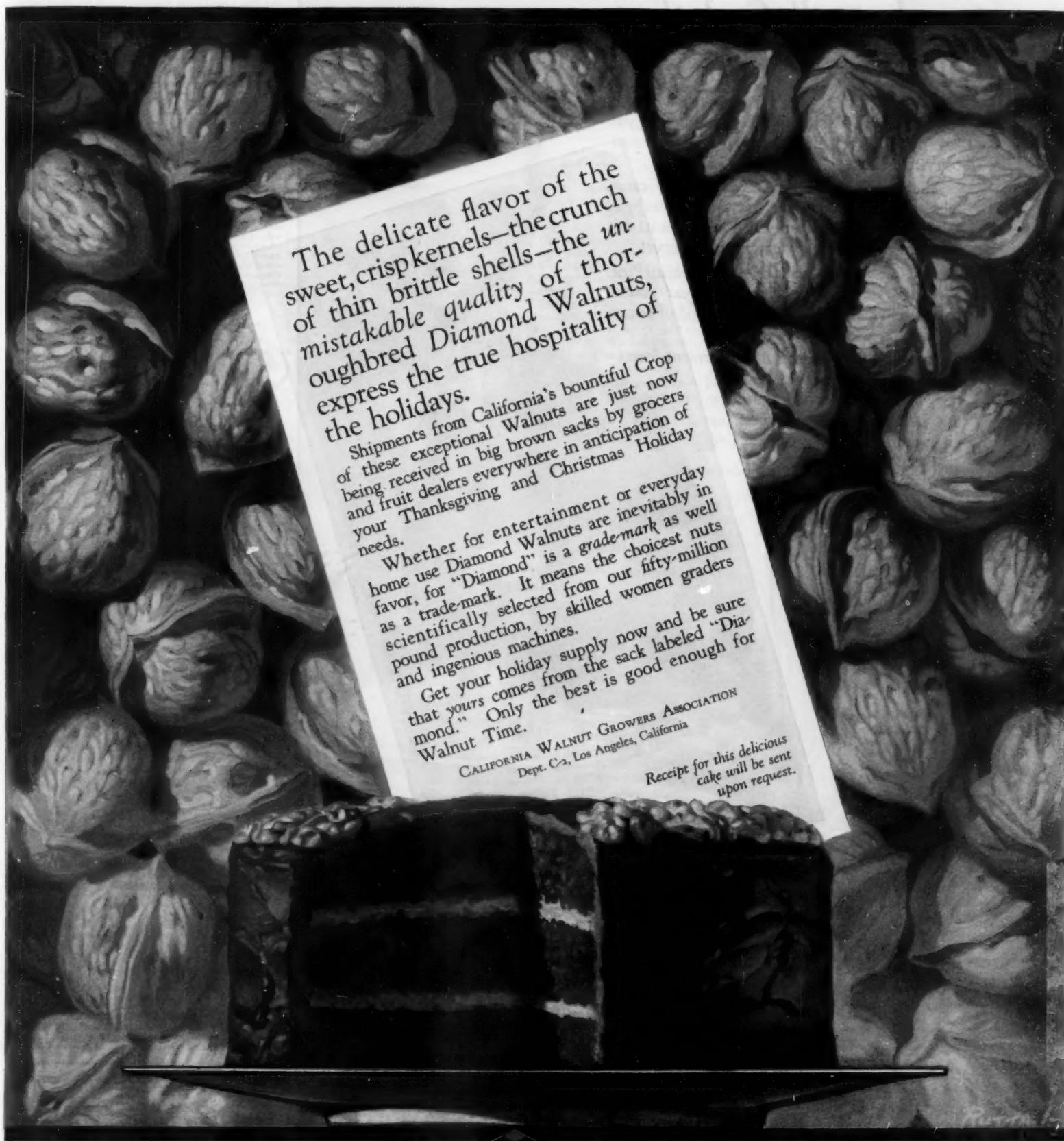
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Also try these PINEAPPLE DAINTIES

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE ALOHA (Illustrated at the left): Heat 2 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple in a double boiler. Mix 5 level tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and a few grains of salt. Add the hot pineapple and cook in the double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Add the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon and 2 egg yolks and cook until eggs thicken, continuing to stir. Pour into a baked crust. Add 5 tablespoons sugar to 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and spread over the top. Brown in a moderate oven.

PINEAPPLE GELATINE PIE: Line a pie plate with pastry and bake at 300° F. for 12 minutes. Soak 2 tablespoons of gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of cold water 5 minutes. Heat 3 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and softened gelatin. Stir until sugar and gelatin are dissolved. Chill, stirring frequently. Whip 1 pint cream and fold into mixture. When it begins to set, cool until mixture will pile on spoon, turn into baked crust and chill thoroughly before serving.

ROYAL FRUIT SALAD: Arrange young lettuce leaves on salad plates and place a slice of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple on each. On this place a slice of orange, then a layer of chin quince slices and top with a strawberry. Finely chop well-washed, fresh mint leaves and sprinkle over all. Cover with a whipped cream salad dressing. This salad makes an excellent dessert.

EGGS HAWAIIAN: Remove shells from 6 hard-cooked eggs, cut eggs in two lengthwise and remove yolks. Form a paste with egg yolks, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, a pinch of cayenne and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Put mixture back into egg whites. Place slices of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple on serving plates and arrange a border of softened cream cheese around the edge of each slice. Place two egg halves on top of each slice and serve with Russian salad dressing. Garnish each plate with a small portion of finely chopped onion and pimento.



PINEAPPLE AND LAMB CHOPS (Illustrated above): From the famous restaurants which Americans frequent in Europe, as well as from famous hotels all over the United States, comes the word that "Lamb Chops and Pineapple," this season, is becoming as famous as "Ham and Eggs." Enjoy this treat at home! Nothing could be simpler. Just broil lamb chops in the usual way; then serve them with slices of Hawaiian Pineapple — fried, or just as they come from the can.



PINEAPPLE CAKE GLACE (Illustrated above): Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fat, gradually adding $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar. Add 1 well-beaten egg. Sift $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and add to first mixture alternately with 1 cup cold water. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in an iron spider and add 1 cup brown sugar, stirring until smooth. Spread with a layer of well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, pour batter over this, and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out on a plate, cool thoroughly, spread with whipped cream, and serve.



SOUTH SEA ISLAND SALAD (Illustrated above): Place a slice of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple on a nest of lettuce. Peel a banana and cut in two lengthwise and again crosswise. Arrange on pineapple slice, radiating from center. Place a spoonful of cottage cheese in center and garnish with a slice of pimento. Serve with French dressing.

PINEAPPLE EGG NOG: Beat the yolk of 1 egg slightly, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon powdered sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of syrup drained from Canned Hawaiian Pineapple. Add half of the stiffly beaten egg white and when well mixed pour into a glass. Heap remainder of egg white on top and sprinkle with nutmeg.

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CANNED FOODS WEEK — NOVEMBER 9-11

"But you won't chuck me on that account?" said Gaspard, just a tinge of anxiety in his tone.

"Good man alive, no!" said Bill. He looked at Gaspard with a twinkle. "I'm getting rather fond of you."

THE news of Molly Morton's engagement to old General Farjeon spread like wildfire through the town and completely eclipsed that of her sister Lottie to the curate. It became in fact the talk of the whole countryside. Just before the wedding she created a sensation by arriving home one afternoon in a brand-new two-seater car.

"My fiancé has made me a present," she explained carelessly to the astonished group of acquaintances gathered at the Rectory for tea. She's a decent little bus. Care to come and look at her?"

Everyone crowded to do so, and many exclamations of admiration and congratulation were poured forth.

The wedding was to take place on a Monday. Everyone prophesied a fine day and all the preparations were made with a view to the prophecy being fulfilled. And so, when the wettest day of the whole summer dawned, no one was prepared for it.

Mrs. Morton was almost in tears.

In the midst of the argument, Molly swung into the room. "There's only one thing to be done," she said, "and I'm going to do it. You'll have to have the reception at Hatchstead Place."

Her announcement took everyone's breath away. But Molly evidently meant what she said, and was fully assured that her intention could be carried out. After a brief breakfast she salled forth in the car to lay the matter before her fiancé.

He was still at breakfast when she sauntered in upon him.

"Hullo! Hullo!" was his greeting. "Just in time for a kidney!"

"Thanks! I've fed," said Molly. "I've just come round to tell you that we're in a hole. There's no room in the Rectory for the reception, so, can we have the drawing-room here?"

"What?" said the General. He stared at Molly. "Hold a wedding reception here?"

"Why not?" said Molly. "You're going to get married yourself, aren't you?"

She perched on the edge of the breakfast-table just out of his reach and sent him a brief smile of encouragement.

"That's a very different thing," said the General.

"Yes, it is," Molly agreed. "I vote we don't go in for all this stupid show ourselves. But you know what the people are, and they've let themselves in for it now. So be a brick and let us have the drawing-room! You know you never use it. If you won't, I'm off."

She turned to go, but in spite of his age the General could be agile upon occasion. He started up and caught her.

"Well, is it 'Yes'?" she said.

"Oh, I suppose so," said the General. "But I'm going to keep you for five minutes, whatever you say. You're not in such a mighty hurry that you can't spare me that. What have you been doing?"

"Don't know," said Molly. "There's been all this fuss over Lottie's wedding. I'm sick to death of weddings."

"When are you going to have your own?" asked the General.

"Don't know," said Molly again.

Her tone was not encouraging, but the General, who had never cultivated tact, elected to pursue the subject. "About time we began to think about it, eh? You'll have much more fun when you're married, you know."

"Oh?" said Molly.

Her face was slightly turned from him. He held her fondly. "What's the matter with my Molly?"

"Nothing. Don't tease me!" she said.

Something in her voice moved him to comply with her request.

Then, as suddenly as she had relaxed, Molly sat up again. "Time's up! I'm going. I shall be back in a jiffy, but I must just let them know at the Rectory. Thanks awfully!" She kissed him perfunctorily on the forehead. "You're rather a dear, whatever they may say. I'll marry you tomorrow if you like."

She disengaged herself and sprang to the door, caught, as it were, in a whirlwind of energy. She looked in again ere she closed it, and threw him another kiss.

A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY

[Continued from page 26]

At the gates she encountered another car and narrowly avoided a collision.

Somewhat to her surprise the other car pulled up and at the next moment, to her unbounded astonishment the same form of Stafford emerged.

"Hullo—Molly!" he said.

He spoke without agitation, but his face was twitching a little. He laid a hand on hers, restraining her.

She looked up at him desperately. "What—what do you want?"

"I thought I'd come to the wedding," explained Stafford, in his casual unhurried voice. "You don't mind, I hope?"

"Mind!" gasped Molly. "But why should I? It isn't my wedding!"

"Oh, I know that," said Stafford. His eyes looked straight down into hers, so that she could not look away. "But I'm coming to yours too, if you'll have me."

Suddenly she was trembling violently from head to foot. "No, I don't want you at mine. I—I—I—couldn't!"

"Couldn't you?" said Stafford. He bent lower over her. They were quite alone in the drenching rain. His face was close to hers. "Couldn't you, Molly?" he said.

She tried to draw back from him. Her distress was obvious, childishly uncontrollable. "Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" she cried out piteously. "Why did you come?"

"Just to ask you that," he made answer, maintaining his customary serenity with a great effort. "Won't you have me, Molly? Won't you?"

His voice was quiet, but his eyes spoke to her in a language there was no mistaking, and Molly, with a wild burst of tears, suddenly flung out her arms to him, crying, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" against his breast.

Lottie's wedding certainly exceeded her wildest dreams in grandeur.

The General was late at the church and was searching the crowd for Molly when she eventually made her appearance behind the other bridesmaids, walking with Stafford.

For almost the first time in her life she looked embarrassed and ill at ease at sight of him, though her companion wore his customary air of complacency. The General fought his way without ceremony to her side. He secured her by sheer force, ignoring his nephew with savage contempt; and while the bride and bridegroom drove away from the house in a station taxi, he thrust Molly into his own car and bore her away in triumph, leaving Stafford on the path.

"That'll teach him!" he said, as he settled himself beside her. "By gad, if he dares to come near you again, I'll give him a horsewhipping!"

Molly broke into an unexpected laugh. She was looking even prettier in her wedding finery than she had looked that morning, and the General experienced a vehement desire to kiss her. He suppressed it, however, for notwithstanding her laughter she did not appear to be in a mood for demonstrations.

"What has he been saying to you?" he demanded, as she did not explain her mirth. "Did he tell you he was going to be married?"

"Yes," said Molly. "And what did you say?"

"I congratulated him," said Molly. The General grunted. There was something he could not quite fathom in her manner. "Anything else?" he asked.

"Yes," said Molly. "He asked if he might come to my wedding."

"The devil he did!" ejaculated the General. "And what did you say?"

"I said 'Yes,' of course," said Molly. The General growled. He thought that Molly had gone a little too far for once.

"And when is that going to be?" he asked after a moment.

"In as short a time as it takes to get a license," said Molly promptly.

He came out of his brief displeasure.

"Do you mean that?"

She nodded carelessly. "I do."

"Then I'll go up and get one to-morrow," said the General.

At which she laughed again in a baffling, provocative fashion and lifted the bouquet as a barrier between them.

They reached Hatchstead Place immediately after, and she forsook him forthwith to his great discontent. But Molly in an elusive mood was practically impos-

sible to detain, so he was obliged to resign himself to the inevitable. He had fleeting

glimpses of her from time to time in the crowd of guests, but she had had no attention to spare for him, and his one consolation had been that Stafford had never seemed to be anywhere in her vicinity. In fact Stafford had been very little in evidence, and he began to think the fellow must have taken himself off very early in the proceedings. He sincerely hoped so.

His reward, however, was not immediately forthcoming. Neither of her parents had any knowledge of Molly's whereabouts. Doubtless she would find her own way home, they said, and departed in the rain without her. All the other guests had melted away. The town-band had packed up and gone. The rooms were left deserted. And still Molly's fiancé waited about disconsolately because he was so sure that she would not have left without a word of farewell.

He had seen her in the hall just before the departure of the bridal pair, and he had watched every departure since with a lynx-like vigilance, so that she could not have escaped unperceived. He turned abruptly back into the house and nearly ran into Bill who was buttoning up his mackintosh prior to departure.

"Where's Molly?" said the General.

"Haven't the faintest idea," said Bill.

"Then why haven't you?" said the General impatiently.

A footed man-servant came up at that moment, carrying a somewhat tumbling bridesmaid's bouquet which he solemnly presented to the General. "Miss Molly Morton asked me to give you this, sir," the man explained, "when everyone had gone."

The General took it, mystified. "No message with it?" he said.

"I think there is a message attached, sir," said the man.

He indicated an envelope which was fastened to one of the streamers of ribbon. Impatiently the General pulled it off, thrusting the flowers back into the servant's hand.

His fingers were shaking as he opened it. Something shining fell out upon the floor and rolled to Bill's feet. He picked it up. It was Molly's engagement ring. The next moment the paper in the General's hand was pushed in front of him. "Read that!" the old man commanded.

Bill read: "I shall always love you, but I would rather be your niece than Stafford's aunt. With apologies from Molly."

GENERAL FARJEON was ill in bed. It was not gout. No one knew exactly what it was, since he refused to have a doctor near him.

The general opinion below stairs was that he slept a good deal of the time; "senile corruption," the butler thought it was, though the housekeeper detected symptoms of a broken heart. But none of these speculations reached the old General, lying alone in his oak-panelled bedroom, hour by hour watching the sunlight travel round the room, and at night sleeping fitfully with one eye on the clock.

Then, one afternoon, a week after the fateful day of Lottie Morton's wedding, the butler appeared at the door of the General's bedroom. "A lady to see you, sir," he announced.

"Who?" said the General. "Haven't I told you not to let anyone in?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," protested the butler nervously. "I did tell her, sir. But she wouldn't take no for an answer, sir. So seeing as there was no choice, so to speak, sir, I thought I'd come and mention it to you, sir, before she took you by storm, so to speak, sir."

"What?" thundered the General. "I'll teach any woman to take me by storm! Tell her to go to—"

"I'd rather come to you—even if it isn't much cooler!" said an audacious voice from the doorway.

"What? Who?" gasped the General, sitting up in bed. And then, in a different voice in which yearning tenderness was frankly uppermost. "Molly—you little vixen! So you've come back!"

She sprang to him with all her old impetuosity—the little, quicksilver Molly he had always known—and her arms were clasping him and his pillow in one vast hug almost before the words were out.

He made growling [Turn to page 73]



Oyster dressing gives the food a rare flavor

RECIPE

Four boiling water over 4 quarts of stale bread crumbs. Let steam, then drain off. Add 2 well-beaten eggs, 4 tablespooms of butter, salt, pepper. Then add 1 quart of Oysters. Season with sage, if desired.

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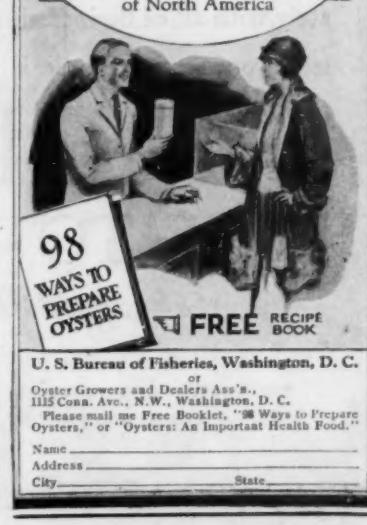
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Patterns! The Newest and Best Trick In Cakemaking

For Cakes That Have From One to Six Eggs

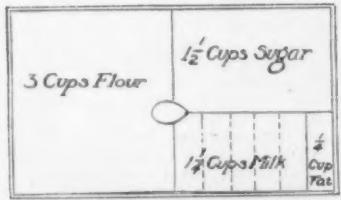
By DAY MONROE and MARY I. BARBER



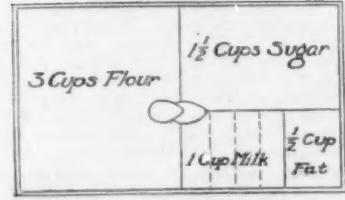
PATTERN 1



PATTERN 2



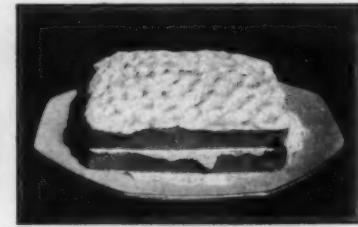
Plus 6 teaspoons baking-powder
and 1 teaspoon flavoring



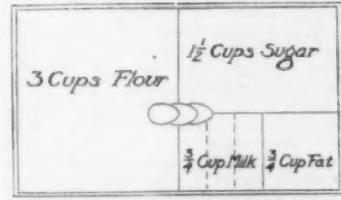
Plus 5 1/2 teaspoons baking-powder
and 1 teaspoon flavoring



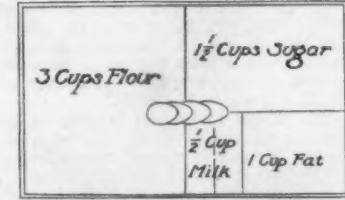
PATTERN 3



PATTERN 4



Plus 5 teaspoons baking-powder
and 1 teaspoon flavoring



Plus 4 1/2 teaspoons baking-powder
and 1 teaspoon flavoring



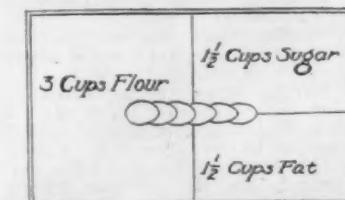
PATTERN 5



PATTERN 6



Plus 4 teaspoons baking-powder
and 1 teaspoon flavoring



Plus 3 1/2 teaspoons baking-powder
and 1 teaspoon flavoring

For detailed instructions, turn to page 51

Patterns!

The Newest and Best Trick in Cakemaking

[Continued from page 50]

DO YOU use one recipe for your one-egg cake; a different one for a richer cake, calling for more eggs; and still a third one for your pound cake?

Nine homemakers out of ten have a series of recipes in their files, one for each different kind of cake. It is far simpler to have a general cake pattern which you can vary to suit the occasion, just as you use one pattern with a few changes perhaps, to make different dresses.

As you know, all members of the plain cake family are made from the same ingredients—flour, sugar, shortening, eggs and milk in varying proportions. The method for mixing them is usually the same. It is just the relationship of the last three ingredients, shortening, eggs and milk, which makes the richer cake you would have for Sunday different from the plain, week-day cake. The amounts of flour and sugar, which may be called the foundation-ingredients, can remain unchanged.

A PATTERN FOR A PLAIN CAKE

The first picture accompanying this article is the foundation cake-pattern we shall use for our cakes. It is for the plainest cake. You will see that one-half of it is flour, one-fourth sugar, and the remaining one-fourth is made up of one part shortening and five parts milk. The mixture is bound together by one egg. Then we add 6 teaspoons baking-powder to make it light, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt if unsalted shortening is used, and flavoring to make it taste good. Here are the ingredients written in recipe form:

| | |
|--|---------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar | 3 cups flour |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fat | 6 teaspoons baking-powder |
| 1 egg | |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk | 1 teaspoon flavoring |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt (if necessary) | |

This cake is very plain and needs a sauce or "topping" to add interest. It is better if eaten the day it is baked because, owing to the small amount of shortening, it will dry out quickly. If you can't use it all in one day, bake it in two pans, spread a "topping" on one for dessert on Monday and serve a fruit sauce on the other for your Tuesday dessert.

TO MAKE A TWO-EGG CAKE

Now let us adapt our pattern to a slightly richer cake. Picture 2 shows how to do this. This pattern shows the same amount of flour and sugar as the first but has $\frac{1}{4}$ cup more shortening, making $\frac{1}{2}$ cup altogether. As a cake bakes, the shortening melts and acts as a liquid so we must reduce the amount of milk as we increase the amount of shortening. Using $\frac{1}{4}$ cup less milk we keep the total measurement of shortening and liquid the same ($1\frac{1}{2}$ cups).

Everyone who bakes knows that extra shortening tends to make a cake crumble—so we add another egg to our pattern. Always use one egg for each quarter of a cup of shortening. Then, since adding eggs makes a cake lighter we decrease our baking-powder $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon for each egg we add, making $5\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons in this cake.

This is a good everyday cake, economical and not too rich. You can frost it, or "top it" with a mixture which will add to its flavor, or serve it with a fruit sauce.

OUR THIRD CAKE HAS THREE EGGS

In cake number three we increase the shortening another $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cup making $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cup, as you see in Pattern 3, and again decrease the milk $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cup, making it $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cup. The total is still $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups liquid when our shortening melts in the baking. Flour and sugar stay the same but we add one more egg so the cake won't crumble. Again we reduce the baking-powder $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon to make 5 teaspoons.

You will find this cake rich enough to be used on Sunday and it keeps so well

that you can save some of it for Monday and even for Tuesday. It is tender and has a fine grain. Baked in layers and put together with frosting between and on top it may become a party or birthday-cake.

WHEN YOU CAN SPARE FOUR EGGS

Our fourth cake will be slightly richer, for we increase the shortening to 1 cup and the eggs to four. See Pattern 4. There is only $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk needed in it to keep the total of fat and liquid just what it was in the original pattern— $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups. With the extra egg added we reduce the baking-powder to $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons.

Some persons like these proportions better than any of the others for layer cake but it is a more expensive cake than Number 3 and for family use, the improvement in taste and texture may not be sufficient to justify the additional butter and egg used. However, its keeping qualities are better and if your family is small you may consider this more important.

A RICH FIVE-EGG CAKE

For our fifth cake we use the same pattern, of course, but changing it slightly by increasing the shortening to $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups; (pattern 5) reducing the milk to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup, and adding another egg. A half-teaspoon less of baking-powder makes 4 teaspoons in it. This is a rich cake, with a fine, close grain, somewhat similar to Pound Cake. The texture resembles that of a loaf-cake and is a trifle more compact than we like a layer-cake to be.

OUR SIXTH CAKE IS RICHER STILL

The proportions for our sixth cake, shown in Pattern 6, are the same as those used in a Pound Cake: $\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound each of flour, shortening and sugar, and six eggs. $3\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking-powder are used this time but no milk because we use $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups shortening. On account of the number of eggs used, this cake is improved if flavored with 2 teaspoons lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind instead of the usual flavoring. Like all pound cakes, it should be baked in a loaf. The grain is very fine, and the cake is tender and moist and will keep for a week or longer. It is a good cake to keep on hand for unexpected guests. Serve it unfrosted or with a plain boiled frosting.

TRY "TOPPINGS" INSTEAD OF FROSTINGS

To take the place of frostings on these cakes there are many delicious and easily-made "toppings" which take less time to make than frostings. Combinations of sugar, spices, nuts and fruits will dress up any cake with little trouble. When you plan to use these, bake your cake in a large shallow pan, to make a cake about two inches thick which you can cut in squares for serving.

One of the simplest toppings is of sugar and cinnamon, sprinkled over the batter just before the cake goes into the oven. This makes our plainest cake an especially good dessert for the children. Another topping is made by spreading the cake with butter just before you take it from the oven, then sprinkling it with a mixture of powdered sugar and shredded almonds or coconut and putting it back into the oven until the nuts are slightly browned. This cake must be left in the pan until cut because the nuts will fall off if you turn it out. Chopped candied orange peel, sultana raisins or other nuts may be used instead of the almonds if you like. Brown sugar and pecans make a delicious combination.

Try folding raspberry jam into whipped cream and spreading it over a plain cake just before serving. Or mix a hard sauce with the jam and spread it on the cake while it is still slightly warm.

Use only standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.



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NEW ENGLAND'S COLONIAL HOMES WERE OF MANY KINDS

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NO WORD in our language is more comprehensive, more flexible or more indicative of the variety of factors that helped to create and to amalgamate our early colonies, than the word Colonial, used in an architectural sense, for it includes all expression in building up to the time of the forming of the Republic.

Because our pioneers came to this country to escape limitations and oppression, they departed from their traditions and did things in a different manner. As communication was difficult between hamlets and towns, each, responding to this pioneer urge, developed characteristics of its own. An account of the variations in the types of building in New England alone would fill many volumes.

Throughout this period of isolated effort, the one quality which gave all Colonial work its unity and individuality of style was its pioneer spirit of daring, coupled with the simplicity and reserve of a people struggling for existence. This product of active, inquiring minds reaching out for true expression is recognized and acknowledged generally now as good taste and is a standard of excellence for inspiration in modern building.

The application of this standard to the planning of the modern home, to be successful, must be made with the same open-minded spirit of daring and adventure as animated the pioneer. We should not copy an old house just because it was one of the best houses of the seventeenth century. We should copy only in so far as it is good in 1925. No one desires to live in a museum! With ease and comfort we are all too prone to "lie down" on accepted standards and cease to grow.

From the houses of the thrifty Dutch settlers of the Hudson River Valley and the modest little build-a-s-y-o-u-g-o Pilgrim homes, with their central fireplaces and picturesque lean-to's, houses began to shape themselves into more formality and repose. Greater emphasis was laid upon the main entrance, which one approaches with a feeling of dignity. It was enhanced by pilasters on either side, and crowned by a decorative cornice which demands respect and instills a feeling of formality. One does not dream of hastily entering here in the morning hours to borrow a measure of sugar. Such intimacies are reserved for the kitchen entrance. No, indeed! One approaches with dignity in her Sunday best, at a seemly hour; and after a pleasant chat and a cup of tea, leaves her visiting-card in a silver tray on the console-table near the entrance.

The double-hung window came to stay and seldom here-

after do we see the casement-windows used. In this connection arise endless arguments even now, and many an architect has had to give up some beautiful dream of a design because his client insisted on having double-hung windows. Except in the early Pilgrim style which I described in my previous article, the double-hung sash, cut into rectangular lights somewhat taller than their width, became a distinctive Colonial feature. If you prefer double-hung windows in your house you are safe in selecting the Colonial style.

The windows of this period had heavy sash with small lights and wide muntins, as in the Orton Homestead at Woodbury, Connecticut. It was here that Sally Orton awaited the return of her lover, Jonathan Platt, when he was serving his country so well during the War of the Revolution.

If Sally Orton and Jonathan Platt could see the atrocious rows of dwellings that many of our streets display today, would they not be justified in throwing up their hands and exclaiming, "What is the use?" If the architecture of the home is truly an expression of the character of those that live within, verily it would seem that we are in need of more Jonathan Platts and Sally Ortons.

Our architects are men of faith, however, believing that, being given a house of good taste, the "Platts" are here who will appreciate it. And so in other columns of this issue you will find a modern house designed in the pioneer spirit of these, our forefathers. It is good, it is true, it is alive. Some of you are sure to recognize in it the house for which you have been looking.

From the simple lines of this type of house, the roofs began gradually to be varied. Hip-roofs were built because of their

simplicity in framing; and to let light into the roof-story, the dormer was introduced. This was a new feature, not previously seen in Colonial houses and it was developed in various forms. To this day there are dormers, which have proved subtle contrivances enhancing or marring otherwise beautiful roofs.

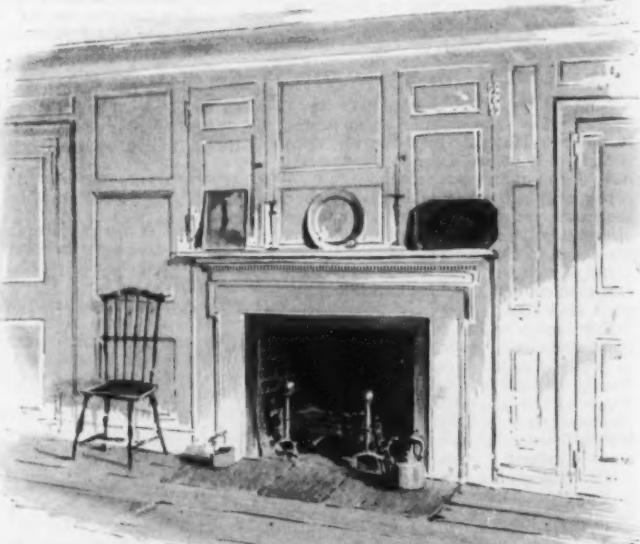
The gambrel-roof was widely used to obtain more room in the roof-story but nowhere was it developed with such charming lines as by the Dutch.

The sea-coast towns, whose men were invariable seafaring, often topped their roofs with decks and decorative cupolas, surrounded with ornamental balustrades, from which to search the horizon for homecoming ships. The roof-balustrade proved to be so decorative a feature that it has been used extensively for purely ornamental purposes.

For more effective heating the fireplaces were moved to the end walls, and carried well above the roofs. Such chimney-walls often screened a gambrel-roof.

The entrance-vestibule, which appeared in the early work, proved to be the beginning of the porch. Later it was built without walls, the entablature being supported by slender columns, and formed an imposing portico over the entrance.

Subsequently the porch has been so abused that the front porch with its "rocking-chair fleet" has become proverbial. We should do well to go back to first principles and introduce porches only where they are needed for protection from sun



Upper Left—Balance, dignity and fine repose distinguish such types as the Orton home at Woodbury, Connecticut

Center—Gradually to these New England homes, new and decorative features were added, as in the Warner house at Portsmouth

Above—Usually the paneled wall was a background for the simple fireplace

Left—The builders of those days lavished their genius on the staircase

or storm. A good rule in planning a new house is to insist on there being sunshine in every room at some period of the day. If a porch will cut off all direct light from any room, rearrange the rooms or dispense with the porch.

Like all human beings, the early builders [Turn to page 54]

1925
S

SOMETHING IN VIEW

[Continued from page 19]

few hours and put the worst behind us." He turned to Hughie's father. "I can't promise anything, you realize—but here's a chance."

"Better come right up," said the doctor, starting toward the stairs.

A room with Mother Goose pictures on the walls. The windows open. A trained nurse, wearing a sweater over her uniform. A small bed, and on the pillow a snub-nosed face with brown eyes. Slowly, the eyes fixed themselves on the newcomer. "Hello, Santa Claus," said Hughie, quite unconcerned. Only he caught his breath between the words.

"Hello, Hughie." No stupor now, thought Santa Claus. This wasn't so bad.

"I'm—sick." Evidently a distinction to be boasted of. "Is it—Christmas?—I'll bet it is!—The iceman says—I'll bet—"

"Christmas eve. That's why I'm here."

"Oh." Hughie considered this. "If—I want a skooter, 'n roller skates, 'n an aeroplane, 'n—"

The words trailed off. The brown eyes grew dazed, as though everything in front of them were fading. They had a look which Pop Dunstane had seen before when people were very ill.

His knees felt weak. It was the sensation you had when you heard the curtain going up on an opening night. Now you were in for it! He stepped closer to the bed. "Shake hands with me, Hughie?"

The boy shook his head, ever so little.

"Tired, eh? Well, never mind. Just watch me. Remember!"

Santa Claus moved back from the bed, and took his spectacles out of his breast pocket. He put them on, and looked at Hughie over them. This had always been good for a laugh.

A flicker of interest in the child's face, but it died out.

There were other pieces of "business" with the spectacles. The performer tried them. But Hughie's gaze wandered. You couldn't be sure whether he noticed at all. To make him notice! Just a child and life ahead of him. It was different if you were old and no one cared. But there were a father and mother waiting in the hall, out there.

Hughie's father came to the door. His arms were full of toys—a skooter and an aeroplane, games in bright colored boxes.

"My, my! I'm getting absent-minded," chuckled Santa Claus, as he went over to take the toys. "Left my pack out in the hall. And Hughie's presents in it."

He arranged them with great care, on a table where the boy could see them.

Hughie was watching now. "There's a skooter!" He sighed happily.

After that, though, the half-vacant, half-wild look came back. Then, slowly, the eyelids dropped.

John Dunstane's heart sank. He was losing the fight. But the rule of his profession held him. Keep on with the performance no matter what happens.

So Santa Claus busied himself at inspecting the aeroplane. As he did so, he began to whistle—a jolly little jig tune. The sound made Hughie open his eyes.

"I can whistle—too," he announced.

But the lips would not shape themselves. "Don't try, Hughie. Just listen!"

As Pop Dunstane repeated the tune, its words ran through his mind:

Johnny get your hair cut,
Johnny get your hair cut,
Johnny get your hair cut pompadour!"

Hughie's gaze never left him till the tune was over. Then he began to settle back into the dullness which made no effort.

Santa Claus started again. With more assurance, this time.

"Johnny get your hair cut—"

How long he whistled, as he sat at that table examining the toys one after another, he did not know. He only knew that while he kept doing it, the child watched him.

A clock struck, somewhere in the house. After a long while, it struck again. And again after another interval. Sometimes Pop Dunstane changed the tune to, "I'm called little Buttercup."

Or perhaps to, "Isabella! Oh, Isabella, You are a daisy queen of Spain."

But always a song of the past. He was surer of the melodies. And they were prettier, too.

He kept on whistling, "Johnny, get your hair cut." But now the tune was contending with a greater one, drifting in through the open windows. A carol. Many voices, from some church.

"Oh come all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant!"

The doctor stepped over. "You needn't wait any longer," he said. "His temperature is dropping, and I think he'll go to sleep."

Joyful and triumphant! Pop Dunstane walked out of the room and down the stairs, to that majestic rhythm. For him, the silence of the house was singing. He had given a good performance. Hughie was better.

At the foot of the stairs he paused. Hughie's father or mother would come down to thank him. He wanted them to. Wanted to be told that he had done something out of the ordinary. At sixty-four, you need praise.

He waited. He found a chair, sat down, and kept on waiting. Perhaps they were talking with the doctor.

Through a swinging door from the rear, came the butler. He approached Pop Dunstane noiselessly.

"Is he worse, sir?" he inquired, in alarm. "Master Hughie?"

"No. He's better, the doctor thinks."

"Faith, God is good," observed the butler, as though he were stating an obvious fact. "We've been terribly upset here today, sir. And seeing you sitting there—"

On the stage, butlers draw themselves up and announce, "Lady Flambury to see you, madam." Pop Dunstane had no idea what they might be like at other moments.

The individual before him now asked, "You'll be wanting to go home, sir? There's a car waiting outside. It's not our own car. You see, sir, the chauffeur was promised the night off. An' he took it, sir—with all the trouble in this house, and all!" Contempt was in the butler's voice.

John Dunstane stood up. He felt the strain of the evening. A sign of age, he knew, but he had no heart to struggle against it, or to walk buoyantly as he tried to in the agencies.

"I'll see you to the taxi, sir, and pay the driver—. Oh, they wouldn't want you to pay, sir. I'm to do the same for the doctor—"

And so, about midnight, a very tired Santa Claus climbed Mrs. Hollins' brownstone steps. He saw the taxicab whirl down the block, and not till then did he remember that he had been going to ask Hughie's father twenty-five dollars for this evening. Well, he could go back tomorrow and get the money.

Go back? Why, he didn't know the street or number of the house where he had been. Near Park Avenue, somewhere. He would have to look it up in the phone book.

But what was Hughie's father's name? He had heard it several times tonight. Something with "th" in the middle, like Northley or Orthwaite.—He tried to remember.—No use. He couldn't think. He entered Mrs. Hollins' gloomy vestibule and unlocked the front door.

A boarding house Christmas dinner. John Dunstane ate it, casting envious glances at his fellow professionals who were fortunate enough to have to hurry off for matinees. They grumbled. Theatrical people never had a holiday, like other folks. Just an extra performance.

But Christmas behind the scenes has its own flavor. The greetings called from dressing room to dressing room. The sound of the orchestra tuning up. For all these things Pop Dunstane longed, and he had no share in them. Up in his hall bedroom on the top floor was a postal card with a plum pudding on it, from his niece in New Hampshire. And a silk handkerchief which Mrs. Hollins had left in a box on his bureau. From a hook on the wall, hung his discarded Santa Claus suit, waiting to be returned to the costumer. He put on his overcoat, and went out [Turn to page 55]

Make Your Own CHRISTMAS CANDY!

— It is delicious and makes a wonderful gift



Holiday Dainties

4 level tablespoons Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 1/2 cups boiling water 4 cups granulated sugar
1 cup cold water

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon. To the other part add one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out; cut into squares, roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar; let stand to crystallize. Any coloring desired may be added and any preferred flavoring extract used.

For DESSERT, here is a delightful, old-fashioned Plum Pudding with an entirely "new" touch . . .



Christmas Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water 1 pint milk
1 cup seeded raisins
1 cup sugar Salt 1/2 cup dates
1/2 squares chocolate
1/2 teaspoon vanilla 1/2 cup nuts
1/2 cup currants 3 egg whites

Soften gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Melt chocolate with part of the sugar; add a little of the milk, making a smooth paste. Put remainder of milk in double boiler, add chopped fruit. When hot add melted chocolate, sugar, salt, and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire; when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats and lastly fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, or with a currant jelly sauce.

Send for candy and other good recipes for all occasions

KNOX GELATINE

108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, New York

Eatmor Cranberries



Tasty and
Healthful with
Any Meal!

For breakfast, for luncheon, for dinner, for supper—nothing more tasty than cranberries, either in the form of cranberry sauce, jelly or desserts.

With all kinds of meats—hot or cold—cranberry sauce or cranberry jelly provides just the elements needed to aid digestion.

And with Cranberry Sauce handy you can make delicious pies, puddings, tarts, shortcake and other delicacies quickly. Cranberry Sauce can be made in ten minutes by this recipe:

Ten-Minute Cranberry Sauce

1 pound (4 cups) cranberries, 2 cups boiling water, 1½ to 2 cups sugar (½ to 1 pound). Boil sugar and water together for five minutes; skim; add the cranberries and boil without stirring (five minutes is usually sufficient) until all the skins are broken. Remove from the fire when the popping stops.

THE TONIC FRUIT—

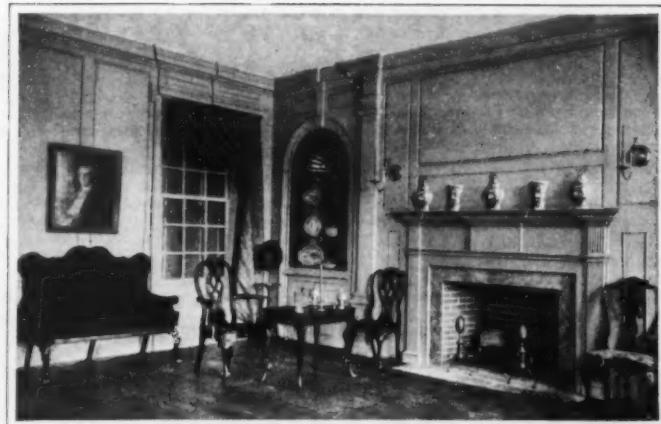
Dietary authorities agree on the tonic properties of cranberries. Rich in iron, lime and carbohydrates—the vital elements that aid in restoring nerves and building up the system.

Economical, because they are reasonable in price, and there is no waste. Easiest fruit to prepare—no peeling or coring. To be sure of getting the choicest cultivated varieties, always ask for EATMOR CRANBERRIES.

Always cook cranberries in
enameled, porcelain-lined
or aluminum vessels.

Recipe booklet sent free on request.

AMERICAN
CRANBERRY EXCHANGE
90 West Broadway, New York City



At a later period, entire rooms were paneled and plastered in wood and plaster. The graceful curves of cabriole furniture were in harmony with these rich interiors

New England's Colonial Homes

[Continued from page 52]



Variations of the low-back windsor

sometimes made mistakes, one of which was the treatment of wood to imitate coursed stonework, as in the Vernon House at Newport, made famous as the Rochambeau headquarters. It has a certain attractiveness and a pleasing sense of scale but it is not exactly honest. Such misrepresentation in any age is superficial and unsympathetic. On the whole, however, our early builders had an innate love and feeling for wood and its possibilities, and its intelligent use in ornamental treatment evidenced considerable firsthand knowledge of classic forms.

It is not the nature of a pioneer to copy and our builders attempted to express their knowledge of old stonework in terms of wood, of which they had great abundance. Columns and pilasters were made tall and slender, with turned or carved caps and bases. Cornices were delicately proportioned and ornamented with molded and carved forms. Entire rooms were lined with elaborate paneling.

The interior woodwork was usually of white pine; the early work being seldom painted. When painted, it was not white, but light blue, green or gray.

With the passing of

the central chimney came the stately stairhall, flanked on either side with wainscoted or paneled rooms—the typical so-called Colonial plan.

The builder lavished his genius upon the staircase; the handrails were carved and molded; the slender balusters, usually three on each tread, were enhanced with an infinite variety of turnings, and the newel-post, with its intricate spirals, was an object of positive affection. There was no labor delegate to slow up the craftsman's genius nor to call quits at the stroke of the hour. I am convinced that if the architects of the ancient temples of the gods could strike hands with some of these workers in wood, there would pass between them a feeling of mutual understanding.

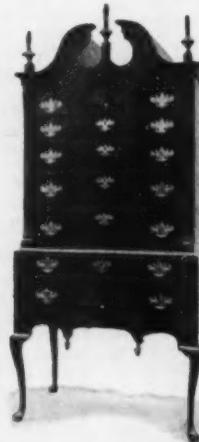
In these days of expensive construction the "Colonial stair-hall" proves to be wasteful of space, in the planning of the small house. It is necessary to plan more compactly and our architects are securing a happy sense of spaciousness by their intelligent arrangement of rooms.

With the Colonial plan came the famous "clock on the stair." "Time" became of sufficient importance to be

[Turn to page 63]



The pure windsor chair
with its nine-spindled
comb-back



Cabriole furniture can be bought today in beautiful reproductions for
modern homes of the New England Colonial type

SOMETHING IN VIEW

[Continued from page 53]

to walk. Past stage entrances he strolled, —concrete alleys with fire-escapes overhanging them.

Here was the Parnassus, where he had played in "Journey's End." He tried to imagine that he was going to turn in at the stage door, as he used to. It was a cheerful pretense.

At Hughie's house for a brief space last night, Pop Dunstane had felt that he could reach out and touch a future more glowing than the past. It was always like that when you had given a good performance.

He thought of Hughie. He wondered if the child were better,—wished he might know surely. If only he could think of that name with "th" in the middle of it, he might telephone and ask.

At a news-stand he bought the Times. With fingers which shook just a trifle, he opened to the page where the death notices were printed. While he held the paper at arm's length, his glance went slowly down the long column. No. No little boy of five whose name was Hugh.

Pop Dunstane breathed with relief. Here, at least, was something to rejoice at. Then he recollects the twenty-five dollars he might have had. Now that the sum was quite lost to him, he meditated that he might have asked for fifty dollars. Not everybody could have done what he did last night! Why hadn't he even left his address?

Tomorrow would be Saturday. Nothing to do Sunday—the same. And on Monday, the agencies, where they wouldn't offer him parts, any more. What was going to become of him? If he could get out to California, Jasper Brannigan would very likely give him work in the movies, for Jasper was an old acquaintance. It wouldn't do any good to write and ask him, though. People always turn you down if you write, but when you're on the spot, it's different.

The carfare to California!

THE next morning, as soon as Morris Brothers opened, Pop Dunstane entered one of the many swinging doors which admitted customers. He had come with a purpose. There must be steady work of some kind here. He would ask for it. Perhaps, by spring or summer, he could lay by enough for a ticket to Los Angeles.

Over in one corner of the fourth floor was the office of the merchandise manager. John Dunstane went to him and stated his case.

"A position?" The merchandise manager, leaning back in his chair, eyed his visitor with kindly shrewdness. He shook his head. "Strikes me anybody that's been on the stage wouldn't fit into the department store game. You were a darned good Santa Claus, but that's different. Besides, we like to get hold of young people."

"I could push one of those little carts around, collecting bundles," said Pop Dunstane. "You don't have to be young, to do that. I thought maybe you'd recommend me."

"Trouble is, we're laying people off, just now—instead of taking 'em on.' The merchandise manager fiddled with the papers on his desk. "You might stop at our employment bureau on the third floor. They'll put your name on file. Sorry there's nothing at present—."

California, then, was unattainable.

To stay on at Mrs. Hollins', clinging precariously to the outskirts of his calling, was all fate held for Dunstane. "Nothing at present." The phrase of the agencies. They didn't want you, that was what it meant. Pop Dunstane understood. And yet he had not been useless that night at Hughie's, he told himself. It was a comforting thought.

Hughie! Was he getting well? At a stand outside of Morris Brothers, the actor bought a newspaper and hunted through the death notices, as he had done yesterday. Again, the column reassured him.

That was Saturday. On Sunday, he went out to the newsdealer's at the corner of Fifty-first Street, got another paper, and repeated his search. No boy of five in today's list, either. It was certain, now that Hughie was better. That was good!

Pop Dunstane smiled.

As he went home from the corner, without a second's warning, that name with "th" in it came back to John Dunstane. There it was upon his tongue, as if it had never left him. Queer that memories behave so. Thorcroft! Of course. He stopped on the sidewalk, pulled a stubby pencil out of his pocket, and scrawled the word upon the margin of his Sunday paper, before he could forget.

Reaching the house, he consulted Mrs. Hollins' thumb and dog-eared telephone book. The Thorcrofts' address was there.

Up two long flights of stairs, as fast as feet that stumbled would permit. He did not know why he was hurrying, until he saw the red suit still dangling from its hook.

Into his battered traveling bag he packed the costume, scarcely acknowledging to himself that he did it. Childish, this notion. And yet he could not give it up. He started for the region of Park Avenue. He wanted to play Santa Claus to Hughie once more.

Hughie's father was at home. His face was not drawn and ashy, today. Yes, the boy could see Santa Claus. Pop Dunstane's heart leaped. For a few minutes, he would be a jolly saint in a red coat and forget tomorrow and the agencies. "If you'll let me have a room where I can make up and dress," he suggested, and moved eagerly toward the stairs. "Shall I go up?"

"Just a minute. I wanted to ask if you got my letter," questioned Mr. Thorcroft. "I sent it night before last, but the mails are slow on account of the holidays."

He shook his head. "No—"

"I wrote to thank you, Mr. Dunstane—for all you did—the other night. It was something we can't ever—forget. I meant to see you that night, but when I came down with the doctor, you'd gone.—Well, we'd like to make some kind of return. Do you remember, I was going to pay you, but we hadn't settled on the amount?"

"I thought of fifty dollars, perhaps," murmured the man who had been Santa Claus.

"No, no! Something substantial. Say, five or six hundred."

Pop Dunstane put his hand on the stair railing, beside him. "It's too much."

"Nothing would be too much. We've kept Hughie—and you helped us." Mr. Thorcroft looked away, and swallowed hard. Then he smiled. "Suppose we compromise on six hundred—"

For many a year, John Dunstane had not had six hundred dollars, all at once. He caught his breath. Here at this instant, the miraculous event was happening! The magical occurrence from around the corner, for which he had looked until his eyes had grown dim. This money would take him to California—to the movies—to opportunity in his old age.

Old age? Why, he felt younger than the fifty-eight he mentioned at the theatrical offices. The possibilities of life are infinite, even when your hair is white.

"Oh, come all ye faithful,

Joyful and triumphant!"

Those cadences were echoing in his heart. For he had had faith that some day things would be different—and now they were going to be. To believe, and to keep on believing! That's life, he thought. That is what makes you live.

"Thank you," he managed to say. Then, because he was happy, "I've heard, Mr. Thorcroft, that a person can have a funeral for two hundred dollars. Is that so?"

Hughie's father, seeming rather puzzled, supposed it might be.

"That's good." Pop Dunstane's shoulders lifted. The fear which had walked with him so long, was gone. He need not look forward to the Actors' Fund plot, and the little white headstone.

"I'll put two hundred in the bank," he said. "And the rest of the money, I'll take to California. I have something in view, professionally, out there—"

He stood for a moment, elated, with eyes upon the future. Then he started up the stairs, to make up and dress, and play for Hughie.

The world was brave, even as it had been in the eighteen-eighties, and hope was everywhere.



What the teachers told me about your children

By CARRIE BLANCHARD

RECENTLY I sent a letter to a thousand teachers. I asked them particularly about their attitude toward the use of coffee and tea by their pupils.

Ninety-nine and one-half per cent. said they considered coffee and tea definitely harmful, not only to children, but to themselves. They traced definite bad effects to the use of coffee and tea by their pupils. Thirty-four per cent. mentioned "dullness in school work"; thirty-one per cent. "nervousness"; and eleven per cent. "stunting of physical as well as mental development."

The teachers prompted this suggestion

Certainly it would be difficult to find any group of people more in agreement on any subject.

I think the first step in getting children to stop drinking coffee is to reach the parents. This is a rather difficult thing to do without seeming to interfere." So one teacher wrote. I mention what she said because this same thought ran through hundreds of the letters I received.

This prompts me to come direct to you, the mothers, with a suggestion. Schools all over the country are turning to Instant Postum, made in the new way with hot milk instead of boiling water, as the ideal hot drink to serve with the noonday lunch. Teachers are enthusiastic

about it! It is easy to prepare—just hot milk poured over Instant Postum in the cup, and stirred a moment.

And it is so splendidly suited to children's needs! A hot drink, containing all the nourishment of milk, plus the wholesome elements of wheat and bran. Children immediately like Postum made with milk—even those who don't care for milk alone. And there is no more fretting for "the drink father gets."

When teachers are willing to give their time so freely to health education, it seems to me that we mothers should do our very best to put this teaching into practice. Make a test of this plan! Please accept my offer now!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will give you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, to start you on this test.

Or if you wish to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

For one week's free supply, please send me your name and address, indicating whether you want Instant Postum (this is the kind prepared instantly in the cup with either boiling water or hot milk, and the only kind which can be made with hot milk) or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Mc. 12-28

POSTUM CEREAL CO., INC., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM Check
POSTUM CEREAL which you prefer

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

In Canada, address
CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD.
45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ont.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double Chick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.



How this easier way of cleaning helps to keep your family well

A new discovery on the habits of germs and what it teaches about family health

THOUSANDS of women all over the country are adopting this new way of easier, better cleaning. Not satisfied with what mere soap-and-water can do, they add to all their cleaning water a few magic drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant. These wonderful drops make housework easier, and make it a hundred times more sure.

Germs—those tiny invisible menaces we once so feared because we could not know where they were—science now tells us have a *definite resting place*. They do not linger very long in the air; they settle on *all surfaces*. Microscopic examination would reveal them on the door-knobs, on chair arms, on banisters and tables, hiding in the nap of rugs, and in the cracks and crevices along the floor.

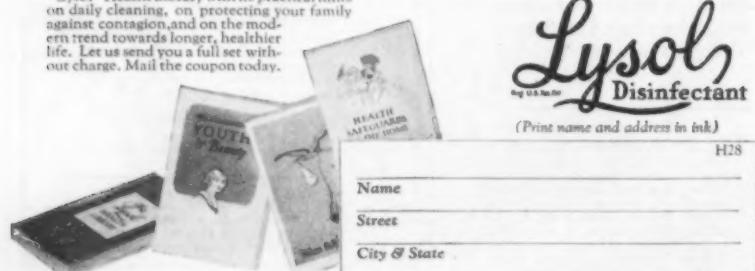
Germs a constant danger to your family

THESE germs are a constant danger to your family. They seize upon moments of physical weakness or fatigue to enter the human system. In order to protect your family's health all the time, you must keep your home germ-free. It can now be accomplished in a very easy way.

Soap-and-water alone are powerless to destroy germs. They can provide merely surface cleanliness for your home. But simply adding a few drops of "Lysol" to the water,

A fascinating little "Health Library" free to you

You will enjoy this interesting pocket-edition "Lysol" Health Library with its practical hints on daily cleaning, on protecting your family against contagion, and on the modern trend towards longer, healthier life. Let us send you a full set without charge. Mail the coupon today.



makes cleaning easier and purifies your home of germs.

Easy to purify your home with "Lysol"

"Lysol's" soapy nature is the greatest help in keeping things shining and clean.

1. It deodorizes—your home is fresh and sweet, free from staleness.
2. It purifies—the health of your family is protected against germs.
3. It helps to clean as it disinfects.

"Lysol" is three times as powerful as carbolic acid, yet so skillfully blended that it makes a solution less irritating than fine toilet soap. It will not hurt the most sensitive hands.

Cleaning with its added help is very easy. Simply put the magic drops (a tablespoon to a quart of water) into your cleaning water every time you clean. Then dip your broom, your mop, or your dust cloth into this solution, and perform your work in the ordinary way. Every spot this cleansing solution touches is left pure and safe, to protect the health of your family.

If you have never used "Lysol" for general house cleaning, buy a bottle of your druggist today. It comes in three sizes, 3, 7 and the economical 16-ounce bottle. Manufactured only by LYSOL, INC., 635 Greenwich Street, New York City. Sole Distributors: LEHN & FINK, INC., New York. Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

Send coupon for the "Lysol" Health Library to LEHN & FINK, INC., Dept. H28, 635 Greenwich St., New York City



Dignified, quiet, this modern Colonial home of New England style, has the stateliness with which we like to impress our homes as we grow prosperous. Building cost about \$6,000 to \$6,500.

A NEW ENGLAND COLONIAL HOME FOR TODAY

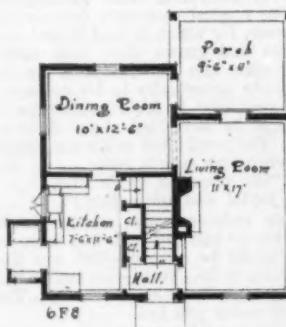
Designed by The Architects' Small House Service Bureau (Controlled by the American Institute of Architects), Collaborating with

MARcia MEAD, McCall's Consulting Architect.

THE house shown on this page is a New England type of Colonial design. It is especially designed for McCall's, to exemplify the style described elsewhere in this issue by Miss Mead and Mr. Higgins.

The long roof on the north exposure was invariably a feature of the New England Colonial houses; its purpose was, before the time of modern heating, to deflect the cold winter winds; and its charm is so great that the style has been carried over to the present time.

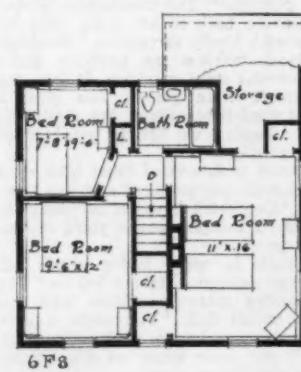
The large central chimney is also a characteristic of the early precedent. In



First Floor Plan.

the earlier era it afforded an opportunity for several fireplaces, which were then the sole means of heating. Quiet and privacy are often overlooked when the principal rooms of a house are placed in the front where there is noise and dust from the roadway. In the plan, given here, these rooms face a garden. Storage-space under the roof will be convenient for trunks.

For economy, a full-depth cellar is provided only under the kitchen and contains sufficient space for the heating-plant, coal storage and preserve-closet.



Second Floor Plan.

Two complete sets of detailed plans and specifications for this Colonial house will be sold for \$30. (No fewer than 2 sets will be sold for any house of this series). Extra sets of plans, on paper, \$3; on cloth, \$5; extra specifications, \$2.

Or, if you desire to see other house plans and designs, send for McCall's Service booklet, *The Small House* (price ten cents), showing four to seven-room houses costing from \$8,000 to \$16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, \$15 a set. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN FINANCE YOUR NEW HOUSE?

BY ARTHUR C. HOLDEN,

*Acting Director, Atlantic Division, Architects'
Small House Service Bureau*

EVERYONE has his own ideal of the home he expects to own some day. This ideal takes more and more definite form as the conception of what a home ought to be expands through the varied experiences of life. As the ideal approaches realization it meets its first serious check in the limitations of the builder's pocketbook.

The Architects' Small House Service Bureau, because it attempts to give complete architectural service, has made provision for giving the prospective owner of a small home the sort of advice that he needs along the lines of financing.

Many cases have come to the Bureau's attention, where, due to ignorance of the proper procedure, owners actually have paid out to development companies, as a first payment, sums greater than the total value of the land to be purchased. When asked why this was done, the reply is generally given that the money has not been paid for the land but "towards the house." Investigation usually discloses the fact that there is not a sign of a house on the property.

Many owners who pay out good money for services which they expect to get, have very little idea where the cash for the other payments is to come from. They have a vague idea that they can get it through "arranging" a mortgage. They know nothing about how to get the mort-

gage or how large it is to be. After they realize, however, that the mortgage is not going to be forthcoming until some work is done and is not going to cover the whole additional expense anyway, this type of owner begins to talk about a second mortgage.

Here again his ignorance lays him open to trouble. He does not realize that the man who lends money on second mortgages runs a real risk for which he expects to be paid. The second mortgage is going to be "expensive," but when he gets to that point the owner "has to have it" and consequently he "has to pay for it."

After the house is completed the owner may find himself saddled with burdensome interest charges which may or may not be even higher than the amount he had previously been paying out for rent. If these expenses are greater than he can carry, he is liable to lose not only the money he has invested in his house but also the house itself through foreclosure proceedings.

Forethought, however, will protect the owner from disaster. He should seek the best advice possible in drawing up his financial budget *before he spends a cent*. The questions below are taken from Information-Sheet No. 3 of The Architects' Small House Service Bureau. They are designed to raise the necessary questions.

FINANCING THE HOME—The architect cannot advise his client any more than can the doctor or lawyer unless he is told all the facts of the case. Information in regard to the financial situation is required so that the prospective owner may be safeguarded against putting too great a proportion of his resources into a house. We shall hold in strict confidence all answers to the following questions. This blank will be filed for reference. No answer will be given unless question No. 23 is answered "yes" and a fee of \$1.00 is enclosed.

1. What do you expect will be the total amount of your investment in improved land and building?
2. How much of this has already been expended?
3. State for what.
4. Location of Land.
5. Amount of present mortgage if any.
6. State further payments to be made on land giving dates due.
7. State expected cost of house alone exclusive of furnishings.
8. State amount of 1st Mortgage you expect to carry.....Rate of interest.
9. Amount of 2d Mortgage.....Rate of interest.
10. State by whom held.
11. State any fees and premiums on mortgage money.
12. How much annual rent can you afford to pay?.....What are you paying now?
13. State annual personal salary.
14. State amount of additional income.....Fixed.....Variable.
15. State total annual Income.
16. What emergency reserves do you carry.....Invested Capital.....Savings Bank Account.....Borrowing power and from what sources
17. Have you tried to purchase a house in the immediate vicinity in which you intend to build?
18. What is the range of sale price of neighboring houses?
19. What is the tax rate in the neighborhood?
20. Have local street paving.....water.....and sewer improvements been made?
21. Have you investigated the probability and the amount of assessments?
22. Do you wish to have a financial analysis sent you with the recommendation of the Atlantic Division's experts in regard to your problems? If no answer yes above and enclose \$1.00.
23. Before you decide to build, you should carefully consider costs in addition to the Building itself. If you desire help check here and Information-Sheet No. 4 will be sent you.

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION

Please send Information-Sheet No. 3.

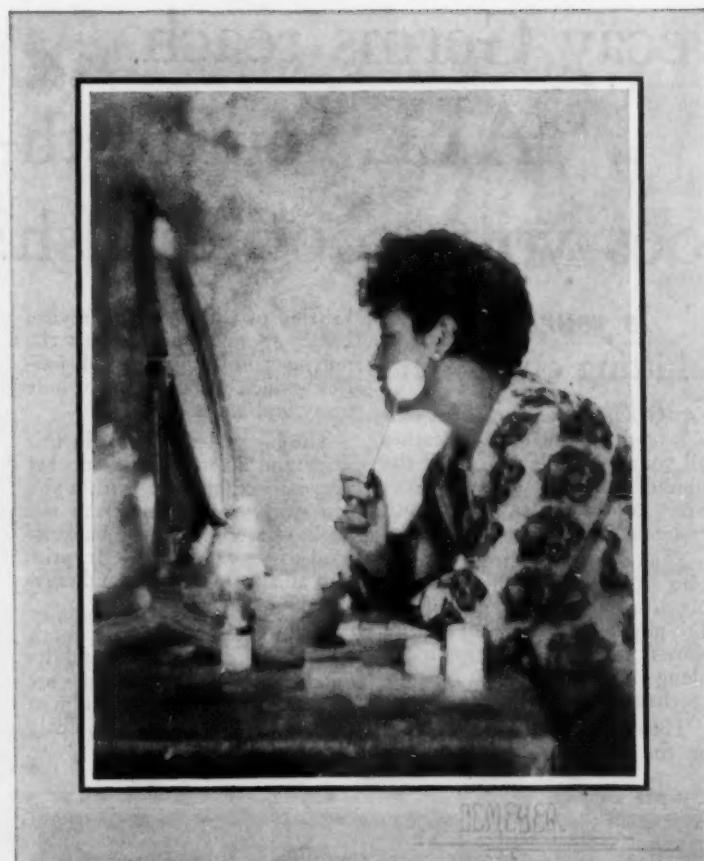
Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

State.....

Remarks.....
Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 256 West 33rd Street, New York City.



What woman would not love a gift from Elizabeth Arden?

These famous perfumes and creams and powders—which make a woman lovely—will make her happy, too, on Christmas Day

ELIZABETH ARDEN is packing the most enchanting Christmas boxes, filling orders for feminine Christmas gifts to go all over the world! Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations and Babani Perfumes offer most delightful suggestions for your Christmas shopping. They are exquisitely pure and fine. They are used the world over by the smartest and most distinguished women. Which makes them a flattering gift, as well as a useful one.

There is an Elizabeth Arden gift for every woman on your Christmas list

ELIZABETH ARDEN Beauty Boxes

The newest of these, a smart black leather travelling case, contains a complete set of the essential Venetian Toilet Preparations, with a comb, brush, manicure set, sewing case and other accessories of the *toilette*. Within the cover is set a large mirror, lighted from below by a tiny electric bulb. And there is room, in addition, for a filmy nightie! \$75.

A second travel case of black cobra leather, with flying trays and ingenious compartments designed after the dressing case of a Chinese empress, is packed with 22 Venetian Toilet Preparations. \$60.

Other Beauty Boxes, of rose colored lacquered metal, are cleverly partitioned and packed with the important Venetian Preparations for the daily care of the skin. Delightful for the dressing table and for travelling. Four sizes: \$35, \$18, \$14, \$3.85.

The chic Babani Perfumes imported by ELIZABETH ARDEN

The smartest perfumes of Paris, and—through their introduction to fashionable America by Elizabeth Arden—the smartest

perfumes of this continent, too. Each Babani Perfume is created to fit a charming mood. Two or more of these expressive fragrances may be blended to make a personal perfume formula—a suggestion for making your gift quite charmingly intimate. Babani Perfumes are named with fitting inspiration: *Giardini, Ambre de Delhi, Afghani, Liguria, Sossonki, Chypre, Yasnak* and so forth. In decorative bottles and boxes, sealed in Paris. From \$2.75 up.

Smaller charming gifts

Poudre d'Illusion. Superb powder in a lovely satin lined box. *Illusion, Rachel, Ocre, Minerva and White.* \$3.

O-Boy Compact. Powder and rouge in a smart chased gold case, thin as a wafer. Two puffs, large mirror. Combinations for *Blonde, Medium, and Brunette.* \$2.50.

Venetian Bath Salts. Fine pure crystals, richly perfumed, in handsome glass jars. *Rose, Russian Pine, Nirvana,* \$1.75, \$3, \$5.

Venetian Travellers' Bath Salts. Twelve cubes of compressed bath salts in a smart box. *Rose, Russian Pine, Nirvana.* \$2.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations and Babani Perfumes are on sale at smart shops everywhere

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK
673 FIFTH AVENUE

LONDON: 25 Old Bond St.
PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix
SAN FRANCISCO: 233 Grant Ave.

BOSTON: 192 Boylston St.
DETROIT: 318 Book Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA: 133 S. 18th St.

WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Ave.
ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block
BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta

LOS ANGELES: 600 W. 7th St.

Decay Germs reach ALL your teeth— does your tooth-brush?

Is your brush hitting on all 32?

A GOOD brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches all your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to fit. The bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic curve; the picture shows you how. Every tooth along the length of the brush is reached and cleaned.

They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This

bristles pry into every crevice, break up and sweep away the mucin, and dislodge food particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

The big end tuft helps in this work and also performs another very important task. With it you can easily reach and clean the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. It pries into all the depressions and crevices, no matter how deep.

There isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't clean, and its scientifically arranged bristles are of such resilience that the film of germs and mucin is quickly swept away.



helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

Think of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that ALL your teeth may not be thoroughly clean.

Consider this tooth brush of yours. Is its bristle-surface concave? Does it fit the shape of your jaw? Does its handle curve outward? Is it easy to reach your back molars with it?

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth

SOLD by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

free Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for our advertisements. The headline of this advertisement is "Decay Germs reach ALL your teeth—does your tooth-brush?" After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted each month four free Pro-phy-lac-tic every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires April 30, 1926.

| | |
|--|--|
| Dept. 7-AA 3 | |
| PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass. | |
| Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new | |
| headline for the advertisement from which this | |
| coupon was clipped: _____ | |
| Name: _____ (First name in full) | |
| Address: _____ | |



The fireplace, with its blazing logs, symbolizes the spirit of Christmas
Center the decorations here

The Spirit of Yuletide Is Entwined In Its Holly and Fir

BY LURELLE GUILD

WE may not give many nor costly presents nor expect to receive hosts of gifts ourselves; but we can set the Christmas bells ringing in our hearts by decorating our home with festive greens.

The fireplace is the heart of the home. The very spirit of Christmas is symbolized there. If we are fortunate enough to



A jolly blaze in the fireplace and candles on the trees, will add to the merriness of your Yuletide cheer.

The dining-table will have unusual and dignified beauty if the centerpiece is a miniature church with tiny trees and wee figures in the snow about it. The chandelier may be designed especially for the occasion to consist of an old barrel-hoop enamelled black. Spikes driven through the hoop and bent up will hold the candles and three chains will suspend the fixture from the ceiling. The chains as well as the hoop may be garlanded with mistletoe or holly. Flashing silver stars may be dropped on silken threads from the chandelier suspended over the church. Small fir trees and candles as place-cards, mark each place at the table.

A wreath and garland on the door beckon Christmas merrily to passersby



have an open fireplace, it is here we should focus our decorations.

Above the mantel a ship's model may ride on waves of holly hung against a piece of sky-blue cloth wreathed in garlands of bay greens. Festoon the mantel itself with greens and flank it on either side by miniature fir trees set in decorative tubs.



The church shown in the illustration on this page is made of cardboard and painted white. The trees forming the background are small branches bound together with wire.

Many persons forego the old custom of setting a lighted taper in the window. In many communities the fire-laws forbid it. If you do follow this age-old custom, be cautious; and to decorate the window, set the candle in a bowl filled with holly leaves.

The exterior of your home should shed the same festive spirit as the interior. A wreath and garland on the door beckons a Merry Christmas to each passerby.



The centerpiece is a miniature church. At each place is a tiny Christmas tree. Glistening stars hang from the chandelier

THE CRYSTAL BOWL

[Continued from page 9]

from the recesses of the sideboard in the dining-room, it waited apparently on the piano for the moment when it, too, with the Dutch candlesticks, would find a place in the trunk.

And in the meantime, there it stood, a glimmering, translucent thing among the shadows with the light wavering on it, so that it seemed to flow like water.

Young Edith coming back said: "You'd think I had clothes enough to last me for a lifetime. Perhaps they'll have to last me. I've had nothing new for ages. I made this dress I'm wearing. I make everything I wear. Do you remember I couldn't sew, Aunt Edith? Or cook? Well, the years have changed that. I learned a lot in France—. I made an omelette this morning and cooked it over this fire. The kitchen was like the Arctic regions—"

"There's a fire in the kitchen now," the older woman told her. "I had Jan build it."

"Jan?"

"One of the men about the place—husband of our Swedish cook. He brought me over."

Young Edith standing with her back against the piano put the question squarely: "Aunt Edith, why did you come?" "I brought our Christmas dinner. I thought we'd eat it together."

Silence. Then, "You needn't have bothered."

"It wasn't a bother. And I wanted company. I was all alone. The storm kept Mark's wife and the children at her mother's, and I made him go so that they could all be together."

"Mark's wife?"

"Emily. He was thirty when he was married."

"How many—children?"

"Five. When we are all together it makes me think of the old days, Edith."

A little later young Edith was saying, "I had planned to open a can of baked beans."

"No Kirkland ever ate canned beans for a Christmas dinner."

There was a sharp edge to the other's voice, "I am not a Kirkland. I have been read out of the family."

They were having their little feast in the warm old kitchen. After the first moments of awkwardness, young Edith had entered into the spirit of the thing. She had, indeed, entered almost too perfectly into the spirit. Nothing had seemed to break the surface of her bright composure. The Grey Little Grandmother had had a feeling of distinct disappointment. She had thought that, putting everything behind them, they might meet on the common ground of old affection. Yet here was young Edith, talking like a lady at a tea-party, lightly, cheerfully, avoiding carefully any topics which might be embarrassing, keeping her aunt at arm's length. This was no return of the prodigal, no brand plucked from burning, no black sheep bleating in the cold! Young Edith was self-possessed, mistress of the situation. She spoke of the Christmas days she had spent in foreign lands. She had travelled, it seemed, everywhere. She was vivid, interesting. She ate with an appetite, and clapped her hands like a child when the tarts came on.

Yet she was not a child. The fifteen years since old Edith had seen her had taken their toll. Slender, still lovely, her eyes showed the tiredness the years had brought. She was thirty-five—forty years younger than the Grey Little Grandmother—yet the eyes of the older woman were not tired—they were serene and bright—as bright and serene as the soul which looked out of them.

And now, at the end of the feast, young Edith was letting the barriers down with her sharp asseveration: "I've been read out of the family."

She caught herself up, "Can't we have our coffee by the fire in the parlor? I'll carry the pot, Aunt Edith, if you'll bring the cups."

Through the cold hall they went, the aroma of coffee trailing after them. The clock ticked a welcome. It was like some old dog, spent with loneliness, wagging an ecstatic tail.

When they reached the parlor, young Edith swept from a pie-crust table a drift

of rosy lingerie, set forth the cups and filled them. She put the coffee pot on the hearth, lit a cigarette and leaned back. "This is comfy, isn't it?"

Old Edith had never seen a woman smoke. Yet, since she had a sense of humor, it was not her own shocked feelings which occupied her, but the thought of what great-grandmother Kirkland up there on the wall in her Quaker cap would have said to this desecration of her hearthstone.

Young Edith, rather tardily, remarked: "I hope you don't mind, Aunt Edith."

"Your cigarette? I was wondering what she'd say to it," she indicated the old lady in the Quaker cap.

"Great-grandmother Kirkland? What an old prig she was..." she rose and stood in front of the picture, looking up. Then suddenly she wheeled, speaking stormily, "How could women make themselves so hideous...that cap..."

"She was really a very handsome woman," her aunt told her. "I remember her well. And I remember I loved her grey silk dresses and her soft gaiety of manner. Beauty belongs to every age. Fashions never seem to kill it."

The Black Sheep came back and sat down. The Grey Little Grandmother in the following silence, told herself that, after all, black fleece was beautiful, beautiful in a dark and somber sense, as Great-grandmother Kirkland's white fleece had been beautiful in a clear and quiet sense.

And now young Edith said, abruptly, "I am going to sell the house."

The serene eyes opposite her were suddenly shadowed. "It seems a pity."

"Yes. But I need the money... The house won't bring much, but what I shall get for it is all that stands between me and poverty."

"My dear, I didn't know."

"No. You've thought like all the rest of them that I was flourishing—like a green bay tree. The wicked always do, don't they? I had a little money after he died. But it was invested in French securities, and they went absolutely dead when the War came."

The firelight flicked the crystal bowl with wavering gold. What had Mark said? That it was worth a fortune?

"Are you going to sell the heirlooms, Edith?"

"No...I shall keep them. All except the crystal bowl. I want Mark to have that."

The room seemed to whirl before the older woman's eyes, "You are going to give it to Mark?" she asked incredulously. "Yes."

The fire had died down, and in the half-darkness, leaning a little forward, young Edith seemed a shadow among the shadows. To the older Edith the whole thing had a sense of unreality—that she should be sitting here listening to the ghostly voice of one who had once filled this room with light and loveliness.

And now the voice was saying, "Aunt Edith—what does Mark think of me?"

Her aunt hesitated, then told the truth: "I am afraid he is—hard. He can't forgive. When he is my age he'll see things differently."

Deeper darkness. Then a sharp, "I don't want him to see things differently."

All the barriers were down! And a mantle of darkness enfolded a sobbing figure on the hearthrug!

"Why didn't somebody save me, Aunt Edith? I was so young...I didn't know life...I didn't know that romance...that what I called 'love' didn't count...that nothing counted but...self-respect."

The grey little woman bent over the bowed head. "Hush! Hush, my darling."

"Aunt Edith, nobody has called me that for a million years."

They clung together, talked in low tones. Outside it grew darker. The wind blew strong from heavy clouds.

Then, suddenly; above the roar of the wind, came the sound of footsteps on the porch. Old Edith lifted her head: "It must be Jan," she said, "he's early."

But it was not Jan. Someone had entered by the kitchen way, and was coming through the hall. A voice called, "Mother!" Mark's voice!

[Turn to page 64]

Does the skin on your face look older than the skin on your body?

This important principle of complexion care will stop this "unequal ageing"—it will help keep your skin young and lovely—try it FREE.

WOMEN often wonder about this. They compare the skin of their face and neck with the skin of their body. They realize that though their body skin is fresh, white and soft, the skin of their face, and neck and hands looks definitely older, slightly dry and harsh.

There is a scientific way to stop this "unequal ageing." A way that does for your face skin just what Nature does for your body skin. This way is Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. You can try it, free.

For over fifty years Frostilla Lotion has been famous for keeping hands soft and white—for preventing chaps and dryness. It is just as effective for keeping the skin of your face and neck lovely. Frostilla Lotion is chemically identical with the natural moisture that your skin provides. It is made scientifically just as the body makes it naturally. It keeps the skin soft in the same way.

You need Frostilla Lotion, because you need more "precious moisture" than your body can supply. Not for your body skin, because that is protected by clothing. But the skin of your face and neck and hands is exposed. Particularly cold weather, raw winds, artificial heat and dust dry out the moisture of the skin.

More must be added if the skin is not to become harsh, dry old. Frostilla Lotion is the scientific way to furnish this additional amount. By using it regularly you can



For fifty years Frostilla Lotion has been famous as the finest way of keeping hands soft in spite of housework.

keep your complexion and hands as smooth and soft as the skin on your body.

Frostilla Lotion is quickly absorbed by the skin without leaving any stickiness. Its fragrance will delight you.

Test Frostilla Lotion yourself for a few days. Let us send you a generous trial bottle, absolutely free.

See why thousands of women are praising this better way of caring for the skin. See how Frostilla Lotion—"precious moisture" can keep your skin supple, white, fresh. Simply mail the coupon.

Some popular uses

To prevent and soothe chapped hands.

After all household duties.

A base for powder and rouge.

To prevent rough skin from hard water and strong soap.

For cracked lips and fingers.

To soften the cuticle around the nail.

For men—after shaving.



Two sizes—35c and \$1.00

The larger bottle is the more economical to buy as it contains more than three times the 35-cent size. For sale at all good stores in the U. S. and Canada.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion

Selling Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., New York and Toronto

THE FROSTILLA COMPANY, Dept. 512, Elmira, N. Y.

Please send me your free bottle of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion, the lotion that keeps skin soft and young in Nature's own way.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

(In Canada: 10 McCaul St., Toronto)

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it . . . you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.



Your Smile

will show dazzling clear teeth in a few days if you do this

This simple, NEW method, removes the stubborn film that hides the natural beauty of your teeth and imperils healthy gums.

THEN years ago dull and dingy teeth were seen on every side. Today they are becoming a rarity. Note the gleaming smiles you see now wherever your eyes turn.

Please don't believe your teeth are "different"; that they are naturally off-color and dull. You can correct that condition remarkably in even a few days.

Modern science has discovered new methods in tooth and gum protection. Leading dentists advise them. In fairness to yourself, make the test offered here.

Do This—Remove that dingy film; it invites ugly teeth and fosters gum disorders

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film.

That film is an enemy to your teeth and gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives



FREE Mail this for
10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 903, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name _____

Address _____

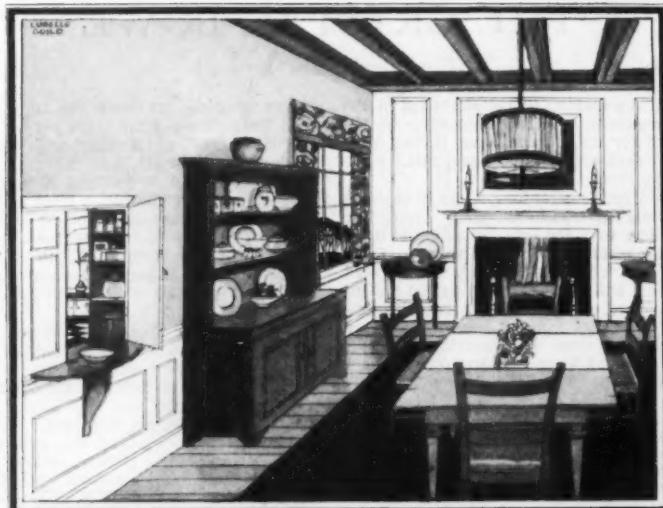
FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

Pepsodent
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

Only one tube to a family.

1869



The Dining-Room of Distinction

LURELLE GUILD



BECAUSE it was sturdy and practical, the furniture which our early American fathers made and used in their homes had a beautiful simplicity. If we search out the reason for the popularity, today, of early American furniture in our homes, doubtless we shall find that it lies in our deep, instinctive appreciation of this native dignity of the pieces our forefathers used.

To keep pace with the vogue for these simple, practical, sturdy chests and chairs and tables, even if we have not the money to invest in precious originals—or even in some of the strikingly good reproductions—we can, by applying our ingenuity and our handicraft, have in our homes the same types of furniture that created the distinguished atmosphere of the Colonial homes.

In the dining-room pictured above, the strength and substantiality of the furnishings lend to the room this very quality of severe yet fine simplicity.

Dining-room furniture is always more or less arbitrary—the dining-table and chairs, serving-tables and perhaps something that stands in the stead of the once-popular

sideboard. To relieve this monotony, we must strive for the unusual, both in the accessories and in the furniture itself.

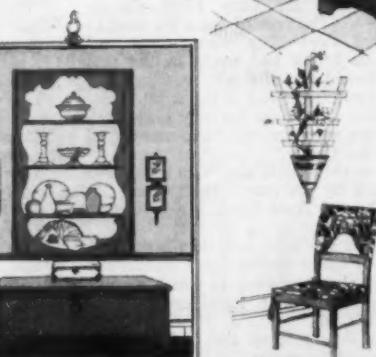
The open dresser, practical as well as decorative, shown in this room, is a feature distinctively Colonial. Such dressers can be made easily and inexpensively. So, too, can the smaller articles, such as the side-tables on either side of the fireplace.

Even a very ordinary window becomes attractive when hung with curtains of some novelty weave, silk or linen or cotton and headed with a valance of the same or of a harmonizing material; the valance bound with a darker shade of plain material.

In the dining-room of many a home built within the past few decades, the chandelier over the dining-table is an atrocity. Here a silk shade turns one of these things of horror into an entirely decorative feature.

An ingenious labor-saving device is the cupboard cut into the wall between the kitchen and dining-room, its side spaces containing small shelves for table accessories. A serving shelf in front is a great convenience.

To make, at home, these various furnishings, send for directions to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street. Enclose two-cent stamp for postage.





"I wish," said the woman whose mail for days had been heavy with vaguely decorative little cards, "that some one would send me a real Christmas card!" So—



Here are a few which bear the true stamp of Christmas. First, on the left is one that is modern but abounding in the hearty Yuletide cheer of by-gone days.

THEY CARRY THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

CARDS SELECTED BY FRANCES EMILY SCOTT



"Behold, there came wise men from the East—the wise men, their camels, their gifts and the star of Bethlehem, are messengers who bring, on this simple post-card, the tidings of Christmas."

The mother and her child, as the old masters of Christian art painted them and as they are reproduced in rich colors on post-cards, may well be treasured in a frame and kept on one's desk for many a Christmas. The giver will know that such a card is not liable to be forgotten and thrown into a waste-paper basket once the holidays are over!



The Annunciation, on the left, picturing the first Christmas-tidings, is taken, like the Madonna, above, from a series of imported cards reproducing great paintings. Cards such as these bear more than a trivial wish of good cheer. They breathe the deeper, spiritual message of the season of peace and good-will. And though they are small, they have much of the beauty of the masterpieces from which they have been reproduced. They are worthy of a place in the Christmas mail-bag!

This advertisement is important to every woman who wants a beautiful skin. We urge you to read it—then make the test—free



Is this the reason why your complexion is not lovelier

If the face creams you use have even tiny imperfections, you may be harming your skin—how you can be sure about creams that are safe—how you can try them, free.

YOU faithfully care for your skin, in the way that most people advise. Cleansing it with a cold cream—protecting it with a vanishing cream. Yet—are you satisfied?

Thousands of women still ask whether there isn't some way to make their complexions noticeably prettier.

There is. Your skin can be made lovelier—there are two creams that will do this. And you can try them, free.

Dermatologists know that even microscopic imperfections in face creams may do infinite harm to the skin. For the skin is very sensitive. It detects imperfections, even though your eyes cannot.

There is a way out of this. For there are two creams that are perfect. They are advised by famous skin specialists for complete purity. These

two creams are Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Perfect Vanishing Cream.

Surely you will wish to use only creams that you know are entirely pure and safe. With them you can bring to your skin—a new loveliness.

We are so sure that you will be delighted with the results of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Perfect Vanishing Cream, that we want to send you a trial tube of each, absolutely free.

This new help, also free

There is som' thing else we offer you—a new type of beauty book, unlike all others you have ever read. It combines the joint opinions of several of the most famous skin specialists in America.

Daggett & Ramsdell appealed personally to these men, sparing neither trouble nor expense, to urge them to give to all women the true facts about complexion care. There are many things in this book that may startle you—facts that most women may not know.

We will be glad to mail your copy, free, together with the two trial tubes of Daggett & Ramsdell creams.



Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream has been known for 85 years to women who wished only the purest and finest cream for their skins. Now that there is also a Vanishing Cream by Daggett & Ramsdell most women will prefer using both together.

TRIPLE OFFER ~ FREE

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. 5114
214 W. 14th Street, New York City

I am anxious to try two creams that I know are free from all imperfections. Will you send me your trial tubes, and also your booklet about the care of the skin?

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)





and Learn How
to Play Music by Notes
in Three Lessons

Every lover of music should send for these lessons. They are absolutely free—they will teach you more in one hour than you can learn in an entire year. All you have to do is to send a postcard to yourself that you can become an accomplished pianist—or organist—without spending a single penny for the text. The lessons are for beginner or advanced players—they start you from the very beginning. No previous training necessary.

Why These Lessons Are Sent FREE

A great many music lovers who are anxious to learn piano or organ hesitate to start because they fear they are unable to learn. Every normal person can naturally succeed with some musical talent. The proper training can develop this talent to the utmost. There are a comparatively small number of teachers gifted with this art. Many would study music—but dread the many years it ordinarily requires to become an accomplished musician. Few can afford the hundreds of dollars it ordinarily costs to become an accomplished musician.

I have been teaching for more than thirty-five years—by the written method, and in the last five years have enrolled more than seventy thousand pupils for my course. Thus I have been able to

analyze the various types of music lovers and adopt my course accordingly.

Because I use scientific methods and inventions—which no other teacher can use—it takes only one-quarter the time in my way, and the cost is only a few cents a lesson.

If you will fill out and mail the coupon below—I will send you by return mail the first two lessons of my course. After you have studied them, you will then know why I can teach you the piano better, and in one fourth the time ordinarily required. Remember, this does not obligate you in any way. The lessons are yours to keep, put them to any test you desire. I know you will be surprised and delighted to know how easily you can learn piano studying my way.

Free Book "How to Learn Piano."

With the lessons I will also send an interesting folder—“How to Learn Piano.” This booklet contains a lot of information valuable to every music lover. It fully describes my methods, and will tell you of many people—giving their names and addresses—who have succeeded by my method. Among my pupils are children as young as ten years, and adults up to forty. Many who are engaged in business during the day, have found by studying only fifteen minutes each day they were able to realize their ambitions to become accomplished musicians. Many of my graduates are now teaching, or playing professionally. My method will give you other valuable information on how you may succeed by being an accomplished pianist. Be sure to mail the coupon today.

Why My Lessons Are Interesting

Unlike most methods, I do not give you tedious exercises to play. Beginning with the third lesson I actually start you playing a popular piece of music. Not only will you play it in the key in which it is written, but in other keys. Ordinarily you will begin to study at least a year before being given a piece of sheet music to play. Thus, by my method, you actually begin to see results in less than a week's time. See for yourself how I make this possible by sending for the trial lessons at once.

FREE LESSON COUPON
M. L. Quinn Conservatory of Music
Box 12, McCall Plan, Boston, Mass.
Please send me without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," free sample lessons and full particulars of your method.

Name _____
Address _____



\$100⁰⁰ BOOTH
At Your Church Bazaar

Of course you want to make the largest possible profits from your Church Bazaar this season. Therefore you should certainly plan to include a McCall Booth.

In addition to this Booth at your Bazaar, you can increase the amount of your profits by another application of the McCall Plan, an easy, dignified way in which more than 10,000 churches have secured extra funds.

Neither the booth nor the other plan, which we will explain when you write, involves any expense, and you do not have to ask anyone for a donation of any kind. Everything necessary is supplied free by McCall's.

Fill out and mail today the coupon below. This will bring you full information concerning the McCall Plan, by which your church can secure extra funds.

Send This \$100 Coupon Today

DEPT. 12-B, McCALL'S MAGAZINE,
250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
Tell me without obligation or expense how my church may use the McCall
CHURCH PLAN and have a McCall Booth at our Bazaar.

Name _____
Local Address _____
Name of Church _____
City and State _____
Date of Bazaar _____



Hospitable Suppers for the Holidays

[Continued from page 42]



DATE CAKES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups raw oatmeal
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water

Cream shortening and add sugar. Sift together flour and soda and add alternately with water to shortening and sugar. Add oatmeal and mix well. Roll out thin on slightly floured board, using more flour if necessary. Cut with cookie-cutters. On one half of the cookies spread the following date paste:

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound dates $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water

Chop dates and mix with sugar. Add water and cook to a thick paste. Spread on cookies and cover with a second cookie, pressing firmly together. Bake in moderate oven (360° F.) about 20 minutes.

NEW YEAR'S CAKES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup fat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup baking-powder $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup caraway seeds

Cream shortening and add sugar and beaten egg. Sift together baking-powder, salt and flour and add alternately with milk to egg mixture. Sprinkle in caraway seeds last. Roll out $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick on slightly floured board and cut with fancy cutters. Bake in moderate oven (360° F.) 5 to 8 minutes.

If desired the cakes may be ornamented with sugared caraway seeds pressed into the tops in designs before baking.

CHRISTMAS SANDWICHES

Slice bread thin and cut in such shapes as bells, stars, trees, stockings, Santa Claus, and so forth with fancy cookie-cutters or with a sharp knife, using patterns cut from stiff paper laid on the slices.

Fill these with any mixtures you like.

We Eat Christmas Dinner in Paris

[Continued from page 45]

a Christmas Charlotte Russe, red and white striped, surrounded with a wall of whipped cream and with bunches of holly at each end of the platter.

Instead of using lady-fingers to line the mold, Madame had cut strips of cake about an inch wide, half an inch thick, and of the height of the mold. Half of these strips she covered with red and the remainder with white fondant frosting. Any plain cake can be used for these. They should be frosted long enough before they are needed for the frosting to be firm when they are placed in the mold. The mold was lined on sides and bottom with paper very lightly brushed over with melted butter. The strips of cake were fitted in, red alternating with white, with the frosted side toward the outside of the mold. In the center of the bottom she placed a round of red frosted cake, frosting side down. This was encircled with candied cherries placed a little apart so the light filling of the mold could be seen between them.

A real Charlotte Russe is filled with a whipped cream mixture, differing slightly from a Bavarian cream. But Madame's charlotte was in a gay holiday mood. She had used for the filling a strawberry Bavarian cream, made with

canned strawberries, which was more colorful and better than charlotte. Candied cherries, angelica and blanched almonds were added to give a further holiday touch.

You can use your own recipe for a Bavarian cream or this one given me by a French chef. This recipe makes enough for a very large mold. For a small family, half the amount would be sufficient.

If you have no mold for making the large charlotte, make individual surprise-cakes instead. Scoop out the insides of medium-sized rich cupcakes and fill them with the Bavarian cream mixture. When firm, turn them upside down and frost them with any white frosting. The cakes must be kept in a cool place or the Bavarian cream will melt and soften them.





Romance in Small Packages Tied With Holly and Red Ribbon

[Continued from page 34]

Broadway and the Years it Took to Get There, by George M. Cohan (Harper, \$3.00)—this last a book that reflects the footlights and is told in the slang of New York's theatrical circles, and for its very levity is a pleasant change from the ordinary autobiography; Marbacka, reminiscences of her childhood, by the Scandinavian writer, Selma Lagerlof (Doubleday, Page, \$2.50); the widely read Life and Letters of Walter H. Page (Doubleday, Page. Two volumes. \$10.00).

Those who like quiet, exquisitely written essays of literary criticism, will enjoy The Common Reader, by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50), and the student of the drama or the ardent theatre-goer will welcome A Study of the Modern Drama, by Barrett H. Clark (Appleton, \$3.50), which discusses some eighty plays from fifteen different countries.

When our dainty package is destined for the child's stocking or Christmas tree, the choice of its contents may be wide. For the very young there are: Tony Sarg's Book for Children (Greenburg, \$3.75) with its amusing peep-shows; When We Were Very Young, by A. A. Milne (Dutton, \$2.00); The Poppy Seed Cakes, by Margery Clark (Doubleday, Page, \$2.00). For older boys: Redcoat and Minuteman, by Bernard Marshall (Appleton, \$2.50); Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger, a tale of the days of James II, by John Masefield (Little, Brown, \$2.00); The King of Ireland's Son, by Padraic Colum, with delightful illustrations by Willy Pogany (Macmillan, \$2.25). The Boy's Book of Ships, by Charles E. Cartwright (Dut-

ton, \$2.00). For older girls: Tony From America, by Katharine Haviland Taylor (Harcourt, Brace, \$1.75);

A Daughter of the Rich, by Mary E. Waller (Little, Brown, \$2.00); Katherine Adam's splendid books—Midsummer, Red Caps and Lilies, Mehitable, and The Silver Tarn (Macmillan, \$2.00 each). For both boys and girls: The classic Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates, by Mary Mapes Dodge (A new edition. Harper, \$1.75); The Bower Book of Simple Poems for Boys and Girls, which Brentano's import from England, at \$1.25; Persons, the new Champlin Encyclopedia of famous characters, edited by Lincoln MacVeagh (Henry Holt, \$5.00); Alice F. Jackson's excellently retold stories of favorite characters from great books, including Hereward the Wake, The Last of the Barons, Days of Bruce, Waverly, Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, The Talisman, Peverel of the Peak, Fortunes of Nigel, Little Nell, David Copperfield, Dombey and Son, Oliver Twist, Barnaby Rudge and A Tale of Two Cities (London). Sold through Brentano's at \$1.25 each). The Children's Book of Celebrated Buildings, by Lorinda Munson Bryant (Century, \$2.50); The Children's Book of Celebrated Sculpture, by the same author (Century, \$2.50), and The Young People's Story of Music, by Ida Prentice Whitcomb (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50).

There is sufficient material to fill any number of neat, ribbon-and-holly-wrapped packages! But we must end our list or we shall not have left enough ribbon and holly for packages of clumsier bulk.

New England's Colonial Homes Were of Many Kinds

[Continued from page 54]

clothed carefully and stood on its own feet. During the next period the clock, in a variety of decorative forms, became an important feature of the house.

Much of the furniture brought from England at this time was of Dutch origin, being made by craftsmen brought over from Holland. The high boys and low boys took the place of the early chests. These pieces became models, to a certain extent, for our craftsmen, whose workmanship was unexcelled.

Early furniture was of white pine or maple. In the second period, particularly in New England, walnut was most used. It was stronger and less liable to twist. More attention was paid to graceful lines in furniture, and the reverse curve, or cyma, became a favorite motif. We see it in the backs of old Dutch chairs, mirror frames, and in the cabriole legs of the tables and of the high boys, so common in Dutch models.

A wholly American development was the perfecting of the Windsor chair, with which we are all familiar. Legend has it that King George discovered such a chair in an obscure peasant's hut near Windsor but some authorities claim it to be of purely American origin. In any case, because it is comfortable, durable and light, it has held its popularity for two centuries.

In the best Windsor types the arms extend around the back in one piece, as in the

round-about chair, the spindle passing through them. In one type the spindles terminate in a bent piece of wood, curving upward from the arms. There are many variations of all types. The comb-back Windsor takes the place of the settle and speaks of "forgotten, far-off things."

The ideal Windsor chair should have a saddle-shaped seat, spreading, deeply cut, vase-turned legs with bulbous, turned stretchers. The arms should have a fine sharp ramp and well-curved knuckles. The nine-spindled comb with delicate bulbous turnings should run up through a double bow, crowned by a finely shaped rail with nicely spiraled carved ears.

The Windsor chair is more suggestive of pleasant reflections than any other article of furniture, and is appropriate for any room in the house. It may be used successfully with any of the styles which we have described, down through the second Colonial period.

It is impossible in these short articles, even to begin to tell of the richness and variety in the development of Colonial work in New England alone. If they inspire some to delve farther into the beauty and character of the old Colonial work, they will have served. Only through knowledge and sympathy with the past can we grow and develop new and beautiful things.



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Just picture her surprise and great joy if good old Santa has left her a magical Famlee Family—the lifelike, unbreakable, walking, talking Dollie who first is a petite black hair French girl and presto! in a moment becomes a happy rollicking Clown. Then a jolly Sailor Girl. Or a brave and bold Naval Commander. Then perhaps a brown-cheeked Indian Girl.

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If you are not totally satisfied your money will be refunded without question. (Sent C. O. D. if preferred).



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The Famlee Doll

Young Edith jumped to her feet, tore her hands frantically from the other's restraining clasp, "I can't see him," she said wildly. "Tell him to go away—" She ran into the bedroom, slammed the door, locked it.

Mark came in, filling the room with his towering bulk. His blue eyes were like steel in his stern face. Sweeping the room with his glance—that glowing, untidy room—he demanded, "Where is she?"

"In the bedroom." "Well..." he let that go, "I've come to take you home."

"How did you know I was here?" "I telephoned to the house to see if things were going all right. And I couldn't get an answer from you or Helga or Jan. I thought something might have happened, so I jumped into the car and came. I found one of the men at the barn, and he said Jan had brought you here."

His eyes accused her. But she had not lived a long life with him to be afraid of him. "I came," she said, calmly, "to eat Christmas dinner with Edith."

"After what I said?" "Well, you didn't want Mahomet to come to the mountain, so the mountain—" He interrupted, "I don't see how you can joke about it, Mother."

"I am not joking." Again he let that go, "Get your things on, and I'll take you home."

"I am not going, Mark."

"Mother!" "No. Edith needs me. And Jan will call for me when he brings Helga back."

He began to speak violently. "I can't understand you. She has made her bed—"

"Mark, don't—" she had a feeling that Edith might be leaning against that closed door—listening.

He went on. "Why does she need you? She chose to cut herself off from us."

"She's unhappy."

"You're too soft-hearted, Mother."

His eyes were taking in the room, going from the shimmering things on the chairs and sofas to the rosy drift that had been swept from the pie-crust table, the Dutch candlesticks in the top of the trunk, the sumptuous wrap across the corner of the piano, the crystal bowl back among the shadows

Old Edith's heart leaped suddenly. The crystal bowl! Might it not move him if she told him young Edith was going to give it to him. He had wanted it so much—for himself, and for his children—his children's children.

Yet even as the thought came, she dismissed it. Graces of mind and spirit must not be bought. Pity must have a more worthy motive. Then, too, there was Edith's poverty. Could they accept such a gift at her hands when she needed the money? She said in a low tone, "Mark, she cried in my arms."

The steely look went out of his eyes. Again his glance swept the room and rested on the piano. She wondered if he was seeing what she saw—a slim girl figure in a blue-ruffled frock, with brown curls banded with blue, bending over the keys between the twin gold flames of the tall candles in the Dutch holders.

When at last he answered, his voice was subdued. "I am going," he said, "you can come when you get ready. This house is full of ghosts. . . . I hate it."

He shut the door sharply behind him, his footsteps echoed through the hall, another door opened and shut. Then silence.

Young Edith, coming out, spoke tensely, "I heard what he said."

"My dear, I'm sorry."

"No, don't be sorry. He's right."

Her aunt stared at her, "Right!"

"Yes," then passionately, "Oh, do you think it was easy to hear him say things like that? Mark? He was always so kind . . ." she struggled for composure.

"But now, he oughtn't to be kind. I wonder if you understand what I mean? All through the years it has steadied me to know that Mark wouldn't forgive what I have done. Don't you see, Aunt Edith, it is the men who forgive things that make it easy for women to do them? I want men like Mark in the world. Somehow he stands for the strength that means—happiness. Aunt Edith, if the man I loved had been strong, he wouldn't have let me—

"Don't think I am blaming him," she went on, hurriedly, "any more than myself. Only I had to tell you why I am

THE CRYSTAL BOWL

[Continued from page 59]

glad that Mark is Mark. Oh, I've been bitter, Aunt Edith. I've said hard things of all of you. I've tried to think of you as a lot of old fogies living up here among the hills with your family pride. But all the time I've known underneath that a pride like that is a fine thing—pride that keeps Mark with his Emily, and both of them with their children—a pride that makes the family a thing of integrity—not at the whim of some sudden passion."

She controlled her voice and went on: "That's why I want Mark to have the crystal bowl. It belongs in the family just as pride belongs in the family"—she gave a little forlorn laugh, "it sort of links Great-grandmother Kirkland with Mark's little child, doesn't it?"

She brought the bowl over and set it between the coffee cups on the pie-crust table. It was of Venetian glass, clear as ice, thin and fluted like a flower, and it tinkled when you touched it.

How Mark would love it! How they all had loved it! It had never been in common use, but had been reserved for high feasts and holidays. Its history was obscure, some sea-faring ancestor had touched at an Italian port, and there it was—a rare and radiant thing.

"My dear," the older woman said with decision. "Mark mustn't have it."

"Why not?" "It is worth a fortune."

"A fortune?" "A small one—yes. Mark learned that the last time he was in New York."

"But if he had it he wouldn't sell it, would he?" "Of course not."

"Then, why?" she was standing by the table, tapping the bowl with her finger tip so that it rang a chime of bells.

The other tried to put it delicately. "My dear—the money would be a great help to you."

The bells no longer rang, "Oh—"

She came over and stood by the fire. "It needs more wood, doesn't it?" she took two sticks from the basket and laid them on the coals. Still kneeling, she spoke, with a certain fierceness, "I hope I'm not such a rotter as that—"

"Edith."

"Aunt Edith why did you tell me? You are forcing me to make a choice. I don't want to think about money. Yet I have to think about it"

The fresh logs flamed. The crystal bowl flamed with them—it seemed made of thin sheets of gold, flaunting its opulence, proclaiming its cost.

* * * * *

It was still snowing when the Grey Little Grandmother drove home with Jan. As they came up to the house, she saw that all the windows were lighted

Mark, opening the door, helped his mother out of the car and kissed her. "I was a beast," he at once apologized. "I've been talking it over with Emily."

She returned his kiss but said, "You were a beast. And on Christmas Day."

"I know," his arm was about her. Then: "We've got the tree lighted, the children would have it. But we've waited till you came for the presents."

Going in, the room seemed alive with love and laughter, Emily with the littlest child on her lap; all the other children rushing to meet their grandmother. The little girls had rosy ribbons in their hair to match their rosy cheeks, and the little boys had red ties because it was Christmas Day. They pushed and shoved each other, hugging her and shouting, "A Merry Christmas, Nana."

It was wonderful to see them, and wonderful to see the great tree blazing behind them. Wonderful to see Mark and Emily smiling. There was something stable and serene about it all. What was it Edith had said of "the integrity of the family?"

"Sing your carols for Nana," Emily suggested, and the children went at it with a will—standing in a row, pink ribbons and red ties, and all the rest of it. The littlest baby crowed an accompaniment, and Emily sang with them, and Mark in his deep voice. Wonderful!

Not until after supper were they to have their presents, "The children are ravenous," Emily stated.

"I told Helga they wouldn't want much—"

"They are never satisfied . . . We'll give them plenty of bread and milk."

The Grey Little Grandmother went to the dairy room to get the milk for the children's supper. As she passed through the hall, the old clock ticked. And in that dead, old house that other clock ticked!

She had made Edith keep the bowl. She wondered what Mark would say? She had deprived the littlest baby of its link with great-grandmother Kirkland!

And now the second-littlest baby was piping in the hall, "Supper's ready."

She went then, and found them all at the table. Mark still on his feet to seat her; Emily at the other end with the littlest baby—all those smiling faces!

They hadn't even said grace when the door opened. Without a knock, without anything! It might have been, as the children said, "A Christmas fairy."

But it was not a Christmas fairy, although she looked like one. It was young Edith, and she wore the sumptuous wrap, and a smart close hat with a gold flower, and she seemed very elegant and shining in the simple room.

"May I come in?" she said from the threshold.

Mark got on his feet and went forward, a flame in his cheeks, "Of course."

She had a huge bundle in her arms, "Take this, please," she said, and thrust it upon him. "You are not to open it until I am gone."

She spoke to the children, "He mustn't open it, must he?" and they got down from the table, shouted and made a nosegay of themselves about her—pink ribbons and red ties and bobbing curls.

"You darlings," young Edith said, and her voice broke on the words.

Then Emily rose and went to her, and the two women stood together. The littlest baby was on Emily's arm. "Her name is Edith," she said with lovely quietude. "Would you like to kiss her?"

The littlest baby crowed. Her tiny hand clutched at the gold flower

Mark, standing now beside his wife said, "Won't you stay . . . Edith . . . ?"

"No. I'm on my way to my train. I just stopped to leave my gift. I wasn't going to come in but somehow when I saw the lights on the tree"

she reached out her hand to Mark and he took it "I thought I'd like to say—'A Merry Christmas'."

Her voice was shaking. But in a moment she had control of it—"Good-bye," she said. "I shan't be coming back"

She turned from them and hid her face against the shoulder of the Grey Little Grandmother, "You darling"

she said. Then, with one last look around her, she opened the door, and was gone!

Mark took a step forward, but his mother said, "No—" And after a moment, "Hadn't we better finish our supper?"

But the children were shouting, "Open the present."

Old Edith knew before Mark took off the wrapping what he was to see. The children were disappointed. "It's just a bowl," they said, slightly, and went on eating bread and milk.

But Mark set the bowl in the center of the table, and as the eyes of the little grandmother rested upon it, it seemed a chalice, lighted by a white flame!

"There's a note," Mark said, and glanced over it, "I'll read it to you and Emily when the children are in bed."

The three of them sat up late that night. The children had been slow in settling down. Christmas Day was almost over. They spoke again of Edith, and Mark read the note. It was written on thin French paper, and about it was the faint fragrance of roses.

"I want you to have the bowl, Mark. Once upon a time you gave me a little ship. I still treasure it. Perhaps because of it I shall sail some day into safe harbor. And now, God bless you all! Today your mother and I have been talking about God. And the Christ of Bethlehem. Christmas means that, doesn't it? I had forgotten. But now I want to—remember."

.... The day had begun with snow, and ended with it. The Grey Little Grandmother, lying snug in her upper room, heard the sweep of it against her windows. And, the Black Sheep was out in the storm! But the Shepherd watched!



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- Ten words or less for the title.
- Write title on one sheet of paper. Below title, write only your name and full address plainly.
- Coupon and coin for panel can be sent with your title.
- Contest closes Nov. 30, 1925, but get your title in early.
- In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.
- Prizes paid Dec. 15, 1925. Winners announced Jan. 9, 1926, in Saturday Evening Post.

Note. If you plan to get panel anyhow, you can send for it first and study it in full size and colors. Then send in your title. However, no one is required to get a panel to enter contest.

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But Bronson did not wait until morning. He fled to his

cold little attic room, tied up his possessions in a grey shawl which he slung from his shoulder, and fled out into the after-glow, over the drifted roads toward home.

It was midnight when he climbed Spindle Hill, a tiny black shadow moving slowly under the waning moon. He pounded on the farmhouse door, until his father's startled voice demanded his name and business. Then he wept.

They heard his story, shivering before the hastily rekindled fire. When he had finished, his father said, "A flimsy excuse to get home to your mother. You can take your choice—go back to Cheshire tomorrow, or go down to Waterbury and enter Seth Thomas' clock factory.

"I'll go to the clock factory," said Bronson quickly. And so it was decided.

The sort of work required of him made no demands on his brain, and by carrying one of his precious borrowed books always with him, he did not stagnate, though at the time he thought he did and was terribly unhappy. Yet, rather than go back to Cheshire he clung to the factory work for nearly two years. His mother, watching him start off each morning along the lonely and precipitous pathway that led the two miles from the farm to the factory, yearned over him, wondered at his gentle obstinacy, worried over him but never, evidently, lost her faith or understanding. Long years after, Bronson wrote her of this time. It was after Louisa and Anna were born.

"In this new relation of father, I seem to be living out my own father's life: in my children I seem to see myself as a child, fondly delighted in his and your approval. My children, calling for their mother, recall the time when I was wont to come to you with that beautiful name on my lips—sure of your smiling on me and taking me to your heart. And when my children need correction, then I think of my father's earnest manner with me as I stood before him, conscience stricken and acknowledging my fault.

You are associated in my heart with kindness, forebearance long, sympathy with me ever. For when others wronged me it was grateful to have your encouraging look, your approving word. You helped me when I needed help, were glad at any success of mine, never frowned on me when I failed. Preachers I have had, teachers a few, trials and vicissitudes. I have failed in much. I have been schooled into resignation by all. You know all this, when in my ill health and despondence I seemed useless, insignificant in the world. Yet no preaching, teaching or trial, or despondence brought me more abundant benefit, none such abiding joy as the recollection of your affectionate encouragement while my character was forming. I pray that my own life never may disgrace yours, and that while cherishing my children I may exercise those graces which are called forth first by your parental solicitude and pains, unrequited."

Much hard thinking went on in that mature boyish mind during those two years. He thought much about religion and decided that he would become an Episcopalian.

He undoubtedly was influenced in this decision by the arrival in the neighborhood of the Rev. Mr. Keyes, who established an Episcopal church at Spindle Hill, in the Spindle Hill schoolhouse. Bronson was confirmed and became a lay reader. It was after this that he asked his father's permission to leave the factory.

His father was brushing his clothes preparatory to driving to the meeting house.

"You want to go back to Cheshire, son? I don't see how we can spare your wages."

Bronson shook his blond head. "I have to teach. I have to teach little children. They're the only ones that count. I'll give you a full day's time on the farm if you will let me quit the factory, Father."

Mrs. Alcott had come out, dressed for church. She looked from husband to son, then spoke in Bronson's own quiet manner. "Let him have his way, Father."

And so the next step was taken, and for a year Bronson sweated by day in field

THE FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN

[Continued from page 14]

and furrow, and pored at night over the books with which Parson Keyes was able to supply him. He was making real progress, he felt, but even this much of education could not be permitted to him. His father needed whatever money the boy could earn. But nothing could induce him to return to the clock factory. No! He knew of certain young men who were in the habit of going south in the winter to teach the children of planters. Now, all his quiet, misunderstood life, Bronson was possessed by a deep-seated wanderlust. That desire for change and adventure flared up in him in this emergency.

His family was appalled. "What! Go six hundred miles away from home to earn a few dollars that you could earn as easily in the clock factory?"

Even his mother was startled. "Bronson, you have no clothes, no money."

"I've bargained with that Hessian tailor in Wolcott to trade my fiddle for making a suit of our homespun," replied Bronson.

"Your fiddle! Bronson!"

Bronson nodded with a sudden flush of tears to his eyes.

His fiddle was very dear to him. He had made it himself from the bole of a maple tree that grew in a bilberry tangle, a spot where he had spent many a magic hour with his "Pilgrim's Progress." Fashioned from the maple tree, by means of his knife and the fine skill he had inherited from his father. He had walked to New Haven and back to buy the varnish, strings and rosin for completing it, and had taught himself to draw real music from it.

Both father and mother stared at him. Nothing could so have made them understand Bronson's earnestness about this trip as did the fact that he had arranged to part with his beloved fiddle to help bring it about. And then, added Bronson:

"You owe two hundred dollars, Father. You have no other way to accumulate that great sum than by the cultivation of this farm, and times are extremely dull. In eight or nine months away I know I can earn half that amount. I'll find a school in the country, near Norfolk. I know I can and I'll send you home all that I earn outside my board."

An enormous venture and adventure for a country boy of those days. But with his curious, gentle persistence, Bronson put it through. With a little tin trunk that contained all his possessions, he started for Norfolk, Virginia. Amos Bronson Alcott, seventeen years old, already in appearance, despite the ugly Hessian suit, the scholar type. Bronson Alcott, failure and very great gentleman.

He tramped the twenty-five miles to New Haven and there boarded the sloop, "Three Sisters" for Norfolk. He had no money for his passage—eight dollars—but something about Bronson, that charm which every one who knew him, high and low, old and young, records, had its effect on Captain Sperry and he agreed to give Bronson passage, trusting the young man to pay him later. It was fall, and the young scholar farmer found the long stormy voyage cold and uncomfortable. But he arrived at Norfolk cheerful, though penniless, and at once landed a temporary job as an accountant. This enabled him to pay his bill to the trusting Captain Sperry before the "Three Sisters" started north with her return cargo. He also heard of a school about twenty miles north of Norfolk.

And so, the red roads of Virginia, the tin trunk and the homespun Hessian suit. He passed some beautiful plantations, he passed one edge of the Dismal Swamp. He passed negro cabins and huts of the poor white trash, feeling moment by moment more bewildered at the strangeness of the country. But he went on steadily to the little town of Kempville, and made application to the school board for a position in the common school. The chairman of the board looked at the certificate with which Bronson's uncle had supplied him, then he looked at Bronson. "This is a man's job, sah" he said to Bronson. "You are too young and green, sah. We need the good juniper club, sah, and an arm that can wield it."

It was Bronson's first rebuff as a schoolmaster, and he took it hard. His prospec-

tive profession was very dear to him. He started back to Norfolk, profoundly depressed. Along the edge of the Dismal Swamp a terrible storm overtook him, and after battling with it for a time he finally crouched on his trunk, waiting for the frightful downpour of rain to cease. Sitting thus with head bowed to the storm, he did not observe the approach of three men until one of them jerked him to his feet and held him while the others emptied his trunk and his pockets. They took his shoes and his hat, and left him standing beside his empty trunk dishevelled and breathless. He had put up a tremendous fight but the odds against him had been too great.

He was angry now, angry not only at Virginia, but at life, and after a moment's contemplation of the trunk he shoved it into the muck of the swamp, and started back through the red mud to Norfolk.

There was no hope for teaching now, with his meager equipment gone. Bronson reached Norfolk late at night, slept on the wharf, borrowed a pair of shoes from a sailor and after a talk with a chance acquaintance, a Yankee peddler, he went back to Tisdale, the tin man whose accounts he had been keeping, and went to work in his shop. When he had accumulated a small sum of money, he bought a supply of almanacs and began his career as peddler. Each almanac cost him three pence and was sold for nine pence. During the Christmas season his trade was brisk, but it ended with the holidays. Whereupon, young Bronson went to a peddler's supply merchant and procured credit for about three hundred dollars worth of goods, trinkets and silks. He packed these goods into two small hand trunks, and once more he started out.

His journal of these days is really an account book of expenditures and earnings, but one or two letters north are illuminating.

"I am sure it would please you to travel here in Virginia. Hospitality is a distinguishing trait of the people, rich or poor. And the polished manners and agreeable conversations ingratiate the traveler at once in their favor. The planters in this section are largely an educated class, gentlemen in the best sense of the word. I pass many an evening at these hospitable homes. It is a school of manners next to traveling abroad."

The first experience at peddling was of stupendous import to Bronson. For the first time in his life he actually saw the gentle form of living for which his soul yearned. He received wonderful treatment from these Southerners who evidently recognized at once that here was no common clay.

When he returned to Spindle Hill in the spring, he brought with him not only eighty dollars in cash for his father, but an outward polish of manner that all the ridicule of his family and friends could not cause him to drop. He worked hard all that summer on the farm, returned to Virginia in the fall, and the following spring he brought to his father a hundred dollars. But his father shook his head. There was a gaiety and a touch of the cavalier about young Bronson now that his Puritan father did not like. And he had begun to call on the girls, which bothered his mother.

But in spite of protests, Bronson started on a third peddling season in the south. This time he went to South Carolina, where he had unbelievably hard luck.

It required two more seasons of crushing failure in the South to bring him back to Puritanism but he finally left Virginia one May on foot, with eight and a half dollars in his pocket, and walked all the way to Spindle Hill, arriving there in July, worn, sallow and tattered. Amos Bronson Alcott, aged twenty-two, purged, disciplined, and by the grace of God equipped for his great task.

So Bronson Alcott, at the age of twenty-two, turned abruptly from peddling and gay-blading-it in Virginia to school teaching in Connecticut. And the astounding aspect to this is that he taught, not as a novice or as an apprentice to old methods. He taught as one with authority, by [Turn to page 68]



Sentiment does not recognize substitutes

NO other person in all the world was ever like that loved one of yours who has passed. The portrait will never grow dim. No other affection in the world was just like your affection. Sentiment does not recognize substitutes.

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methods at
that time un-
known.

How did it happen? Pestalozzi, the great Swiss educational reformer died about the time Bronson began teaching. It is extremely doubtful if Bronson at this time had read any of his works. Froebel, the inventor of the kindergarten, did not produce his great book on child training until 1826. It is extremely unlikely that Bronson even had heard of Froebel.

Yet, an observer said in the Boston Recorder of 1827, "there is one school of an improved kind, Mr. A. B. Alcott's—the best common school in this state, perhaps in the United States."

And Mr. Samuel May, a Connecticut clergyman, wrote in his journal at this time: "I wrote Mr. Alcott, begging him to send me a detailed statement of his principles and methods in training children. In due time came to me a full account of the school at Cheshire, which revealed such a depth of insight into the nature of man, such a true sympathy with children, such profound appreciation of the work of education, and was withal, so philosophically arranged and exquisitely written that I at once felt assured the man must be a genius and I must know him more intimately. So I wrote inviting him most urgently to visit me."

"He came and passed a week with me before the end of the summer. I have never, but in one instance, been so immediately taken possession of by any man I ever met in life. He seemed to me like a born sage and saint. He was a radical in all matters of reform: went to the root of all theories, especially the subjects of education, mental and moral culture."

How did this farm lad, obscure, apparently without education, spring suddenly from obscurity?

We do not know. All that we do know is that after he returned for the last time from Virginia, Bronson taught for a few months in two or three country schools, then procured the school at Cheshire at a salary of twenty-seven dollars a month.

The school house at Cheshire was the usual box affair of one room, ugly, badly scarred. Bronson knew better than to ask the people of Cheshire for means with which to beautify the school house. He went at the job of beautifying himself. Scrapped and painted and cleaned, hung some engravings on the walls, put up a bookshelf on which he arranged his own handful of books—the beginning of the first school library in New England!

The books on the bookshelf excited enormous interest. And when it was found that the books not only could be read in school hours but taken home, Bronson was swamped by requests for the loan of the volumes. Will you kindly note the type of book for which these children were stampeding? Beside several textbooks on reading, spelling and arithmetic, there were stories by Maria Edgeworth, Pilgrim's Progress, Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments, Locke on The Human Understanding, Cogan's Treatise on the Passions, and Browne's Philosophy of the Human Mind!

Wisely, Bronson began with the old plan of instruction, adding only indoor gymnastics, and the interpretation of little fables by pantomimes. These two innovations almost turned the village upside down. Finally it was decided that these things, though a waste of time, were harmless, and the town settled back to its slumbers. Then, as imperceptibly as he could, Bronson began to substitute the habit of reasoning for that of learning by rote, an absolutely revolutionary idea. He wrote a letter at this time describing his method. In reading it, keep in mind the fact that in the schools of that period there was no method known save that of learning by heart the contents of the scanty textbooks.

"I find that whatever children do themselves is theirs, and besides the intellectual progress, this also gives an increase of intellectual power. Originality, at the same time that it marks progress, tends to produce strength and ability to handle more severe trials. I place much dependence on the practice of analysis in every study. To define all the words in reading, writing, grammar and geography, as well as in the spelling lesson, is the constant practice. The number of pages gone over is not so much considered as

THE FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN

for syringas,
and Bronson
laughing as
they pursued

him, reached his boarding place crowned with flowers, followed by the blessings and the tears of the children of Cheshire.

The school failed and Cheshire went happily back to the methods that it had used for over a hundred years. As for Bronson—Ah, as for Bronson and for you and me—well, out of the Cheshire school came his acquaintance with the Rev. Samuel May and his sister Abba May. And from Bronson and Abba came Louisa Alcott and her deathless books.

After he left Cheshire he worked on the farm for a while. It was haying season. When the farm could spare him, he went to visit Rev. Samuel May at Brooklyn, Conn. There he met Abba May. She was a very tall young woman of magnificent physique, flashing dark eyes, a sweet, sensitive mouth and masses of wavy dark chestnut hair. It was a case of love at first sight between these two, and through all the vicissitudes of their long life together, they remained passionate lovers. They were remarkable foils for each other. Abba, high tempered, quick of tongue, witty, a bit sharp, free-handed, intelligent rather than intellectual, a man's kind of woman. Bronson, serene, without repartee but probably the greatest conversationalist this country ever will know, humorous and fun loving but not witty, a generous rather than an impulsive giver, an intellectual giant.

They saw each other for but a short time at this first meeting, but long enough to prepare ground for the delightful correspondence that they carried on during the years that followed. Such high sounding phrases! Such dignity of attitude, and such sweetness and sincerity of purpose!

"Pray write me often," writes Abba from Boston, "and if my letters are not too careless and stupid, I shall be satisfied to keep up this form of friendship: for forms, you know, are the limbs of friendship though not its life. We meet so seldom and our conversation is necessarily so desultory that I must be excused for venturing to visit you occasionally this way: more particularly when I have anything to suggest for your prospective plans."

You wish, I believe, some lady to be associated with you in your Infant School here. Will you allow me to recommend a lady in every way qualified for this sacred trust?—a Miss Savage of Salem, the author of 'The Factory Girl,' etc. She maintains herself by her needle, and her health suffers for some engagement more congenial for her fertile mind. Her age is about forty. She is sedate without austerity, cheerful without levity, and has perfect control of her feelings.

I wish you to treat me quite candidly. If you have any other modification of your plan, don't hesitate to set aside my proposition. May I hope to hear from you this week?... Don't hesitate to place your thoughts on paper. They are particularly valuable to me in this form as they in some degree become my own."

Bronson did not hesitate. At the same time, he was not at all keen about Abba's suggestion. He writes in reply:

"Certainly I shall esteem myself especially fortunate in receiving the assistance of so accomplished a lady. But must I relinquish the pleasing anticipation, awakened a year since, while visiting Brooklyn, of your assistance? I must acquiesce if your decision is irrevocable. But I shall hope that you will sometimes visit my little circle in Salem Street. I thought I caught a glimpse of you the other day in that vicinity. Shall I add, that only my diffidence prevented me from accosting you there?"

One wonders how that diffidence was overcome, for a letter from Abba to her brother Samuel announces that it was overcome, but omits many interesting details!

"My dear bro',
answered your
ever since I
and heart
I am engag-
school, but
the ..estons,"
better to rustle
of folks later,"
opened the door



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DESERT BOUND

[Continued from page 7]

you know sure as life they're figuring they have the best of the bargain. And they have. A horse can get where a car can't. Sure, he may break a leg when he's travelling, but if he's your own you'd just as soon starve to death right there anyway."

"You know how that hurts, don't you, Mr. Curry," said Mary softly.

"You bet I do!"

For a moment Katharine was perplexed. There was a strange import in the look that flashed between her seat-mates on their exchange of words, an incident that led her to believe they shared something more than a casual acquaintance—an experience, perhaps. Her conjecture seemed trivial, but she wanted to justify their amity. It came to Katharine then that the imperturbable Wilbur had been stirred to vehemence of speech when he mentioned Curry to his wife.

Finally Curry spoke again, breaking a long lull. "You'll be a little skeery crossing Canyon Diablo, Miss Winfield. We make automobiles do funny things in this country. We've got to."

"Scare me if you can!" said Katharine. "Bring on your old canyon!"

She studied the trail. Could it be that close beyond the gentle rise of ground a canyon yawned? She leaned forward expectantly. They sped along through the silent mysterious night—pale night, yellow night, ghostly night. Star-gleam ahead, and the canyon! They came upon it soon, a jagged black gulf, a pit of darkness over which they seemed to hang. Light caught slant-wise from the moon penetrated part way down the opposite wall, and below was naked gloom. Devil's Canyon, indeed!

"We're going down into that—with this car!" exclaimed Katharine incredulously.

"We are, or we'll never make Leupp till bridge builders get out here!" replied Curry stoutly. "You'll get shaken up some."

Katharine braced her feet, a perilous performance in itself, with the emergency brake so close, and spread her arms behind Curry and Mary to get a strong hold from the rear. Mary sat in perfect relaxation. Canyons had no terrors for her.

Strong headlights made the tortuous trail visible over a short area, but below yawned the bottomless black pit. And black walls loomed suddenly before them. From these they turned and rode on through their shadows, only to meet others, leaning, towering. The automobile pitched and swung and shook, and brakes groaned. Katharine felt as if she were falling, slipping down into the dark abyss. They rode at a perilous angle, fretting their way between rock and boulder in perilous descent. They were subjected to about fifteen minutes of this before the car swung around with a tremendous shake and slid out on a level place where Curry shut down hard on the brakes. A gasp of relief escaped Katharine.

"And now we've come this far, what are we going to do?" she asked.

"Climb out, goose," returned Mary.

"You can get out of the car and stretch, if you like," Curry informed her. "I'm walking up a little way to look over a piece of that trail. Sometimes it's in a poor way. I might have to build it up some." With what equanimity this strong desert man talked of Herculean things! Katharine smiled on him in admiration.

"May Mrs. Newton and I come along?"

"Sure, anybody can come."

The ladies and gentlemen from Chicago declined; they were still breathing hard from the already too adventuresome excursion. But Mary would miss no chance to explore. She and Katharine toiled up the trail together following the gleam of Curry's flashlight. The sandy basin of the canyon was narrow and gorge-like and they came quickly to the precipitous trail of the far wall. Katharine looked up. Dim lavender light sifted down through the rent, and far beyond the jagged purple rim a long narrow welt of sky gleamed like darkened steel. Yellow stars shone through the blue void, still and cold. The all-pervading silence was frightful.

The place Curry searched was not more than two hundred feet along the trail, still they felt the strain of their climb over the rock-strewn acclivity. Katharine noticed at once how narrow the pass was at this point. A stout log had jammed rocks built up the edge and bevelled it neatly. "We've got the world by the tail!" announced Curry. "Someone's put in a good job here. We can back right over her!"

Immediately upon their return to the automobile two timorous ladies questioned them about the safety in venturing farther over the terrible road. Curry told them there would be no trouble. "We'll eat it up. The place I was worrying about is in perfect condition."

Thus assured the ladies lapsed into silence, and soon the automobile was moving again, gasping and grinding up the grade. Once when the motor went dead, Katharine's heart stopped too. Only after Curry recovered control and regained the few feet they had slid could she find breath or voice. She hung her hope of the future on pale beams of light that stole down from the rent above. The car would make the top before long, and be away from that dangerous trail ledge and the precipitous depths which drew her eyes to it against her will.

KATHARINE'S impression of Leupp from a distance was of a treeless community of toy buildings set haphazardly on pale yellow cardboard. But the buildings, which surrounded a formal walk, took substantial proportions as they approached. They were dark, vacant structures. "School buildings and dormitories," Curry announced, indicating the largest of the group. "No youngsters here now. Teachers gone too, I guess. Leupp's sure a dead place in summer."

They drove by the buildings and on toward a square brick house where light shone. There they stopped. "Hey!" yelled Curry. "Anybody home?"

"You betcher!" bellowed a voice from the doorway. A man of giant figure strode out to greet them. He was grizzled and desert worn, and had a homely face which wore pleasing indications of good nature. "Howdy, everybody!" he said in thundering tones. "Want a lodging for the night?"

Mr. Curry introduced the man to his party. His name was Jenkins. He was government agent at Leupp.

"Aw shaw! And to think Mrs. Jenkins is in T'ho when there's ladies to entertain!" His disappointment was so genuine that Katharine regretted his wife had left.

While the ladies accepted Jenkins' invitation to "step out and shake their skirts," Curry explained Wilbur Newton's plight. "Shore, I'll pull him out," acquiesced Jenkins. "Likely he's diggin' a pair of spurs into a rock somewhere. Ain't he the dandy? Arizona couldn't support two of him."

Curry's effort to stop the man before he had full say was futile. Half whispered words passed between them; then Katharine caught, "Well I'll be blamed! I didn't get it that she was the missus. Now, ain't some men lucky, and some women fools!"

Mary was serene through it all, as if she had not heard.

Their arrival interrupted a card game in which sat a professor from Harvard University and two students, all of archaeological bent. This information came unsolicited with the introductions. Jenkins was proud of his guests. After Professor met Professor, no one could separate them, and much to the consternation of the students it became their lot to decide who should accompany Jenkins on his relief expedition. Finally, in heroic brother-in-arms fashion they agreed they both would go.

Guided by their host's suggestion, Mary and Katharine explored the rooms as soon as he left. No small home could have been more complete than the Jenkins desert place. And it was spotlessly neat. In the kitchen the girls found Curry, sleeves rolled above his elbow, laying out food supplies he had brought in from the car.

"You've had no supper," said Mary. "You and your party must be starved!"

"Just watch me rustle some grub!" Curry grinned.

[Turn to page 70]



The Gift she will always value

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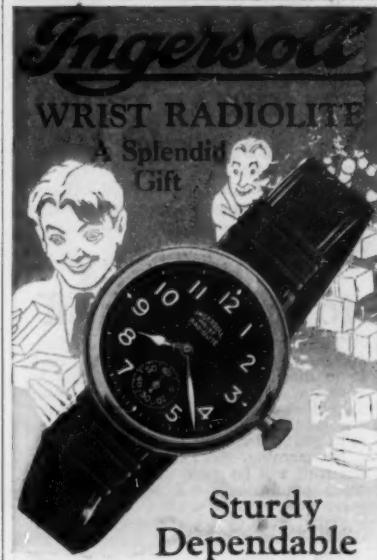
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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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I have just returned from Paris, where women never seem to grow old. And they all give much credit to Clay.

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You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

"Let us do it!" Katharine begged.

"Not while I've got legs to stand on."

"Then let us help," chimed in Mary. "It will hurry things."

Curry swung one arm high in surrender. "That's putting it too straight for me. Dip in if you want to."

If it had been a competition, Katharine would have had difficulty in deciding whether Curry or Mary was the better cook. While she herself attended duties laboriously, Mary and Curry were talking as they worked and yet accomplished twice as much. Between the three the work was dispatched quickly.

After supper the maiden ladies retired to their room. They much preferred the room with double bed to the separate rooms and single beds. How timid they were! Katharine stepped out into the pale yellow night. The droning voices of the two professors came to her. She wanted to hear their interesting conversation about archeology. More than this she wanted the moonlight of the desert and its strange impelling silence; so she walked down the barren path that led to the trail.

This naked solitude was the storehouse of unlived years, the hush of the world at the hour of its creation. It was awful, solemn, grand. This vast solemn-sepulchre of unlived years was voiceless and fearsome. The stars looked down coldly, and the moon. Katharine found companionship in her shadow; and watching it before her, she came slowly to the house.

Curry and Mary were alone on the porch; he sat against a pillar, she, at the far end of the steps, seemingly unconscious of his presence, was wrapped in deep meditation. Neither was aware of Katharine's approach until her voice drew them to her.

"I didn't mean to run off. I simply couldn't resist it."

"The desert has a way of wooing all its own," said Mary. "However, I knew you weren't far."

"It's wonderful and so terrifying! Do you ever feel that way about it, Mr. Curry?" Katharine asked.

"I've lived on it for years, and I don't savvy it yet," Curry returned.

Mary rose with a quick smile. "The moon is so lovely," she continued. "I'd like to stay with it forever, but I'd only fall asleep and miss it all. I'm not a desert owl like you, Katharine. I'm a very domestic bird, and go to my nest early. Will you say goodnight to Wilbur for me and explain that the men are to sleep in the dormitories?"

Katharine understood Mary's message. For her sake she stayed and talked with Curry until Wilbur had come, and she had told him, and he had seen.

THE next morning Curry and Jenkins were moving about before the sun came up. Katharine, from her room in the rear, heard them enter the kitchen by the back way, and then whispers and the opening of cupboards and an occasional clatter followed by an exclamation of disgust. She identified the voices. The two were stealing a march—preparing breakfast while everyone else still slept. Katharine was amused and delighted at the idea of two men cooking breakfast for four capable women, and such truly masculine men, too! The whole social order seemed reversed. She rose hurriedly. Mary appeared before Katharine was fully dressed. She was an early riser, accustomed daily to greet the sun. And presently Mr. Jenkins gave a tremendous bellow which ended in the summons, "Time to get up!"

The girls set the table, though Mr. Jenkins at first objected, claiming they had no right to have risen so soon and to spoil half his fun. How different this man was from Wilbur, who came in when breakfast was half over, expressing mild surprise that he was the last to arrive. It pleased Katharine that the young students not wholly without guile, had seated themselves one on each side of Mary. Katharine sat next, with Curry on her right. They were well barricaded. Wilbur, frowningly, took the vacant chair opposite.

The offending carburetor having been repaired by Curry the minute it was hauled to the shed at Leupp, everything was in readiness for both parties to move

DESERT BOUND

on. A silent rage evidently burned within Wilbur, that he must continue to accept Curry's favors. Katharine could tell by the two red spots that showed in his usually pale face. Curry offered to ride at the pace Wilbur set all the way to Oraibi, so he could be of assistance if necessary, and Wilbur received it boorishly.

Mr. Jenkins, driving the government truck, went with them as far as the Little Colorado, whither, at his request; several Navajo Indians had come with a team and a high-bodied wagon. The wagon fascinated Katharine. It was a tremendous wooden box set on wheels and without protective covering.

Ford the Little Colorado! She was beginning to understand what such thrilling experience would mean. Mary explained that, although the river seemed wide, it was low and shallow, a fact easily conceivable, after studying the topography of the land. For compared to the great wide sandy wash through which it moved so sluggishly, the river had indeed a narrow span, and the long slopes from the bank of the wash showed how far from flood height the river had receded. "It's the quicksand that's worrisome," said Mary. "These Navajos know the river well, but that doesn't eliminate the risk."

The Indians waited orders with stolid indifference. They were exceptionally picturesque in their bright velvet tunics and the careless twist of gay bands that encircled their foreheads. One wore elaborate silver ornaments and another a string of turquoise. Prosperous Navajos these were. Jenkins told them to ride on across the wash to the place they had picked as a crossing while the cars followed. The horses and wagon travelled easily over the trail, but at times the wheels of the automobiles, buried deep in the sand, spun ineffectually. When at last the machines reached the river all engines had to be cooled.

"Now folks," dictated Jenkins, "the cars must be cleared of everything and everybody except the drivers. We'll get them over first, and then cart you and the baggage in the wagon. I reckon we'd better make two trips of that, too."

Katharine understood the process as soon as she saw Jenkins and the Indians hitching the team to Curry's car. The automobiles could not make the crossing on their own power. They must be dragged.

As soon as the horses were securely hitched, each was mounted by an Indian, and Curry took his place behind the wheel of the machine. With shouts and kicks the Indians excited the horses to move on. The car progressed ever so slowly under its own power until the front wheels slid into the water; then Curry shut off the gas. The rest was up to the horses. They strained and pulled and panted, and breasted the current bravely. The advance was scarcely perceptible but slowly the water rose around the wheels of the machine, striking the hubs, and creeping on to submerge them fully.

"Won't that water flood the body and engine and everything?" Katharine asked. She was really more worried about the Indians and Curry, but did not want that known.

"Indeed it will flood the body," returned Mary. "The cover Mr. Curry put over the hood and fender will protect the engine some. He'll open everything up the minute he makes the other side. The sun will dry things in no time."

"Talked it all over with Curry, I suppose," drawled Wilbur. "Oh, he's shore smart, and he'd waste no time telling you about it."

Jenkins, who was standing near, wheeled quickly. "Look-a-here, Newton, what that hombre is talk so loud in all the fine things he does, that he don't have to go round shootin' his mouth off about himself to folks."

One of the maiden ladies peered at them, and Katharine wished devoutly that she had not asked her stupid question. "Look! They're stuck, aren't they?" Mary burst out.

Katharine followed Mary's intent gaze past Wilbur, whose suddenly compressed lips and narrowed eyes expressed malevolent pleasure, out to the middle of the river where the horses tossed heads and

strained without advancing. The car might have been a boat anchored in mid-stream. Only part of the body was visible. The Indians yelled and beat the horses frantically. Behind them Curry hung fast to the wheel.

"Quicksand! I'll be blowed!" muttered Jenkins. "Head 'em with the current, you fools!" he shouted. And when the Indians turned, he gesticulated wildly, pointing down-stream.

There were more high staccato yells and thick blows. The poor beasts staggered and swayed. Each time they jerked their heads forward they met the water. Curry was straining on the wheel to force a turning. His action seemed to frighten the horses, a lucky circumstance, because they pawed and reared so violently that the car moved with them and they were on their way again, making surer progress. A few rods, and the horses and the car began slowly to emerge.

Soon the automobile was safe on the dry sand of the wash. The Indians dismounted to help Curry take down the top and lay the engine open to the sun. Then they waded their horses across the river. The second car was lighter, and under better piloting made an unbroken trip.

Katharine now bade goodbye to Mr. Jenkins, and, followed by Mary and Wilbur, climbed into the high hearse-like box of a wagon. The side boards were almost five feet high, and to these they had to cling. There were no seats provided. A narrow shelf across the back supported their baggage, but so insecurely that Wilbur had to stand against it to hold the things in place. "You look exactly as if you were on the way to be hanged," came an unemotional comment from below. And Katharine laughed out loud.

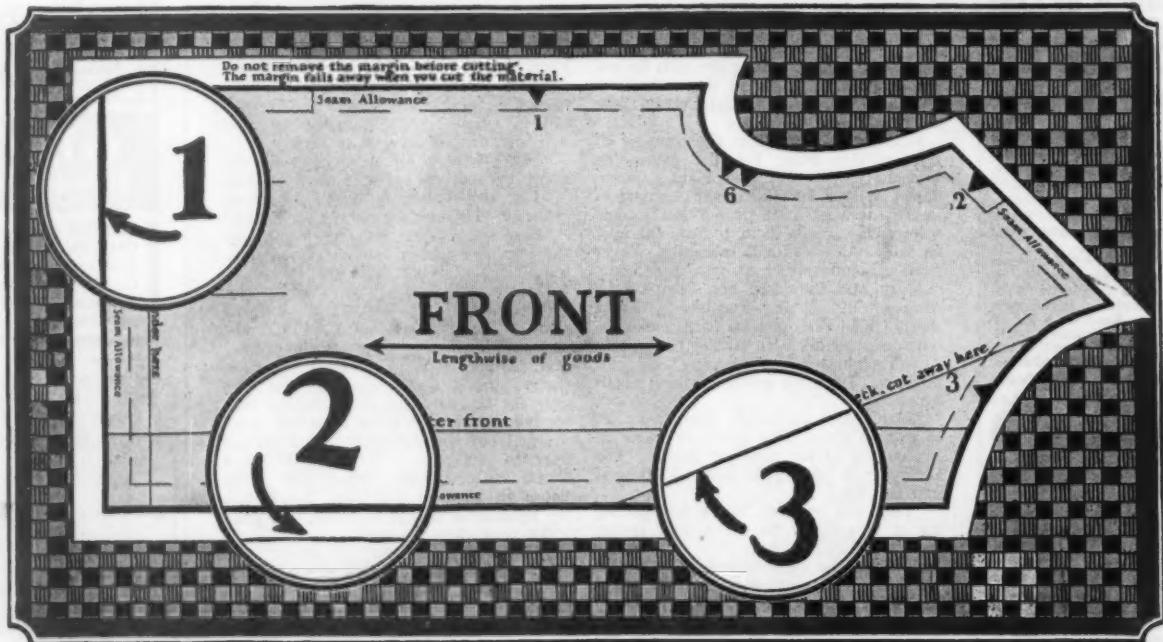
This time the Indian riders rested, and their companion mounted the wagon, took the reins over the high board and gave a shrill cry to the horses. The wagon rolled easily on its way. Later the horses were wading in water and the wheels of the wagon scattered spray. The farther they advanced, the higher the water rose and the more swiftly it swirled and swished about them. Katharine wondered if the spokes of the wheels would hold. The river was swifter than it had appeared from the bank. Suddenly the wagon pitched and everyone was jerked violently. There was a sudden drop in mid-stream they had not figured on. The water rose above the level of the wagon bottom, and a little seeped in, wetting their shoes. Wilbur swore. Katharine, on the contrary, would have been pleased to find herself ankle deep in water. It was all so thrilling, yet she would have it more so. She almost envied Curry his misadventure. The water continued to rise, but not for long. The horses were moving quickly in their eagerness to make the bank again, and the river fell away below them. In a short time they were straining and sweating through their last few vigorous pulls. Curry was alongside the minute the panting horses came to a stop. He helped the girls to descend. Newton swore again, but this time it was just a breath between closed teeth.

AS Curry had predicted, it was late afternoon when the cars reached the foot of Oraibi Mesa. For miles Katharine had seen the great promontory take form and color, growing higher, bolder, more sweeping in length, coming out of lavender haze, warm, red, and shimmering. A jagged cliff lifted high above the desert, and atop it, on a perch lofty as an eagle's, rose the red walls of the old Indian village of Oraibi.

The driver, looking back to see that Curry was close behind, picked a house with central location and there stopped. Curry drew up alongside. Other cars were parked near on an open flat of desert. A dozen white people were in evidence. Several, not ten yards away, were bargaining with an Indian for a gay looking basket. A party of six, gathered round a camp-fire preparing their evening meal, shouted a cheerful welcome to Curry. "That's Mr. and Mrs. Weston and guests from the trading post at Black Mesa. Fine people, the Westons," said Mary.

"Mebbe it would be better to rustle right now, and take stock of folks later," Wilbur suggested. Mary opened the door

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DESERT BOUND

[Continued from page 71]

bed-roll, her head tilted back against the wall, the round curve of her lips lost in a tight line. "You've told me that Wilbur isn't a drinking man," said Katharine. "That's one of the good things about him. Mr. Curry apparently doesn't know Wilbur very well."

"It's the duplicity," moaned Mary. "It's Hanley—his influence. I'm afraid of it. Wilbur is selfish, egotistical, hopeless in many ways, but I imagine there was a sweetness, and at times, even bigness, in things sacred just to him and me. At least I *thought* so. Now, I feel everything that was worth while is slipping. Hanley has no real regard for women. It's superficial—play acting. He's the kind who thinks all women fundamentally weak because he could brutally ruin a few. He's poisoned Wilbur's mind to such an extent that Wilbur distrusts me."

"Why does Wilbur hate Curry so?" Katharine asked bluntly. "He's the kind of man to choose for a friend."

"Because of the way I met Curry." Mary was lost in thought a minute, then she went on: "I went riding alone one day out to a place called Cliff Rocks. I had wanted to go for a year. I'd never have gotten there if I didn't try it alone. It was twelve miles, but I had a good horse. I wasn't afraid. The Indians, seen and unseen, are a protection to anyone among them. And Wilbur didn't care much that I went. . . . I made it beautifully. Then something drew me to ride farther, just a mile, to a curious boulder. I thought a deep wash lay beyond. As I came near the boulder I thought I smelled blood. Suddenly my horse reared and snorted, and then Katharine—oh, I'll never forget it—I saw a horse, recently shot, not fifty feet away down in the wash, and just beyond, a man, stretched full length, and face down in the sand. He was groaning. He hadn't heard me. I was petrified. I thought a thousand harrowing things. I think I cried out—'Oh, what's the matter?' or something like that—some childish, useless words. Anyway, the man looked up. He seemed dazed at sight of me."

"It was Curry, though I didn't know him then. I had never seen him before. It seems he'd been on a mad race from Castle Mesa to get the doctor at Taho to save some poor Indian youngster's life. His horse tried to clear the wash and missed, and broke two legs in the fall, and pitching Curry against the rocks. Curry was bruised and cut, and his ankle was sprained. He had to shoot his horse and that broke his heart. He had ridden him for years. There we were, two people alone on the desert, with one horse. He wouldn't take my horse and let me walk,

and he couldn't walk, I knew, though he pretended he could. I mounted and told him I was going for help; I'd seen a hogan about a mile from the trail four miles back, and I figured the Navajos would have horses. I met them, a young boy and an older man, mounted and about to leave the place. I had an awful time making them understand that I wanted only one to go along with me, but that I needed an extra horse. The boy luckily understood a little English. He explained and the older man agreed he should go. I told the boy about the sick youngster at Castle Mesa, and when we had reached the trail I managed to coax him to give the extra horse to me, and go on alone, riding fast to Taho to get the doctor. I was so excited that I never thought about sending a message back to Wilbur."

Mary paused. Her eyes were soft, deeply brown and eloquent. Her mouth had lost the hard set look. Never had Katharine seen her so beautiful. "I rode back to Curry," she continued presently, "and he managed to mount somehow, and we rode to Taho together. Katharine, that night the sun set perfectly. I will never forget the desert as it was given to me then. And poor Curry, after he explained who he was, that he was a guide and packer for Mr. Weston and lived at Black Mesa half of the year, was silent all the rest of the way. It was pain. I don't mean pain from his injuries—the pain of bereavement. It was dark when we got in. Wilbur, lantern in hand, watched us ride up to the post. He was ugly—wretchedly ugly—but Curry didn't know, because men who had collected to search for me, surrounded him and rode him off to the government hospital. Two weeks later Curry called, and Wilbur deliberately walked out the back way when he saw him come. Curry brought his bridle to present to me. Said he could never use it on another horse—wanted me to have it as a token of appreciation for what I had done. Later Wilbur hacked it to pieces with a knife. That is all."

"That is all!" Long after Mary's recital, Katharine repeated these words to the night. Mary had retired, and Katharine was alone in her restlessness. The Blakely girls had not come in yet. They were at the remote red dot of fire that marked the Westons' camp. Gay voices carried from the spot. Mary should have been there with them, happy and giving happiness. Curry, perhaps, would be there, too. Mary and Curry! Why could not it have been such a man as he that Mary had loved and married?

[Continued in JANUARY McCALL'S]

A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY

[Continued from page 49]

remonstrance against her breast, but no effort at all to free himself.

"You poor old 'darling!'" said Molly. "And what have you gone to bed for? Get up this minute and come downstairs!"

"Not so fast! Not so fast!" spluttered the General, emerging from her all-enveloping embrace. "Can't you see I'm ill?"

"Skittles!" said Molly. "I know better. It's only an ache in the temper. You'll be all right."

"No thanks to you if I am!" grumbled the General. "Let's look at you now you are here! What have you come back for, hey? Anything you can get, I suppose."

"Of course," said Molly, quite unabashed. "I couldn't help leaving you in the lurch, but I was sure you'd understand. I'd have married you fast enough if there hadn't been a Stafford."

"I am indeed flattered," said the General. "And now I am to be invited to extend my blessing to you both. Eh?"

"Oh, you can do as you like about that," said Molly airily. "I'm not bearing any ill-will myself. But if you want to—!"

"We are really on a visit to Molly's people, sir," explained Stafford, with his usual drawling ease. "We are staying at The Bull, and I didn't like to leave with-

out giving you the chance of seeing me."

"Very kind of you!" commented the General. "Your forethought does you credit. Naturally, I am charmed. Pray make yourselves quite at home here and stay as long as you like!"

"I'd much rather stay here than at The Bull," said Molly.

The General turned to her with a deep bow. "Madam, your graciousness overwhelms me. I beg that you will consider the house and all that is in it as your own. If you care to take up your residence here, I should be the last to raise any objection. As for your husband, I will endeavour to tolerate him for your sake."

"Oh, Stafford," said Molly, "please!"

Stafford looked at his boots. "If you wish it, my dear, I have no objection."

"Oh, haven't you?" said the General.

But for once Molly acted as peacemaker. "Can't you see he's only being funny?" she said, linking her arm in the General's. "He wants to really, just as much as I do. Let him go off and get the luggage and call on Bill Quentin, and I'll stay with you."

And so a truce was declared.

[Continued in JANUARY McCALL'S]



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before we went to dinner which she insisted should be in one of the cafés typical of the place. After dinner she went into the gambling dens where the play was most exciting and the painted women most disgusting, where they were drinking, and selling dope—but she went only once, and then only for the experience, never to take any part in the revelry.

She went to Beverly Hills to the automobile races, attended theatres, picture shows, hotels, cafés, clubs and concerts, luncheons and parties, and considered it all a part of her education. It was thus that she learned both sides of life. In cities she went all the way from the slums and jails to the Mayor's home.

So it was that Mother wrote from personal experience, what she saw and heard. I can go through her books of fiction and pick out the characters, almost without exception—I know many of them personally. The people Mother put into her books, who lived before my time, I know about, too, where, when and how they lived and who they were. I was brought up on stories about real people and knew Mother's childhood friends and playmates almost as well as I knew my own. So when people say Mother wrote "romantic stuff, too good to be true," they do not know whereof they speak: for Mother wrote real people into her fiction characters, and they speak and move and live in the books just as they did and do in real life.

The many pleasures Mother might have had and did not, the many plans she left unrealized, have taught me a lesson. Do not put off too long the things you want to do most. Take a little time to play, along with the work. When you do your best, you are entitled to some pleasure, you owe it to your family and friends—it takes so little time, and your work will be all the better off if you take a little rest now and then. We are not meant to be drudges, to get in a rut and never get out of it. Daily routine is a killing grind—grown-ups need a playtime just the same as children do, for "men are only boys grown tall." So take a vacation now and again, and make some of the dreams come true.

It is quite sure that Mother had the imagination and propensity for telling a story and making it good that goes with the writer of fiction. But she was also very self-reliant and accustomed to looking after her own interests, even though she hated the details of business. I am reminded of an incident which happened a few months ago. My husband and I, with our small son, drove out to Mother's "baby mountain" on the top of which her new home is being built. Out there we always find one Hans Rygaard, who is especially commissioned to guard the wild flowers and trees on the six acres while the construction is in progress. Rygaard came over to look at Jimmy, and as we were leaving he remarked to my husband: "Well, take good care of him, but don't bother about her," indicating me with a brief nod of his head.

"But," I protested, "why tell him not to bother about me?"

Rygaard was a trifle embarrassed for a second but he stuck to his point, and slowly scratching his head, he drawled: "Because if you're anything like your Mother, you can take care of yourself!"

Mother always gave particular care and attention to children, to the little things that might help in the development of their ability and talent, for she always felt that had her own mother been possessed of less vision, she might have received many serious blows and drawbacks to her ambitions. Despite the fact that her father and mother were busy people, with a large farm and twelve children to care for, they always took time to listen to and to encourage the "baby," and to write the ideas or bits of verse as she requested. She derived much pleasure and amusement from this, as at this time she had only two treasured playthings.

One was a little china doll. She took it with her to the creek when she played there and amused herself by tying a string around its neck, lowering it into the water, and watching it grow short and fat. Then she would lay it down and marvel that it grew tall and slim. The other pet was a blue jay which she took

MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER

[Continued from page 13]

from the nest and tamed. She made a bonnet for him, and a little coat, and he followed her all over the house and wherever she went. They used ripe cherries for balls, and she taught the bird to roll them over the floor with his beak, so they made a game of it. Simplicity was the one keynote of Mother's whole life—as a child, simple surroundings and playthings; as a young woman, simple pleasures; and as a wife, mother, photographer and writer, a simple homely philosophy of life, one any one could follow and understand.

The acquiring of Mother's first camera came about in a peculiar way. We had a great many pets and among them was a very smart, well trained South American parrot, Major by name. He was always put on a chair back and set up to the dining table with us, and we handed him bits of food as we ate. One Sunday evening we had oyster stew. Major immediately made an awful fuss. He wanted something on the table, and we could not imagine what it was. We gave him his usual tid-bits, but he dropped them in disgust. Finally I said, "Well, he has had everything on the table but an oyster; I am going to give him one." I did, and he was crazy about it, while we looked on with amazement. Mother exclaimed: "I wish I had a camera! I would like to take a picture of a parrot eating an oyster." I made a mental note of that, for Christmas was not far off; and I spent all my savings, five dollars, for a little 4 x 5 camera, the first one Mother ever had.

That was the beginning of her photographic work. She turned our bath room into a dark room, and learned to do her own developing and printing. She has illustrated several of her Nature books, and when the Moth book came along, the publishers wanted several plates done in colors. It was a grave situation. They did not know where they could get the work done accurately, and Mother would not have them unless the coloring could be exact. After considerable discussion and arriving at no satisfactory conclusion, Mother, with her characteristic determination and ability for solving difficult problems, announced that she would do them herself. So she dragged out of the attic an old easel which her father had made for her, journeyed to Indianapolis and bought a complete outfit of water-color paints and brushes, and set to work. She made prints from her own photographs on specially treated paper, and then, from her mounted specimens, she painted them correctly in every detail. When she started to paint she could not stop until one was finished, as she did not dare allow it to dry, so it required many hours of patient toil without rest. Many times I stood at her side and fed her lunch to her as she painted.

At first all Mother's published work was Natural History, but gradually she began to write fiction, and then she became more interested in people. She studied people wherever she was. If she went to a theatre, she loved to go early to watch the faces of the people as they came in; the way they walked; their expressions; how they were dressed; how they behaved toward the ushers; their comments on the music; and then she speculated on their occupations and dispositions. She did the same thing in railway stations, street cars, race tracks, picture shows, churches, boats, stores, ocean beaches, and in various social gatherings among her friends. She always listened to their conversations, not out of idle curiosity, but because she learned valuable things about human nature that enabled her to interpret character faithfully and clearly. This is the reason I always say that Mother never wasted any time. Whether she was working or playing, or on a supposed vacation, she never missed anything, and some time, somewhere, she made use of what she saw and heard.

Mother had boundless vitality, tremendous energy, and unlimited ambition; and the fortunate thing was that she had the ability and the capability to pass them on to others in such delightful form. I never knew any one who had so many plans—her brain worked constantly,

planning things she wanted to do, sometimes for herself, but mostly for others. Now many

plans are left unfulfilled. Some way, I can only think of her now as toiling on, striving always to reach the highest and best for others as well as herself.

Mother had always lived in Indiana until five years ago, when she left her old haunts and bought a home in Los Angeles, perilously near to the "wicked" city of Hollywood! But she found Hollywood a very delightful, restful spot, and made many friends there. She also added moving pictures to her achievements.

Mother spent much time along the beaches, and occasionally the ocean was a source of great inspiration to her. One day last summer she had a letter from a famous musician, who is setting one of her little poems to music. He wrote in some distress, saying that he had struck a particularly attractive rhythm, but to complete it properly he must have four stanzas, and there were only three. Could she possibly supply one more? Mother thought it over. After dinner that night she took a few sheets of paper and a pencil, called her driver, and away they went. By ten o'clock they were back, and as she passed through the room where we were sitting, in answer to my look of inquiry she said: "Yes—I got the best one of the lot!" James had driven her to the end of the road along the ocean front; there she left the car and walked up a long way and sat down on the sand. There, watching the eternal waves roll in and the moonlight dancing on the water, she got her inspiration.

For many years Mother kept a tablet and pencil tied to the bed post, so that if something "came to her" in the middle of the night, she could write it before it escaped her. "Jesus of the Emerald" was written in that way. Mother told me that she awoke about three o'clock in the morning, and that by daylight the entire poem was completed.

A few days ago, in looking through one of Mother's books of California wild flowers, I found this notation on the last page. "Two hundred and forty-nine in book—I have one hundred and fifty-six—leaves me ninety-three to locate and plant." She refers to the six acres in Bel-Air, West Los Angeles, where her "dream house on the hill," the building of which she began last spring, is now almost completed. And the wild things shall remain just as she wished—the flowers shall have their drinks regularly, and the birds may nest without fear. Already I can see and hear more birds on Mother's hill than anywhere else around it.

Mother was more or less self-sufficient, and given plenty of books and open spaces through which to roam, she could be content for a long time. Cities had little lure for her, and she preferred to live in or near the country most of her life. Her employees adored her and were always eager to do all in their power to please her, even to working overtime without grumbling. She had a way with her helpers peculiar to herself—a way that impelled the laundry man and the milkman and the delivery boys to knock at the door and timidly inquire if they "might please see Mrs. Porter for the last time," and to brush away a tear as they came tip-toeing from her study, where we placed her among her loved books and personal treasures for her last hours with us; a way that made the dark boys on a coal truck stop and take off their hats as the cortège passed; and a way that made my cook's little boy beg with tears in his eyes to see her again, "because she was the only real lady" who ever shook his hand. Mother is gone, but the valiant spirit, the beautiful soul of her must be marching on, doing all the "little big things" that endeared her to thousands of all kinds and classes. Perhaps if she could speak now, she might say to us the lines she wrote for me in a copy of "Music of the Wild":

"Come with me, and you shall know
The garden where God's flowers grow.
Come with me, and you shall hear
His waters whisper songs of cheer.
And if you lift your eyes on high,
To see the larks fly in the sky,
Let them rove on to the Heaven's above
And meet the miracle of God's love."



The gift that's filled with gifts

A NOVEL GIFT—a practical gift—a gift full of gifts for the whole family. A Christmas surprise treat for the youngsters and a variety of good things for the grownups. A beautiful box of lasting utility for the mother of the home. That's the Beech-Nut Christmas Box.

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box, or for many similar purposes. To the practical housewife, it is indeed a gift of lasting usefulness.

Beech-Nut offers these novel and attractive Christmas Boxes only during the holiday season—a most practical gift for a *family* remembrance. The price complete is only \$5.00.

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- Prepared Spaghetti
- Macaroni Rings
- Assorted Confections

L'Echo de Paris

*The molded Lines
of Princess Frocks
widen in the Skirt
to rippling Flares*



4339

4336

No. 4339. The skirt of this two-piece evening frock is gathered in front and flat in back. The low-waisted bodice ties at the left side. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4324. The lower front of this smart tailleur is cut circular in contrast to the flat back. Circular cuffs are set on below the elbow. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4308. This tailored frock features a manly notched collar, chemise and close fitting sleeves. An underarm gore opens out into pleats at each side. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4336. An unbelted Princess frock, with long set-in sleeves, and a separate straight-line coat make up this youthful and practical ensemble suit. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4316. Another smart version of the Princess mode spreads itself fan-like at sides. French-knots and darning-stitch from Embroidery No. 1413 may be used. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.



4324

4308



4339

4336

4324

4308

4316

4316
Emb. No. 1413

THE new bodice is no longer wide and full after the fashion of the kimono. It is trim and slim. It discloses the figure beneath by following its lines. The new skirt, by flaring, helps the bodice to appear slimmer. That's the line you must adopt. Skirts have pleats, godets, or jabots placed below the hips to give movement. The fulness is not limited to any one segment of the whole. Flying pieces may be placed almost anywhere. The thing is to see that they are somewhere. ANNE RITTENHOUSE.



L'Echo de Paris

MATCHING jumpers to skirts is an indoor sport this winter. Velveteen and coarse twill rival kasha and balbriggan. There is no end to the variety one can build. Plaid skirts sometimes carry two and four jumpers—not at one time, for we let the Chinese absorb that fashion. They carry pockets, colored buttons, suede belts, cravats, and patches of gilded leather. There is gaiety aplenty in them and they are several inches longer than they were last spring.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

The Charm of two Fabrics is added to the Smartness of the Two-Piece Frock



4329

4335

No. 4335. The clever use of two materials lifts this smart two-piece frock to a place of distinction. The skirt is a wrap-around. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4329. Another smart two-piece model has a hand-tucked front with the tucks released below the knee to provide the required fulness. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4334. This one-piece Princess frock seams its circular skirt and slender bodice together at a low-waistline. A buttoned trimmed inset is stitched into the front. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4319. A high neck, and godet pleats are the smart features of this frock. Cross-stitch trimming may be made from Multi-Color Embroidery No. 1467. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

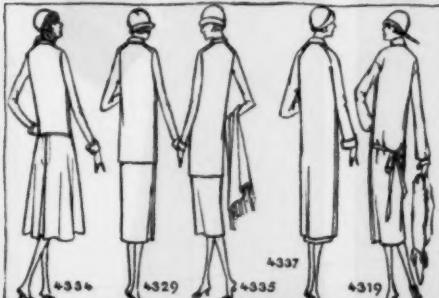
No. 4337. This smartest ensemble is in three pieces; long coat, overblouse with high collar, long sleeves, camisole skirt with pleat at left side for additional width. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.



4334



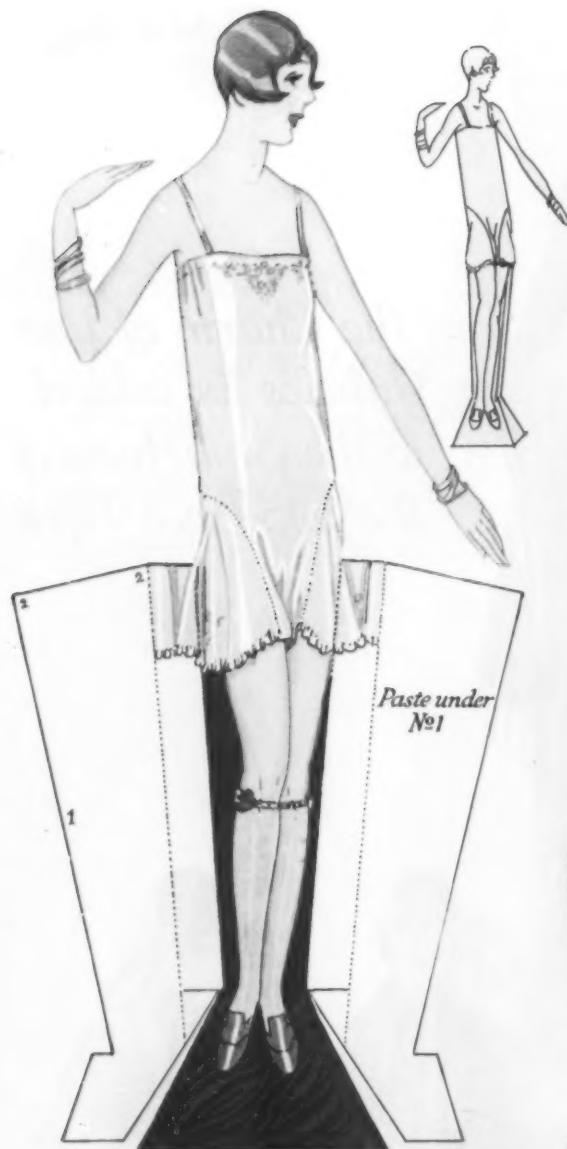
4337

4319
Emb. No. 1467

Betty Goes Christmas Shopping

The Fashion Doll Cut-Out
By Nandor Honti

Cut out each piece, carefully following the outlines. Fold on dotted lines. Paste all the matching numbers together, beginning by pasting 1 to 1 and so on till all the numbers are used. Hold the pasted places together until the paste hardens enough to hold, so they will not slip apart.



PATENT PENDING

Fashion Cut-Outs dressed in McCall Designs. Ladies' Step-In Chemise No. 4311; Two-Piece Dress 4329; Coat 4299.

L'Echo de Paris



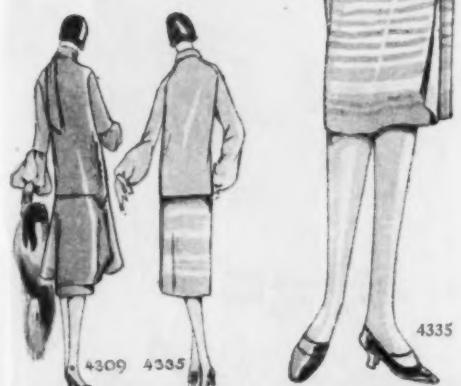
4309



4325



4317



4335

EVERY woman should give praise that the neckline has taken on several shapes. It has finally left the straight and narrow path. The Peter Pan collar which France borrowed from America is in fashion; the high band with a buttoned tab; the wide turnover with a cravat of velvet; these run neck and neck with the deep shallow V, that depends on a scarf to give it formality. One night a smart woman wore a diamond necklace with its pendant hanging down the back and now the world does it, so the fashion-makers have imitated it with a long cravat in a V in back.
ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

For descriptions see page 90.



4306



4317 4306

Écho de Paris

*Pleats Panels and
Circular Godets
make up the
Newest Fullness
of Fashions*

For descriptions see page 90.



Blanche Rothschild

NO longer is it smart to look like an animated pencil walking down the street. Better to look like a trim yacht with all flags flying. There's much movement in costumes this winter. Fabrics cling to the figure when one is still and fly about when one walks. Because skirts are short, very short, the fulness doesn't make a woman look older. If it did, the fashion wouldn't live a month. Clever insertions and well-ironed pleats break up the plain surface of frocks. The season puts strong emphasis on back fulness, but France persuades us to keep it going all around. Skirts must swish and swash. They give grace to even an awkward figure which is more than one can say of the sheath skirt. Decoration is applied to these insertions. Braiding, metal embroidery, borders and cording are used to give weight and character, but they should not be too heavy.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.



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L'Echo de Paris

For Every Occasion
there's a
Two Piece Frock
~for Evening~
it's of Metal Cloth



For descriptions see page 90.



WHO started the metal jumper for evening is a companion question to "Who won the war?" Half a dozen Paris dressmakers claim the credit. It's the outstanding novelty of the winter. Young women like it and usurp it. Older women wear it in the afternoon. It is very effective with a dark velvet or crêpe satin skirt. The fashion of the two-piece frock is Victorian, but in its revival it is Georgian. Brilliant colors are seen in these costumes, such as balsam green, Lanvin green, Chinese red, orange, orchid, silver and gold. The skirts are usually hung on a silk camisole. The adoption of the two-piece frock for formal evening affairs, however, is startling. The pockets and sleeves of the day are omitted, but the likeness to a sports frock is definite. Girls say men refuse to wear spiked coats to parties, so why shouldn't they abandon the formal frock?

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.



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L'Echo de Paris

*Smart
Ensembles
and Coats
for
early Winter*



COATS and gowns are still wedded. There's no sign of a divorce. If they do not exactly match they harmonize. The hat must be a sister or first cousin to coat or frock. It must be chosen for the costume, not for every gown one owns. If the hat is not the color of the gown, it matches the coat lining and lets the onlooker know it was not an accident. Kasha is a preferred lining for coats this winter because of its warmth.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

No. 4190, GIRL'S ENSEMBLE SUIT. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires, coat, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material; dress, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch; lining, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4227, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; shawl collar and flaring lower edge. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 yards of 40-inch.

No. 4330, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; convertible collar. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4318, LADIES' AND MISSES' JUMPER SKIRT; circular lower section. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 16, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4336, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE SUIT. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, coat, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; dress, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch; lining, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4313, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting under collar and cuffs, $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4320, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder; circular godet insets. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



l'Echo de Paris

*The 3 piece
Ensemble
is
particularly
smart*



A WOMAN whose occupation is dress and pleasure tells me she has made up her winter wardrobe with three skirts and sixteen jumpers. "There was never a more delightful fashion than the three piece costume, for it gives the variety of an English garden," she said. Everyone gets as weary of one frock as of one vegetable everyday. Jumpers are as gay as those worn by Elizabethan gentlemen when they usurped the finery.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

No. 4337, LADIES' AND MISSES' THREE-PIECE ENSEMBLE SUIT. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, coat and skirt, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material; blouse, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; coat lining, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4309, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; straight lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch bordered material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4339, LADIES' AND MISSES' EVENING DRESS; in two pieces. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 4189, GIRLS' ENSEMBLE SUIT. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 14, dress, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; coat and trimming, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch; coat lining, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4213, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4330, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4333, LADIES' AND MISSES' SKIRT; yoké of lining. Sizes 24 to 36 waist. Size 28 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

L'Echo de Paris

Coat Fashions show the Diversity of Winter Styles



No. 4238, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' ETON DRESS; circular skirt; separate jacket. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch. Width, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4047, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; raglan sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 70-inch blanket material; lining, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4205, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; circular lower section. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material; lining, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1300 may be worked in single stitch.

No. 4079, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; slip-on blouse; camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; skirt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

For other descriptions see page 90.

4205
Emb. No. 1309

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WOMEN refuse to sit in their shirtsleeves. They are aping men's fashions as they did in the days of Bloody Mary . . . or was it Good Queen Bess? Therefore, they consider the coat a most important part of the seasonal outfit. Often it is far from mannish. But, although fanciful coats with fur godets, fur hems, immense fur collars and cuffs are worn in the afternoon, the English tweed coat is smart for morning and it gives a chance for gay mufflers.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

th
*Skillful Cut is of Importance
 in the Coat and Frock Mode*

L'Echo de Paris



THREE'S no simplicity in clothes even if they look simple. Never was cut more sophisticated. I once repeated to you that Vionnet said she sent her cutters to study geometry. Nothing is as honest as it looks. Everything in clothes is full of intrigue. Skirts must have a complicated touch, bodice and jumpers are often like crossword puzzles. They need a map, which means a pattern. Even the new bolero has a little quirk. It won't keep in the path.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4089, LADIES' AND MISSES' BLOUSE DRESS; two-piece skirt with front inset. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.
 No. 4210, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; cuffs and lower front cut circular. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch.
 No. 4105, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; slip-on blouse; camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; skirt, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.
 No. 4241, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' ETON DRESS. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, waist front and collar, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

For other descriptions see Page 90.



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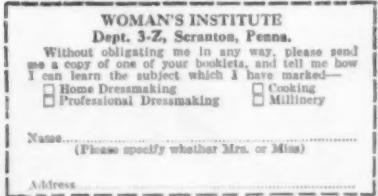
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No. 4312, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12, waist, $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 54-inch; skirt, $\frac{1}{6}$ yard of 54-inch. Plain at the top, fullness in the skirt lend themselves to the junior mode.

No. 4246, GIRLS' DRESS; with long set-in sleeves; left side closing. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, 2 yards of 40-inch or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch.

No. 4250, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12, 2 yards of 54-inch; collar, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Cross-stitch may be made from Multi-Color Embroidery No. 1467.



For other descriptions
see page 90.

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Name _____ (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____

Without obligating me in any way, please send me a copy of one of your booklets, and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked—
 Home Dressmaking Cooking
 Professional Dressmaking Millinery

4243
Em. No. 607

*Junior Editions of the
Grown-up Mode*



4245



4248



4326



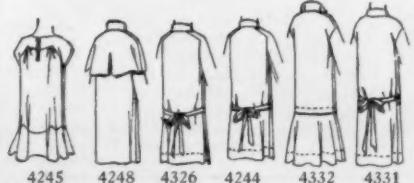
4244



4229

4340
Emb. No. 14534332
Emb. No. 12874331
Emb. No. 1269

4312



4245 4248 4326 4244 4332 4331

For other descriptions see page 90

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on the children's
shoes**

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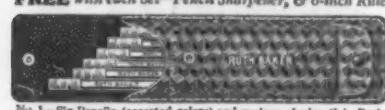
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THE MYSTERY LADY

[Continued from page 17]

bundle of pegs split from splinter-wood, and went over to the stricken tree. Here he shifted his position, squinted west until he had this tree in line with the solitary pine on Lantern Island, consulted a compass, noted the memoranda. Now he pushed a peg into the sand, looped his cord around it, paced toward Welper and Potter, compass in hand, counting his strides aloud.

Welper wrote down everything very carefully. Then he went over to the damaged pine and carefully retraced Supple's course, taking up every peg, winding up the cord, verifying by compass, notebook, and stride, the memoranda written. "All set," he nodded as he arrived, panting; "you can dig the hole right here, Dirck. I've got it down safe."

Potter glumly drove his own shovel into the sand, also. While he and Supple were digging, Welper dropped on his fat knees, unlocked the chest, and lifted the heavy lid. And Dirck Loveless, peering fearfully down from the dune above, gazed into a chest crammed to the rim with crushed and twisted fragments of gold.

Potter, digging doggedly, paused to look over his massive shoulder at the mass of treasure. "Say, Barney," he grunted, "you sure you fixed that grafting diver so he won't double-cross us?"

"You need not worry," replied Welper, "he's getting his m—m, yes—he's getting his in real money, Sam. Also, I—ah—I have the goods on Lorenzo . . . He's, m—m—liable for life—if I talk out in church—m—m, yes—if I talk out loud in church."

"That's good," muttered Supple. "There'd be the dickens to pay if Gene and Harry and Don Mayne got wind of what we're a-doin' to them. And Bert Mewling—and that other rat, Ray what's-his-name! And Nellie—"

"When that diving Portugee keeps on haulin' up nothin' but silver," said Potter, "that Wyvern woman is going to get leery, Barney. Suppose she insists on rigging up and going down with Lorenzo—"

"M—m, yes," murmured Welper thoughtfully; "I—ah—I have considered the m—m, the possibility of such an unfortunate event. Sometimes the—ah—the air does not m—m—operate as it is expected to . . . Accidents, m—m—regrettable accidents, occur, Sam. M—m, the life of a diver is precarious . . . Ah, yes—life is always precarious and full of trouble."

"I get you," laughed Potter, and he spat upon his huge hands and resumed his shovel and his digging.

When he and Supple had excavated sand sufficient to satisfy the critical eyes of Mr. Welper, a rope was produced, the chest locked and lowered into the hole. Then, in silence, the two men fell to covering up the hole and its contents.

"We'd better go," said Welper; "the sun's been shining half an hour and more. Dan, you run up onto that big dune and take a little peek around, first." Dirck's blood froze in his veins.

But Supple demurred: "Go on up yourself," he returned, sulkily. "I've been digging and I'm all in."

"Aw, come on, beat it, Barney," said Potter. "There's nobody awake on Tiger, you bet; you don't have to take a peek at this hour."

He took Welper by the arm, urging him; Supple shouldered the shovels. Welper's sly eyes wandered uncertainly over Flyover Dune; he hesitated; then, furtively licking his lips, he shouldered his rifle and suffered Potter to lead him across the lower ridges and down to the reeds where the boat lay.

And now, as Dirck followed their movements with excited eyes and a blessed relief at heart, he became more and more surprised, then utterly puzzled. For, instead of filing off to the north where, above the reeds the mast of a hidden boat struck out, they turned west, then west by south. Then, of a sudden, the boy saw their boat. It lay hauled up in the reeds, perfectly visible from where he crouched. He had not noticed it at all until that instant.

A crawling chill of fear invaded him.

To whose boat did that other mast belong?

The explanation developed gradually. First he noticed the tops of bay-bushes shaking as though some creature were stirring them—cattle, or a wild hog, perhaps. Later something moved among the pines and vanished. It was dusky in there and the boy could not make out what it was.

Then, among these plump young pines, Dirck saw a man. For a few moments the man stood motionless; then, lithely, silently, he went straight to the damaged tree which Welper had lined with the solitary sentinel on Lantern Island. Placing both hands upon the trunk he sighted for Lantern Island, stepped back, looked at the sand around him.

Who the man might be Dirck had no idea; and it gave him a terrific shock when the man lifted his head and called out to him by name. The boy slipped two swan-shot cartridges into his gun in silence. "Dirck!" repeated the man below. You needn't worry. I'm a fisherman, what I catch I fry."

The boy rose trembling: "Mr. Mayne?" he managed to blurt out.

"Sure thing, my son. You're all right, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I was sure. I saw you pick up your geese and crawl up among the dunes. Where did those fancy gentlemen bury their box?"

"There—where you're standing—"

"Goodbye!" exclaimed the young man, much pleased with himself. "Bring down your game and your other stuff. Bring that shovel of yours, too. Step lively, my son; we ought to start before they're awake on Tiger Island." Dirck draped the heavy string of snow-geese over his back, gathered his effects and made his way down to where Mayne stood scooping up sand with 'one foot.'

"Here?" he queried, as the boy dropped his load and came up to him.

"Yes, right there, Mr. Mayne—"

"All right. Take your stuff to your boat and hurry back, old chap."

Mayne's voice was agreeable and calm, but in it there was a slight clarity of authority; and Dirck hurried to obey. He found his boat, stowed away his geese, cartridge case, lunch bucket, thermos bottle, and slicker. He stepped his mast, laid the pole ready, and pulled up the prow to the limit of safety. Then, shouldering his loaded gun, he ran back. Mayne already had uncovered the box. Together they managed to haul and push it up and out of the hole.

"One moment," said Mayne, who was breathing rather heavily. He pulled out a key-ring from his pocket. Other instruments dangled on the ring. He selected one which opened like a pencil-case, fussed a moment at the locked chest, then coolly opened it.

The interior disclosed an astounding sight. Crushed and battered vessels of gold, pyxes, chalices, crucifixes, chains, hilts of swords, candle-sticks—all were crammed and jammed together in a glittering mass. And the interstices were choked with doubloons as beautiful as though freshly minted.

"Get that slicker of yours," said Mayne. Dirck ran back to his boat and returned in a trice. Mayne dug out as much as he thought the slicker would hold and the boy could carry; and bade him fill the cockpit. Five times Dirck made the trip before the chest was empty.

When he came back, Mayne had placed the empty box in the bottom of the hole and was filling the box with sand. Filled, he closed it, found an instrument on his key-ring to lock it, and fell to filling the excavation. Dirck used feet and hands; the hole was soon covered, the place trampled on, smoothed with the shovel. Both men were steaming with perspiration. "Good work, Dirck," nodded Mayne with a friendly pat on his shoulder. "Now let's beat it."

At the water's edge Mayne motioned Dirck to board his boat. With his hand on the prow he said: "Dirck, have you any idea what that loot is or where it came from?" [Turn to page 94]



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is embarrassed a little in his circumstances. I feel anxious for his success but still feel the greatest security in his habits of industry and method. I never felt so happy in my life. I feel already a great increase of moral energy. I have something to live for. I have felt a loneliness in this world that was making a misanthrope of me in spite of anything I could do to overcome it. I intend now for two years to live a third of my time at home, a third of my time with sister Louisa and a third of my time with you and fit myself to undertake and discharge with cheerfulness and honor the duties of a wife. Help me, my dear Sam, to the accomplishment of all my good resolutions. My heart is as boundless as eternity in its loves and charities. Do write me directly and continue to be to me that sincere, candid friend as you always have been the most tender and affectionate of brothers to your sister, Abbie."

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(Continued in JANUARY McCall's)



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"Well, I'll tell you; and you tell John Lanier. The ship Welper has happened to locate is a Spanish ship, and not The Red Moon galley. Montbar of Languedoc told Oexemelin at Honduras that he took a large Spanish ship off False Cape that was searching for the wreck of The Red Moon. She was called The Holy Trinity, was of immense value; the hold crammed with riches.

"The Gascon put every Spaniard to the sword, put his uncle aboard The Holy Trinity, and ordered him to pass inside False Cape by the Old Inlet and repair ship off Tiger Island. But that same night a wounded wretch, left for dead in the hold, revived, crawled to the magazine, fired it, and perished with such Frenchmen as remained on board. And that, Dirck, is undoubtedly the ship which Welper has discovered—The Holy Trinity."

"Good heavens," said the boy, "where did you learn all this, Mr. Mayne?"

"When John Lanier left New York he sent word to me to go to Charleston and search for more of the Bonnet-Eden papers. The old Eden house already had been demolished; but I went to Raleigh; and in the archives I discovered among Eden's papers, which apparently never had been examined since deposited—for the seals were still unbroken—a full memorandum in Blackbeard's own hand, tracing the history of The Red Moon galley, and every attempt to find it."

"I am to give this treasure to Lanier?"

"He'll tell you what to do with it."

The boy stood up, drove his pole into the shallows, looked earnestly at Mayne. "I haven't thanked you for my life. I don't know how. It's too big a debt to talk about. All I know how to say is that I'm yours—at any moment—always—" He choked, threw his weight on the pole, followed it aft, withdrew it, dropped it again with the ease of a born bayman.

Long before Dirck landed he could see his sister and Lanier on the east wharf in the channel between Lanier and Red Moon Islands, watching him intently through their sea-glasses. Presently Lanier hailed him through a megaphone: "Are you all right, old chap?" Dirck nodded vigorously.

"All right! Everything's fine ashore. We've found The Red Moon galley!"

HERE could be no doubt that old Captain Jake Winch and his brawny haymen were uncovering the remains of The Red Moon galley. Examples of goldsmiths' work of ancient Maya and Aztec civilizations were now being sifted out of age-old ooze every hour; and the pure, heavy Indian gold was as bright as when the long dead master-goldsmiths finished burnishing.

The excitement and interest at Place-of-Swans became almost too thrilling to endure. At daylight Maddaleen, Dirck, and John Lanier were out on the coffer-dam watching, and sometimes even wielding shovels. Nobody ventured to estimate the value of the gold which was being dug up every minute; nobody, so far, had spoken of that aspect of the affair. Even the astounding Spanish booty which

that lout divorces you, we'll marry, but if not, I'll stick to you just the same, I swear I will!"

"You're going too fast!" said Tamsin. "Besides, Johnnie isn't a lout. You've never seen Johnnie wrastle! Why he could throw you over his shoulder in the 'Flying Mare' before you knew what had happened to you!"

"Brute strength isn't everything!" said Fred sulkily. "He bores you, and I don't." And he went on to paint the joys of life in London—cinemas, dancing, shops.

Tamsin didn't know what she wanted. Something wrung her heart at the thought of leaving Johnnie, but Fred—and what Fred had to give her—excited her more every day. She was aware, although she would not face the fact, that neither Fred nor Fred's way of life were right for her; that Johnnie, and life on the farm were what eventually she would want, in spite of the revolts and boredoms of the past year.

Once, she thought that she and Fred

THE MYSTERY LADY

[Continued from page 92]

Dirck had brought in from False Cape, and which had been carried to the wine cellar and locked in, had not been discussed in terms of monetary value.

But it was certain that this treasure was extremely valuable, and to celebrate their success, Maddaleen, Lanier and Dirck set out for Crescent early one morning to shoot ducks. However, they had hardly settled themselves in the blinds when a boat was seen standing in. Three men were aboard; but Dirck had forgotten his ducking glasses and nobody could make them out for a while. "That's Ray Wirt at the tiller," said Dirck, finally.

"That's Sam Potter forward," added Lanier. "I don't seem to recognize the slim man with the red handkerchief tied around his head. Wait!" He turned to Dirck. "Drop out of sight," he said; "that's Helen Wyvern."

The boy reddened darkly and seated himself low in the blind. "What do they want over here?" he muttered, giving his sister a distressed and shame-faced glance.

Lanier, watching the approaching boat, touched Maddaleen and motioned her to be seated. Then he slipped two cartridges into his gun, walked out into the reed-lined alley, and sauntered down to the water's edge. "Boat ahoy!" he called across the water. "On board the boat, there! What do you want?"

"Is that you, John?" bawled Potter. We want a word with your girl—"

Lanier levelled his gun: "Anchor where you are, Sam," he said coldly. "You there at the tiller!—down with your sail, now! Hold it! Now what do you want?"

"I want to talk private to your girl." "No, you talk right out loud to me, Sam."

"All right, then. You know what your girl's brother did to Barney? Frisked his office safe for a hundred thousand, and half of it was Helen's."

Lanier looked at Helen Wyvern and she gazed back coolly, the scarlet handkerchief fluttering on her temples. "What are you doing over here, Helen?" he asked pleasantly.

Helen Wyvern replied in a placid voice: "I thought perhaps that your friend, Miss Loveless, might wish to make good what her brother stole—rather than have any trouble—"

"You mean that you think Miss Loveless might submit to blackmail rather than have her brother arrested for theft?"

"Hold on, John!" shouted Potter. "It isn't blackmail to try to recover stolen property! Don't start anything like that—"

"Wait! Miss Loveless does not believe that her brother stole a penny from Barney Welper."

Helen laughed: "Well, John, we have a dictograph record of his own confession. Would Miss Loveless care to have us present that to a jury?"

"It's for sale," added Potter; "your girl had better buy it in."

After a silence: "How much?" asked Lanier, drily.

"Well—a trifle for our trouble, and the interest and expenses—well, say a hundred

and twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Too much."

"What! Your girl's rich. What are you stalling for? Isn't it worth that to keep her brother out of State's Prison?"

"Will you take ten thousand? No? Twenty? . . . Thirty? Fifty?"

"No, nor sixty, seventy, ninety-nine," shouted Potter. "We've got the goods; she can buy cheap if she wants them, or she can carry a little basket of cake in a clean napkin once a week to her brother for the next ten years."

Lanier made no reply; and, after a silence: "What is your answer, John?" asked Potter.

"Very well, Sam. I'll give my answer to you. Get overboard, wade in, and I'll meet you half way."

At that, Potter climbed over the side and began a wallowing progress toward Lanier. They met half way. Neither offered to shake hands. Lanier said in a very low voice: "Sam, I want a week to think it over before I let loose a hundred twenty-five thousand dollars." Mr. Potter shook his head.

"Yes, and you're going to give me a week to make up my mind, Sam," added Lanier calmly.

"Where do you get that stuff, John?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Sure."

"Well, then," said Lanier, lowering his voice, "I got that stuff where you and Barney and Dan buried it in the sand on False Cape. . . . Now do I get my week?"

Mr. Potter's large visage lost all its sanguinary colour.

"Or," continued Lanier, "must I speak to Helen about the matter—"

"Shut up!" whispered Potter in a strangled voice.

"All right. But now you see what comes of crowding a friend," said Lanier. "You don't like to be crowded, do you Sam? But if you're not very, very careful I'll not only crowd you but I'll step on you. Go back and tell them that you've given me a week to decide. And you get that dictograph record to me within the week or Eugene and Helen and the rest will learn how the President and Vice-President of The Forty Club double-crossed the rest."

Potter's large, flabby face seemed to have actually wilted to a smaller size. Without a word he turned, plowed his way back through the water, climbed into the boat with an effort. "Well?" demanded Helen.

"He gets a week to think it over," muttered Potter.

"Sam," said Helen Wyvern, with a sinister smile on her pretty face, "John Lanier has got something on you and he's scared you off."

"Shut up or I'll throw you overboard!" growled Mr. Potter. "I've heard all I care to hear from any skirt." He turned and encountered Ray Wirt's leering visage: "What the mischief is it to you?" he demanded, coldly. "Why, you ugly Carolina cracker, I'll bust your head if you grin at me. Get that!"

The voyage to Tiger Island proceeded in silence.

[Concluded in JANUARY McCall's]

supper and change her frock and make herself look pretty, for Johnnie.

But, alas! her efforts were wasted. The most valuable cow was sick and Johnnie never came in to supper at all, but spent the whole night with the veterinarian in the barn. The cow was saved, but Johnnie neither saw the smart frock nor ate the nice hot supper. He only came stumbling in and threw himself on his bed for an hour's sleep, before the daily round of life had to begin once more.

Fred, more ardent than ever, came out two days later, bringing with him two beautiful rolls of silk—one yellow and one deep rose, the colours that Tamsin loved to wear, and that set off her black eyes and hair. She couldn't accept them, she knew that—she couldn't make up a story to account for them—but she put them away in a locked drawer and thought of them when, in the darkness of the night, she lay awake beside Johnnie,



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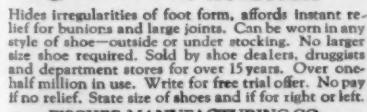
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FEATHERBEDS

listening to his heavy, regular breathing.

She never quite knew what decided her to go with Fred—whether it was that affair of the missed supper, whether it was the rolls of silk lying idle in the locked drawer, or the response that his ardour drew, however unwillingly, from her own sense, or whether—and this was after all the final thing that decided her—it had been the sensation of absolute blank that confronted her when Fred announced his intention of leaving her for good. He would keep hanging on no longer, he said. She could take him or leave him, but she should play with him no more!

She yielded her consent to Fred, sitting beside him in the dark cinema in Penzance, watching the adventures of a frizzy-haired young woman on the screen who seemed to spend her life dancing with a dark, delightful gentleman.

She yielded her consent, but she would yield nothing more until Fred had taken her away. This country life had nothing to do with Fred or her life with him, although she had met him there. London would be a different matter.

"To-morrow!" urged Fred, holding her close to him under the shade of the hedge, as he bade her good-night. "Can you be ready to come to-morrow?"

"Oh, Fred, not as quick as that! I couldn't!"

"Why not?"

"There's Johnnie. I can't leave him without making everything comfortable. Besides, there are my clothes—I've got to think of everything!"

"I'll get you all the clothes you want in London—and as for your Johnnie, he'll hardly know you've gone!"

"I can't come as soon as that!"

"Well, when can you, then? We must get away before Christmas—and that's next week."

Tamsin realised that fact with a little shock. "Oh, I can't come before Christmas!" she said firmly. "There's mother and Johnnie—we're going in to spend Christmas Day with her. I can't leave before that, Fred!"

Fred swore under his breath. Fancy a woman who was prepared to leave her husband wanting to spend Christmas with him!

"I must go now," said Tamsin gently. "I'll see you to-morrow—no, I can't to-morrow—Auntie Bell's coming out to spend the day. I'll come the day after."

"But that's the day before Christmas Eve!"

"I know. I won't come at all if you bother me!"

And Fred had to let her go and she sped into the lighted kitchen, and began recounting breathlessly to Johnnie how she had been to the pictures with Primrose, and what Penzance had looked like.

The day before Christmas Eve she went shopping, and turned up over half an hour late at the picture house where she was meeting Fred. He was in a furious temper and they almost quarrelled. He let her drive home in a gig with a neighbouring farmer, and his last words to her as she disappeared, laden with parcels, into the yard of the Western, where the gig awaited her, were: "I'm coming for you to-morrow. We can catch the evening train, and we can get out at Plymouth. I've wired for rooms at the hotel—that's all fixed up, see?—I'm coming for you to-morrow, Christmas or no Christmas!"

Tamsin jogged home with her brain in a whirl. She had only been to Plymouth on a day excursion, and thought it a marvellous place. It would be wonderful to stay in a big hotel, and to wear the evening dress Fred had bought her, and to go to the theatre; to have her meals in one of those vast rooms full of pillars and gilt mirrors, like a real lady.

She never knew how she got through the next day. She set everything to rights in the house, working feverishly. She looked over all Johnnie's garments, to see that they were in order. She took out her two rolls of silk, and packed them at the bottom of her suit-case, and on top of them, with the guilty modesty of a country woman making her feel shy—even of herself—she placed the soft, white lawn sets of underclothing that Fred had rather shocked her by presenting. The suit-case

was ready at last, and she pushed it under the bed to hide it.

Old Annie came into the room with lights.

"Have 'ee looked out of window?" asked old Annie.

Tamsin looked up startled. "No. Why?"

"Tess a rare sight," said Old Annie. "The snow do be falling. There's children getting on for twelve years of age won't ever have seen snow before down in these parts, I reckon!"

Tamsin ran to the window and looked out. Soft feathery flakes, gleaming palely through the dusk, were drifting past the panes. She felt the stir of excitement that the first snow of the year always brings—that strange rapture as of the birth of a new life. Then she suddenly realised that the snow might affect her problem unpleasantly.

If it grew to be very thick, Fred might not get the car through it—but that was unlikely. Snow never laid very long in that mild district.

"I had better be getting to home," muttered old Annie, "or maybe I'll lose my way."

"Is supper put ready?" asked Tamsin mechanically.

She had promised old Annie two days off, for she and Johnnie—or so Johnnie thought—were going to spend Christmas Day in Penzance. The farm hands would see to the beasts as usual, but Annie and the girl were going home.

"Everything's to rights," said old Annie, "and the pie's in the oven. Tess a rare and good pie!"

Tamsin wished old Annie and the girl a happy Christmas, and watched them disappear through the thickening swirl of the snowflakes.

The house seemed very quiet when they had gone. Johnnie was not yet in, and the snow might delay his return.

She sat down at the parlour table and began to try to write a letter to Johnnie. It was a difficult letter, and she felt she had said nothing she wanted to, and that what she had said she had put all wrong, but at last she sealed the envelope and placed the letter in the circle of the light under the lamp.

Then she looked at the silver wrist-watch—which had been Johnnie's wedding present to her—and saw that it was almost time for Fred to meet her.

She was to wait for him in the big barn, near the bend of the road where he would leave his car, and he was to fetch her from there.

She took the candle and went down the narrow winding stairs, blowing the candle out, then placed it on the hall table, and let herself out of the back door.

She felt thoroughly chilled by her struggle across the yard and down the cart track that led to the barn, and when she pushed open the door and went in, the interior of the barn seemed filled with a grateful warmth.

She barred the door, and went across to the smaller door at the other end of the barn, which gave out on to the lane, and as she went towards it she heard a soft knocking upon its panels. She stopped, and remained still for a moment, unreasonably startled, she told herself, considering that even if Fred were a bit before his time it was only natural and right that he should be.

The knocking was repeated—not loudly, but insistently.

She went to the door. "Is that you, Fred?" she called, softly.

A man's voice answered her—old and weak—it seemed an oddly unsubstantial sound in the midst of the wind flurries.

"Let my wife come in!" said the voice. "For pity's sake open the door!"

Some neighbour in distress, thought Tamsin, as she pulled the door open and peered through the scurrying snowflakes.

An elderly man with bent shoulders was standing with a lantern in his hand. Its light shone on a little cart, such as tinkers use. It was hung round with pots and pans, and a patient ass with drooping head and snow-wet hide stood between the shafts. In the bottom of the cart crouched a woman. Tamsin could just see that her face looked drawn and white beneath the shadows of the rough blue cloak that was wrapped over her head and shoulders.

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"What is it? What's the matter?" asked Tamsin.

"My wife's labour has begun," said the man. "We can't get any further. For pity's sake take her in!"

Tamsin's first feeling was one of horror. If only Annie hadn't gone! What was she to do alone, utterly ignorant as she was?

"Can't you get her on to Harvey's?" she asked. "That's the big farm along on the high-road. They can get help from there. I've got no one to send. I'm all alone."

"Her pains are on her, I tell you!" said the man. "It'll be murder to try and get her on—and we'll never find the way over the moor!"

If only Johnnie would come! thought Tamsin. If only he would come—or if only Fred would come—either or both of them—how thankful she would be! But Johnnie was not expected home for another hour, and Fred might not yet have reached the bend of the road.

"Get your wife on to the house," said Tamsin. "Follow the lane on and I'll go back and meet you."

"She can't get any further," said the man and, going back to the cart, he picked the woman up in his arms and lifted her out with a strength surprising in one apparently so frail. Tamsin helped the woman into the barn.

The woman sank down on a pile of straw which rose up, gleaming and golden, about her. Her head fell back, so that the blue hood fell off it, and her features, pale and sharpened, seemed to point upwards towards the shadow-filled roof of the barn like those of someone already dead.

Tamsin had no idea what to do, beyond the vague knowledge that plenty of hot water would be useful and, indeed, essential.

That pale, upward-pointing face seemed to have wiped from her mind all thought of her own problem.

She darted across the floor of the barn, powdery with chaff and little glittering ends of straw, past the gently chewing cows, to the great door. As she started to pull it open she felt it pushing against her with strength greater than her own and, in the next moment, she saw Johnnie's face—a warm, glowing blot of colour against the darkness behind. And yet—even in that keenly impersonal moment she realized it—his face was not the accustomed one she knew. It looked stark and bleak and yet oddly alive.

"Johnnie!" was all she could say.

"I followed your tracks in the snow," said Johnnie in a queer, still voice.

It flashed through her mind that, coming home earlier than either he or she had expected, he must already have found her letter, but somehow that seemed of small importance now.

She drew back and motioned him into the barn. His gaze, harsh and inimical, went past her and then altered.

"Who's them?" he asked.

She told him quickly, taking him by the arms and shaking him a little in her insistence, and he turned his gaze, puzzled now, and pained, towards her. "But you—" he began.

"That don't matter now!" said Tamsin. "Quick, Johnnie, the kettle's on the hob—put it on the fire again—bring it here—bring everything you can think of! Oh, Johnnie, be quick!"

She turned back to the prostrate figure on the straw, with a feeling of intense relief. Johnnie would know what to do!

As she bent over the woman and began to loosen her clothes, the husband drew near. Tamsin lifted her head and spoke sharply, with authority.

"Take your lamp off the cart," she said. "Go down the road a quarter of a mile until you get to the bend. You will find someone there with a motor car. Tell him to go for a doctor. be quick!"

She hustled the man out of the barn and then went back to the woman.

Johnnie made his appearance with a great can of hot water, a bundle of fine towels snatched up at hazard from her linen cupboard, a flask of brandy sticking out of his pocket, and a bundle of other things—she didn't notice what, which he had deemed necessary, all gathered together in the big frail that she used for the washing.

Tamsin could never have recounted that night's experience to any human soul. She only knew that she worked blindly under Johnnie's instructions.

The old man came with a tale about there being no motor car, but she paid no heed to him.

She knew no respite or return to the ordinary knowledge of life until Johnnie turned to her, with face wet with sweat, and said: "She'll do now. Make sure that water's not too hot."

Tamsin washed the baby gingerly and Johnnie took it from her and wrapped it in one of her best towels.

"Have you got any clothes for it, mister?" asked Johnnie. The man shook his head dumbly. He seemed dazed and incapable of thought.

Johnnie's eyes fell on the suit-case. It was as though he noticed it for the first time. There was no accusation in his glance, only simple acceptance of a useful fact, as he turned his eyes on Tamsin.

"Get that open," he ordered. "There must be something in that."

Tamsin sprung the catches open and pulled out of their tissue paper the first garments that came to hand.

Johnnie took them from her and tore the soft

FEATHERBEDS

lawn across with a vigorous twist of his strong hands. Tamsin knelt at the other side of the baby and wrapped the soft strips round and round it until it was warmly covered up.

Dawn came palely into the barn while they still worked. The mother fell asleep, the child's dark head against a fold

of yellow silk.

Tamsin fell suddenly very tired, and it was Johnnie who made tea in the kitchen, and who sent her up to bed, while he gave the tinker breakfast to take back into the barn.

Late that afternoon Mrs. Kelynack arrived, anxious because they had not turned up for the mid-day dinner at Penzance.

Fred Snaith drove her out in his car—an awkward and embarrassed Fred. Tamsin met him politely in the parlour.

"Did you lose your way last night, Fred?"

"No," said Fred. "I got hung up. I had to come very slowly and I was in the ditch once and had to dig her out, but I got there."

Tamsin stared at him in surprise.

"But then why didn't you come to the barn?"

"I did," said Fred. "You didn't hear me. I climbed on a stone and looked through the window."

"When was that?" asked Tamsin.

"Oh, it was beastly!" said Fred. "I couldn't help seeing. Simply beastly!"

"But Fred—Fred—we wanted you—we wanted your car."

Fred swallowed nervously, and for the first time she thought how absurd his Adam's apple was as it bobbed behind his collar.

"I didn't like," he began. "There was your husband there and all."

"You didn't dare come in!" flashed Tamsin. "The woman might have died for all you would have cared. Fred Snaith!"

"It was not only that," Fred defended himself and, oddly, she felt that there was a thread of truth in what he was saying. "It wasn't only because of your husband. It was all beastly!"

Tamsin stood staring at him for a moment without speaking. It seemed to her that in a moment of time which hung before her, round and clear as a crystal, she saw Johnnie and Fred and herself as though their very souls were mirrored in that clear circle.

What might happen to her, what might happen to any woman who was mated to a man, would annoy and upset Fred, whereas it would only make Johnnie more complete. It had been another woman who had been caught in those straits in the barn last night, but she felt a glow of pride that Johnnie had at once ceased to worry about her—his wife—and had only cared for the stranger gipsy. Fred had cared only for his own offended sensibilities.

"You'd better be going home, Fred," she said. "Mother will be staying here the night."

And Fred went. Like Tamsin, he obviously felt the thing had finished. The glow had gone out of it.

Tamsin waited in the parlour, she had not had a word with Johnnie alone since he had sent her upstairs to bed early that morning. She didn't even know whether he meant to speak to her again, whether he would not tell her to go home with her mother.

Johnnie came back alone from the barn.

"Where's that fellow to?" he said.

"He's gone," said Tamsin.

"I meant him to take them folk in to the infirmary," said Johnnie. "She says she's well enough to be moved."

"Oh!" said Tamsin, weakly. Then foolishly: "She must be very strong, Johnnie."

"She?" said Johnnie. "Oh, she's a strong gipsy wench. 'Tis nothing to her, once it's over. She's doing fine."

He came towards Tamsin round the table. And it was as though he suddenly saw her, as though he were thinking of her and not the woman whom he had left in the barn.

"Why haven't you gone with him, Tamsin?" he asked.

Tamsin made a little gesture of weariness. She wanted to tell him all sorts of things—how foolish she had been—but she could not say anything except: "Oh, Johnnie!"

And yet inarticulate Johnnie behaved as though he understood everything she was trying to say. It was as though he felt that what had happened in the barn was so much greater and fiercer than any little struggle that had been going on in Tamsin's breast, than any jealousy which might at an ordinary time have seized him—that their dissensions and heart-burnings seemed of small account. The adjustment of them was all that mattered.

Johnnie's eyes asked her a question, but even if she had had a confession to make, Tamsin felt suddenly that it would have made no difference.

She was able to murmur: "Johnnie, I was only silly!"

Fresh snow must have fallen that night for, with the next day, although the tinker's cart and the tinker with his little family had gone, there were no traces leading from the barn door down the lane.

Only the lengths of silk, neatly folded up, were resting upon the pile of straw and on them, as though in thanksgiving, were a bright, new saucier, a kettle, and a frying pan, all polished till they shone.

Tamsin cooked Johnnie's supper in them on the night of Boxing Day. Mrs. Kelynack had gone home, and they sat long over their supper, until Johnnie turned out the light and sent Tamsin upstairs.

She heard him barring the door and puffing at the lamp on the hall table to blow it out before, with an exquisite sense of peace and safety, she heard the stairs creak to his ascending tread.

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Twelfth of a Series "The Milestones in a Woman's Life"
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SO SIMPLE IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE

Yet this fresh, new food works surely, naturally. Here is the whole secret of its power:

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and



"TWO MONTHS AGO my four-year old daughter took her first yeast cake. It immediately satisfied a craving for something that her food did not contain. Her vitality has been wonderfully increased. None of the children's activities seem too strenuous for her. She says she is always warm on the coldest days. She used to be a bunch of shivers. She was called pale face—now her cheeks are rosy red. And she comes in from play asking for yeast, not candy. Fleischmann's Yeast has solved all my worries."

MRS. MILO GRIFFITH, Racine, Wis.

(LEFT)

"I HAVE KEPT A HOTEL, most all my life. My son, his wife and their eight children live with me. You can imagine the demands on my time and strength. We prepared and served quantities of rich food. My health became impaired. My stomach was greatly affected. I was miserable. But one day Fleischmann's Yeast was recommended. I began eating it. Soon I began to improve.

"Today I am doing about as much work as I did at forty. I can cook Henry's eggs with one hand, make toast for Virginia Lee with the other, answer questions, and smile at the baby, all at the same time."

MRS. S. VAN SANT, Marietta, Oklahoma.

(RIGHT)

"ON APRIL THE 30TH, 1924, the little town of Ficklin was almost destroyed by a cyclone. For weeks after I was very nervous. This nervousness caused me to suffer from indigestion. Not properly digesting my food brought on chronic constipation and most unsightly pimples. I decided to eat yeast. For several weeks I took one or two cakes each day. I am now free from nervousness, indigestion, constipation and pimples. I feel that I have been rejuvenated by Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. G. N. BYRUM, Ficklin, Ga.

active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-23, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



I AM AN OFFICER in the Merchant Marine. Day and night, in fair weather and in foul, duty confines me to the bridge. Unceasing vigilance calls for sustained alertness of faculties. This means keeping clean inside and out. Two years ago I discovered Fleischmann's Yeast. To its daily use from that time do I ascribe my present condition of physical well-being. I have proved it to be an efficacious intestinal cleaner—wonderfully invigorating. This food keeps fresh for days in the refrigerator. I restock at all ports of call. I enjoy a clear skin, fine appetite, an orderly stomach and improved eyesight—further benefits directly traceable to the proper use of Fleischmann's Yeast."

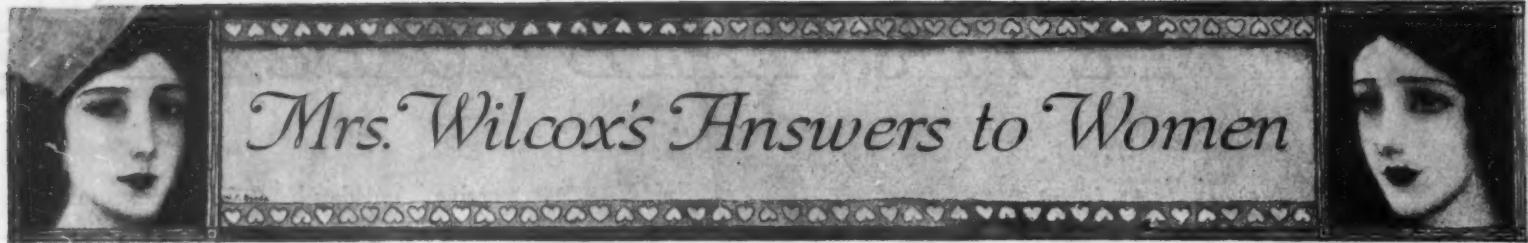
FREDERICK A. MACK, New York City.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!

"DURING MY COURSE OF STUDY in medicine about six years ago, I was troubled with boils. As soon as one boil was incised another one would crop up. For two long years I tried to get rid of this malady without success. I was willing to try anything, and on the advice of a fellow-student I began eating yeast—three cakes a day. In less than a month, much to my surprise, my skin entirely cleared up. I kept up the yeast for two more months and my gastro-intestinal tract worked perfectly and from then on I have never had another boil. I have treated successfully cases similar to mine—I strongly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast for suppurative skin diseases."

ANTHONY N. MODICA, M.D., New York City.



AMONG the letters which come to me are many like this—letters which show the old difficulty in bridging the gap between two generations.

Dear Winona Wilcox: Why can't we girls tell our troubles to our mothers as frankly as we tell them to you? My mother is nearly sixty and it is impossible for me to talk to her about the petting and other things that happen in our town.

Old people can't understand young people, their amusements etc. They seem always ready to make harm of the many meaningless things young people do.—Holly.

If meaningless, why do them?

However, nothing we do is meaningless at any age. What we do betrays what we are, what we think, our habits, our desires, our ambitions. We act according to our fundamental character.

What we did yesterday decides how we shall behave today. What we do today determines our behavior tomorrow.

Youth derides the past, tries to be different from age, decides to live the future today. But whoever tries to fly a plane in the air must take off from the solid old earth. Reaching for a shining future, youth stands on the past.

Old people understand this very well, and they understand youth far, far better than youth understands itself. The trouble between parents and children often is only this: Young folks want to do as they like and escape the consequences. Old folks know that consequences are unavoidable; that past, present and future make an unbreakable chain.

TYRANNY IN LOVE

Dear Winona Wilcox: He never has spoken to me of marriage. In fact he couldn't marry now because he's still in college. He is jealous—tells me so. I've given up all men friends to please him.

I love him but is it necessary to give up all the others when he and I are not engaged?—Dee Bee.

A situation outlined in every mail I get. Lovemaking, but no proposal; jealousy, caresses, but never a word about a wedding.

Well, girls, as long as you humor the whims of certain types of youth, you let them escape the normal result of persistent lovemaking, and your offers of marriage will be scarce.

By her docility to a tyrant, a girl manufactures for herself endless woe. Better supply a rival. A cause for jealousy will perhaps goad the silent one to speech.

JOBS FOR WIVES

"Shall I resign my job when I marry? Or shall I become a gainfully employed wife?"

These are questions not to be settled after a lover has proposed. They are problems of great moment about which it is necessary for an employed girl to shape an opinion at a time when she is uninfluenced by sentiment. Here is the common variety of worry:

Dear Winona Wilcox: About to marry, but, frankly, I'm not anxious to jump into matrimony. I've held a wonderful position six years and I hate to part with my good salary. I'm in love, but as I earn as much as my beloved, I keep postponing my wedding. What's your idea about working for wages as a wedded wife?—Deen.

And here is an unusual form of the distress:

Dear Winona Wilcox: I earned \$175 a month before my marriage and was happy. Now I hardly dare spend my husband's money. I feel as if I were using money which does not belong to me. Would it be wise for me to go back to my old position? I hesitate because we both want a family.—Lillian.

I belong to the party which opposes the gainful employment of wives except in emergencies. Indisputably, the working wife holds two big jobs at a time, and inevitably one has to be subordinated to the other. In business, she competes successfully with men only by sacrificing maternity. If she takes time off and bears children, their welfare is menaced as soon as she returns to her paid employment. Social workers have discovered that the standard of living is higher, the moral development of children finer, average domestic happiness surer in the home to which the mother confines her attention, to which she gives of her best. It seems to me that many wives who work for wages are not "gainfully" em-

WHAT editors call "the human interest story" is the vogue in journalism today. In you will find the truest as they do, the honest and men. Many thanks Still other human docu in miniature—are solicit a common-place life Let others read your that in it they will find problem in their own lives. All letters will be published anonymously. Send your story to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



youthful pal. Reasons enough, Vera, for looking over the younger—though poorer, men before signing a contract which makes such a natural survey treacherous and scandalous.

Dear Winona Wilcox: There are reasons why I cannot marry the boy I go with. We are not twenty years old. It will wreck his life if I break our engagement. What shall I do?—Marjory.

Wreck his life without scruple, then notice how speedily the boy of twenty will find another girl to repair the damage.

KEEPING THEM STRAIGHT

To hold herself responsible for a man's good behavior is one of woman's oldest and most mistaken enthusiasms. And it is one to regard with suspicion.

Dear Winona Wilcox: Under infatuation, I married the man I loved even though I knew him to be a weakling. He promised me to reform but he did not, and oh! how I suffered!

That happened long ago. Now I am married to the best man on earth. I want to tell girls to use their influence to help boys to keep straight.—A. M.

How about the boys keeping themselves straight? Not the best mother, sister or wife in the world can veneer goodness onto a boy. Virtue comes from within. That achieved by promises flakes off like poor varnish.

MARRIED PHILANDERERS

Dear Winona Wilcox: What would you do if your husband was engaged to another girl? Mine is. He has promised to marry a girl when he and I are divorced! He actually has given her a solitaire! Upon property I inherited, we have built up a successful business. His relatives are devoted to me and do not guess he is a scamp. I do not feel like getting out with our children and raising them on alimony checks while he shares our beautiful home and our fortune with a girl less than half his age.—B. H. L.

Then don't do it. Keep his family together in his home. Unless he differs greatly from the average philanderer, some day he will be grateful to you. At once break your husband's "engagement." A little publicity will do it.

Take your trouble to the older men among the devoted relations. Doubtless they have a clan spirit and will see no sense in sacrificing little children to the kind of girl who is anxious to oust them from their home. What the father feels about it, what he says and does, whether he is happy or not, isn't of the least importance. Only the welfare of his children counts.

Dear Winona Wilcox: Two years ago at a house party, I met a bachelor of forty. The third time I saw him, he asked me to marry him! It was impossible. I could not leave an invalid parent. This spring we met again. He made a great fuss over me, taking me to dances and dinners. We played golf again. He called me "darling." But no word of marriage. After I went home, he wrote for two months. Then silence, sudden, perfect! Is it "out of sight out of mind," do you think? It's so hard to tell if the men now are sincere.—L.

Doesn't he look like a specimen of that class of "fascinating" men who can't help making love to each attractive girl? Of course he could follow up his proposal, so why not conclude that he prefers to remain a bachelor?

A NEW VIEW OF MARRIAGE

Dear Winona Wilcox: Into our middle west town, a newly arrived widow has thrown a bomb. She is over forty, financially well fixed, is a good business woman, has many friends, owns her home and car, has no children, travels a good deal.

In our town she met a man who has no money, no social place and no job. Now she has been a widow less than a year but the first time she met our improvident citizen, she asked him to marry her!

And of course our husbands applaud her for acting as she feels! But we wives wonder what our men would say had the widow been poor, with several children, and in dire need of a husband's help! Would our men decide that she was a romantic creature whose feelings were a credit to her?—Mrs. B.

This is printed here as an odd detail from the vast canvas of human behavior; and as showing the normal, though "different," reactions of husbands and wives to the same situation.